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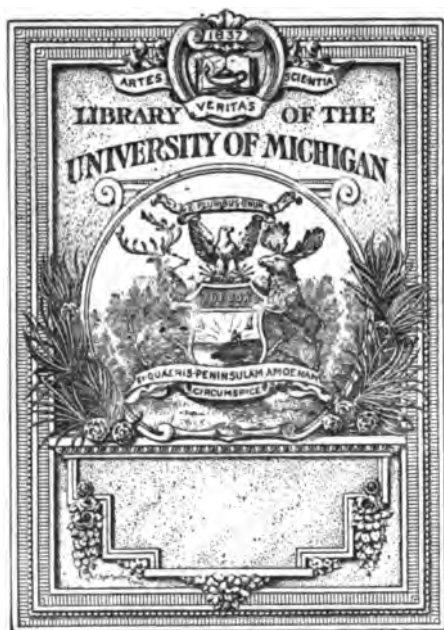
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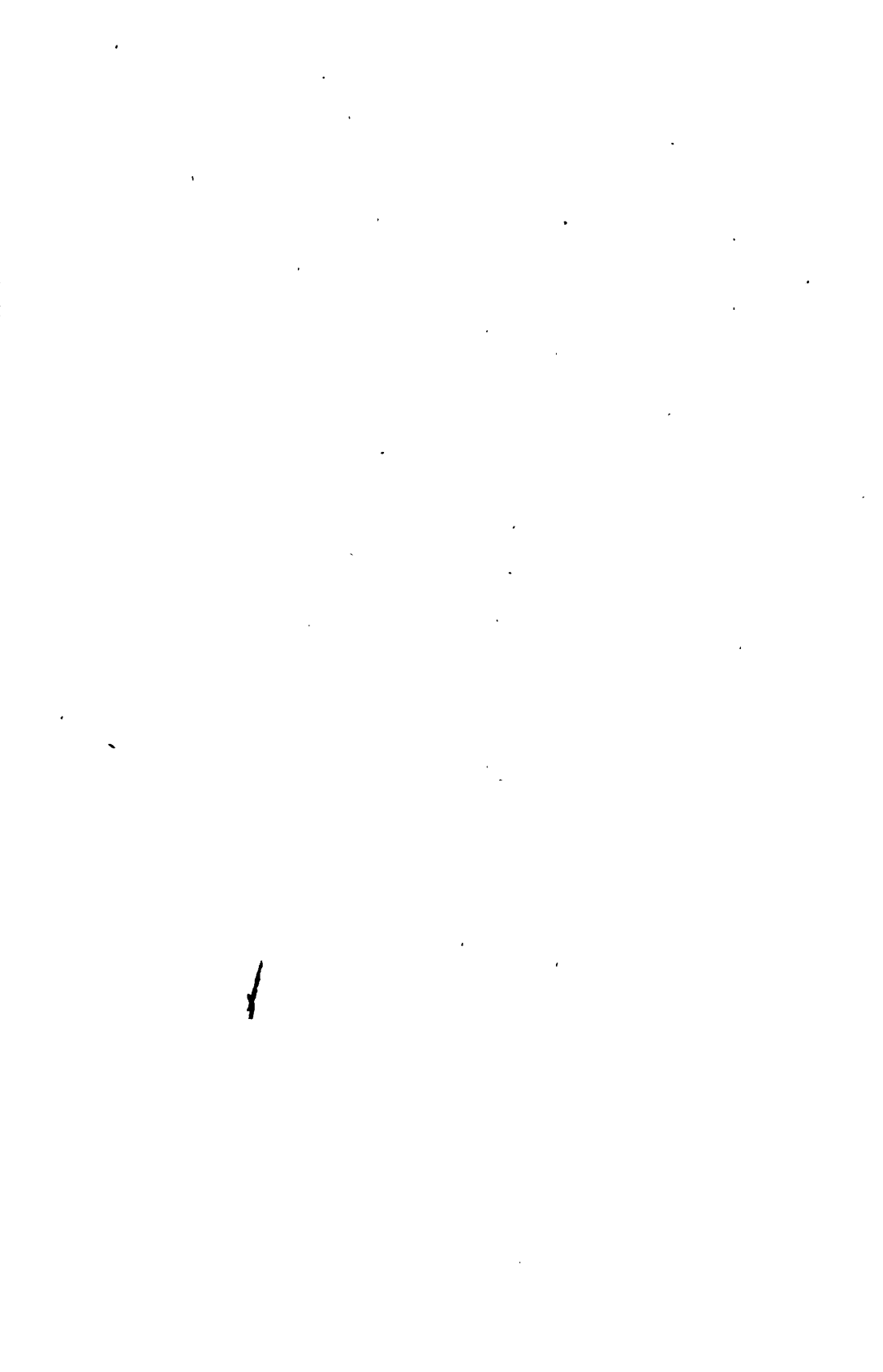
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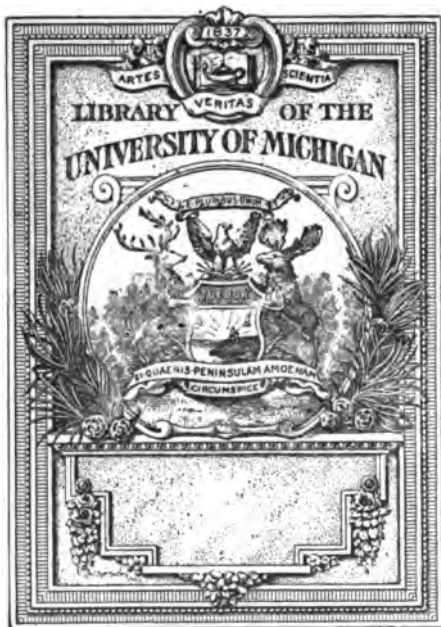
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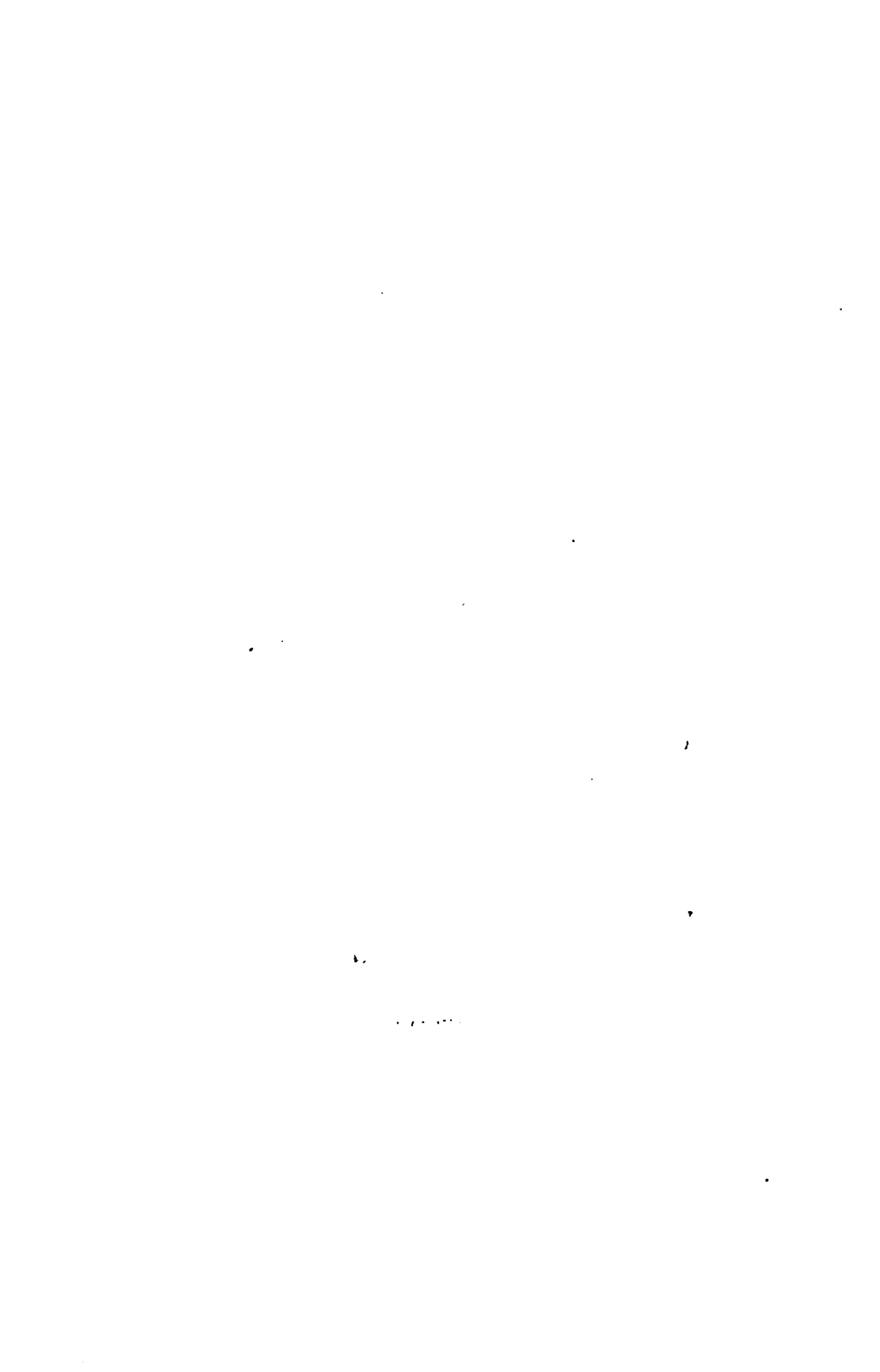


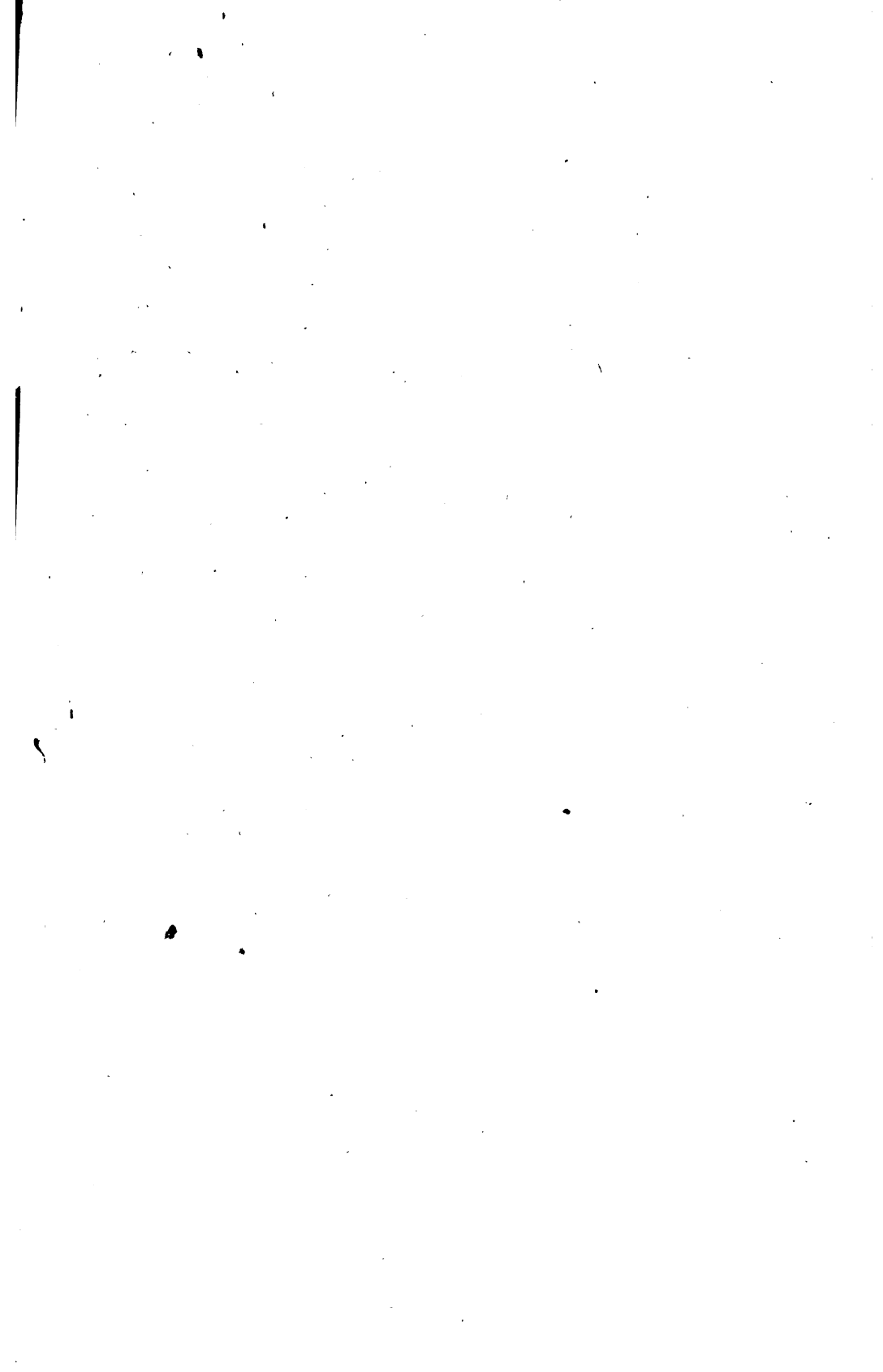


The Indiana Quarterly Magazine of History

Volume I—1905

GEORGE S. COTTMAN
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER





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John B. Dillon.
INDIANA'S FIRST HISTORIAN.

The Indiana Magazine of History

VOL. I

FIRST QUARTER, 1905

NO. I

Our Reasons for Being.

BY way of introducing this magazine and justifying its existence we cannot, perhaps, do better than repeat, in substance, what was said in a *Prospectus* recently issued by us.

That the historical material of Indiana has never been adequately preserved and rendered accessible is a fact patent to all who have occasion to deal with such material. The dereliction of the State itself in the earlier days in caring even for its official documents exemplifies a neglect that has been general. By way of illustration, on the old statute books stand laws that require the preservation in the State Library of a number of copies of the general and local laws, and of the Senate, House and Documentary Journals; that require the careful indexing of the Documentary Journals; that require the alphabetical arrangement and binding into volumes of bills, petitions and other legislative papers. No efforts seem to have been made until later years to obey any of these statutory requirements, and so far as the culpable neglect has been rectified it was by the collections and clerical efforts of recent librarians. Even with these efforts complete sets of our State documents have not been secured, and much other matter of value has passed away beyond recovery.

Much material not within the jurisdiction of the State has also passed away and is daily passing. Old men who have had a part in the history of the commonwealth die, and with them is going the last dwindling remnant of first-hand knowledge of the phases of life that have been; they leave papers, journals and various documents of interest, and these, descending to indifferent heirs, become irretrievably lost. To gather from surviving pioneers their testimonies, and to save from oblivion documents still accessible is a thing to be desired.

An interest in these things in this State sufficient to support a magazine of local history is only a matter of time. Such interest is not a sporadic one but a natural growth. Already something like a score of States are represented by as many periodical historical

Awakening Interest in Other States.

publications, a number of them quarterly magazines, devoted to the preservation of local material. Some of these, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, are younger States than ours with, perhaps, less history to record. Most of the publications mentioned have back of them the Historical Societies of their several States. We, unfortunately can look to no central organization for such support, but local societies are springing up in a number of counties, and if these will evince an interest proportionate to the service we can render them they can go far toward making our publication a success.

To the members of these societies and to others who think an interest in our past worth promoting as of value to the present, then, we make an appeal. We have launched the magazine at a venture and at some sacrifice in the faith that if we can make a worthy showing the support will be forthcoming. It is not our disposition to resort to any foisting or booming method. We assume that the class we desire and hope to reach will take our effort exactly at its worth, and that if every page we present to them is full of matter that justifies itself no better advertisement will be needed. For the first year, if need be, we are willing to make no account of managerial and editorial labors if the actual cost of publishing, distributing and associated expenses are covered.

This, of course, is experimental and is by no means the limit of our hope. If our success justifies it we shall certainly expand our scheme. One feature much to be desired, but prohibited in the start by cost, is the reproduction of old maps and cuts of interest, many of which exist but are lost to all but the deliver.

The publication will be strictly what it purports to be at the start—a magazine devoted to the preservation and collating of matter that is of real value to the historical student. There will be no space given to advertising “write-ups,” and no cheap padding. Of matter within its legitimate field there is an abundance, and outside of this field it will make no bid for popular favor.

Its intended scope (subject to extension, as may seem advisable) is—

1. The seeking out and publishing of hitherto unprinted documents that have an historical value.

2. The re-printing of valuable and interesting matter that is buried away and practically lost in old newspaper files. Of this

Character and Scope of Publication.

there is much that is wholly forgotten, and, owing to the absence of any guide, to be found only after long and patient research.

3. The conducting of a department of bibliography of historical material now scattered through periodicals and local histories, and of an indexing system that shall comprehend all important official publications besides other matter of interest. We believe that this will at once commend itself to all who have had occasion to search out obscure information.

4. The binding together into a co-operative system (and this is one of the important and hopeful objects) the various local historical societies in the State, as well as the encouraging and promoting of other such societies. The needful thing in Indiana to-day, in this direction, is the historical "atmosphere," that shall stimulate work all along the line and inspire the student in history with a sense of the usefulness of such study. This once existing there is no reason why much should not be accomplished, and it is to those who have already started societies and otherwise manifested an interest that we must look for the creation of such an atmosphere by the uniting of their efforts.

5. The publication of original studies in Indiana history by careful and trustworthy students. Some of the best history work being done at present is intensive, dealing with special aspects and of limited compass, but, by a corresponding thoroughness, particularly illustrative of great principles. Of work of this character we can secure enough to add a desirable feature to our plan.

6. The promoting of history work, particularly State and local history, among teachers and in the schools. On this point we wish to be distinctly understood. The habit of "working" the schools as a lucrative field with many and various private enterprises is an evil conspicuous, we presume, to most school officials, and obvious to us. We have no intention of attempting to persuade teachers and trustees as to their needs—they themselves should know their needs better than we do—but this we have in mind: the interest in home history is making way in the schools; in the development of this interest and the directing of it to the most useful ends help and co-operation not available hitherto will surely be a need. Such help and co-operation we are ready to extend to the best of our ability.

To sum up, we feel quite satisfied that we can carry out acceptably and well our proposed venture if our friends encourage it, and we hope to receive this encouragement.

John Brown Dillon

The Father of Indiana History

IT is eminently fitting that we should begin this magazine with a sketch of the man who not only ranks as Indiana's first and best historian, but whose ideals, methods, character and accomplishment we deem worthy to keep continually in mind as a model to follow in historical work.

John B. Dillon may fairly be called "the father of Indiana history," for he was the first to enter that field with any seriousness of purpose, and his contributions exceed in value any that have come after. His real merit is best appreciated by those who seek historic truth and accuracy—who want facts authenticated by the evidences of thorough, conscientious research, and who like the same told in simple, direct language, with no sacrifices for the sake of a popular style. The sense of his perfect honesty and trustworthiness continually grows upon one that has occasion to use him much, and the student of the period and locality with which he deals inevitably comes to use him as the most satisfactory authority. No higher compliment than this can be paid to a historian. Bancroft, Parkman, Prescott, Motley were not more devoted to their chosen course than Dillon, nor brought to their tasks riper qualifications, and had he wrought in the broader field his name might have ranked with theirs in the world's estimation. He had certain noble ideas, severe and simple, as to the office of the historian, and no artist was truer to his art than he to this ideal. They were not ideas that catered in any sense to that popular taste that demands the picturesque whatever may be the fate of truth. It is quite safe to say that he would not, if he had been able, have heralded his works with a blast of trumpets; and that, perhaps, is why even his own friends, as has been affirmed, did not read his books and why he died in poverty.

Mr. Dillon, as a man, was modest to shyness, and so little disposed to talk about himself, even to his nearest friends, that something like a mystery seems to hang over his life. According to the best authority he was born at Wellsburg, West Virginia, in the year 1808. He learned the printer's trade when a lad, and drifted to Cincinnati, where he remained ten years, working at the case. During this period he brought himself into notice as a poet by verses contributed to

Birth, Early
Life and Work

Flint's *Western Review*, the *Western Souvenir*, the *Cincinnati Gazette* and other western periodicals; but this disposition evidently wore off with his youth. A few of these poems, among them "The Burial of the Beautiful," have been preserved in Coggeshall's collection of western poets. In 1834 he migrated to Logansport, Ind. Here he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but law was not to his taste, and he never practiced.

About this time he seems to have taken up with his historical studies and to be laying plans for his future "*History of Indiana.*" His first work was issued in 1843 and was called "*Historical Notes of the Discovery and Settlement of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio.*" This was introductory to and contained much of the material for a ripper and more ambitious volume which, in 1859, appeared under the title of "*A History of Indiana.*" from its earliest exploration to the close of the Territorial government in 1816; to which was added a general view of the progress of public affairs in the State from 1816 to 1856. It is this work on which Dillon's fame chiefly rests. The fruit of the next twenty years was a small volume entitled "*Notes on Historical Evidence in Reference to Adverse Theories of the Origin and Nature of the Government of the United States,*" and a thick 8-vo. on the "*Oddities of Colonial Legislation.*" These four volumes, together with a few addresses* and a little miscellaneous writing, represent more than forty years of research.

Few historians escape the charge of occasional mistakes, and Mr. Dillon, doubtless, was not an exception to the rule; but, as we have before said, a sense of his trustworthiness grows upon the student, and the seeker after authentic information learns to regard him as the most satisfactory authority on early Indiana affairs. It is not easy to define the quality that begets confidence in a historian—it is, indeed, somewhat akin to the mystery of personality. Suffice to say in this connection that Dillon's work throughout bears the internal evidence of immense industry, unflagging perseverance and an ever-present purpose to find and state the truth. Of his industry and its breadth of scope, too, we have other evidence. In the preface to his "*Historical Notes*" he refers to "many official documents, * * * a very great number of printed authorities, and many thousand pages of old manuscript records and letters;" and

*One of these addresses, "*The National Decline of the Miami Indians,*" was delivered before the Indiana Historical Society in 1848, and is published in its collection.

in the preface to his History he speaks of "historical researches which for a period of about twenty years have been perseveringly extended over a very large field," and adds this paragraph:

"For the privilege of examining valuable and interesting private collections of manuscripts and other documents relating to the early civil and military affairs of Indiana, my public thanks are due to Hon. John Scott Harrison, of Ohio; Hon. William G. Armstrong, of Clark County, Indiana; the family of Capt. Robert Buntin, of Indiana; Elihu Stout, esq., of Knox county, Indiana; the family of Gen. Hyacinth Lasselle, of Indiana; and the family of Gen. John Tipton, of Indiana. For the use of various important manuscripts and other valuable documents, and for many interesting verbal statements concerning the public affairs of Indiana, my acknowledgements have been tendered to General Marston G. Clark, Major Ambrose Whitlock, Mr. Joseph Barron, Prof. Bliss, Dr. Ezra Ferris, Hon. Wm. Polke, Gen. Walter Wilson, Hon. John Law, Mr. Pierre Laplante, Hon. Williamson Dunn, Dr. Azra Lee, Gen. Robert Hanna, Samuel Morrison, esq., Mr. Zebulon Collings, Hon. Isaac Naylor, Major Henry Restine, Hon. Dennis Pennington, Col. Abel C. Pepper, Hon. William Hendricks, Henry Hurst, esq., Col. John Vawter, Col. William Conner, Hon. Stephen C. Stevens, Hon. John Ewing, Samuel Merrill, esq., Hon. John Dumont, John Dowling, esq., Hon. Albert S. White, Calvin Fletcher, esq., Hon. Oliver H. Smith, Hon. John H. Thompson, Major Alexander F. Morrison, Dr. James S. Athon, Hon. Isaac Blackford, Samuel Judah, esq., Hon. Abner T. Ellis, Lawrence M. Vance, esq., Hon. Wm. J. Brown, Col. Williamt Keyburn, and many other gentlemen who have, at different periods, manifested a friendly interest in the progress of my historical researches in the west. In the course of an examination of various old French manuscripts relating to the early affairs of the country lying northwest of the river Ohio, I have, at different times, received essential assistance from Rev. A. M. A. Martin, Dr. Luke Munsell, James W. Ryland, esq., and Col. John B. Duret."

To one familiar with the names of early Indiana notables this quotation is of interest as showing that Dillon was widely in touch with the men who were active in the history of the young commonwealth, and it appears that he diligently improved his opportunities. In this respect he had the advantage over all historians of a later day, for not only did there exist for him, as the pioneer, the wealth of a virgin field, but the venerable men then nearing their ends intimately knew the beginnings of the Territory and State.* Even

*In the preface to the Historical Notes he says: "A list of the persons from whom I have received rare and valuable manuscripts, and aid and encouragement in the midst of perplexing difficulties, shall be published in the form of an appendix at the close of the second volume of this work." In his subsequent History no such appendix exists, and the paragraph above quoted evidently takes its place. In the preface of the first book he mentions Rev. Mr. Martin, of Vincennes; J. W. Ryland, Esq., of Cincinnati; J. B. Duret, Esq., of Logansport, and Dr. Munsell, of Indianapolis, as having rendered assistance in the examination and translation of French documents. In this preface, also, he gives an extended list of works consulted.

the mass of the "manuscript records and letters" alluded to, which might have been preserved for future students, seems to have passed away, and in view of this loss we are doubly indebted to Dillon, who ferreted them out and made such good use of them. General John Coburn's sketch of Dillon,* which is the best published source of information, states that when the latter was secretary of the State Historical Society he prepared and issued many circulars to people in various counties asking questions bearing upon all the prominent facts in the history of different important localities. Answers were received and filed away, and a large amount of data preserved for future use, but this, Mr. Coburn tells us, "has been stolen or destroyed; no trace of it remains." According to this writer Dillon had supervision of the historical material contained in the large State and county atlas of Indiana, published by Baskin, Forster & Co., in 1876.

Mr. Dillon manifestly lacked either the disposition or the tact to adapt himself to the work that promised most. The writing of the "History of Indiana Territory" would easily and naturally, one would think, open the way to a history of the State, especially as that field was entirely new ground. If he had so directed his energies he would, doubtless, have supplied a real and much-felt need far more adequately than any who have since attempted it. Of the two volumes he produced instead, the "Notes on Historical Evidence," and "Oddities of Colonial Legislation," it might be said that he could hardly have chosen subjects less inviting to the popular taste. On the other hand they are conceded to have a distinctive value. The first-mentioned is searching and fundamental in its aim, and touches the origin and nature of the United States government, and the relations of State to Federal authority. Concerning the "Oddities" it will suffice to again draw upon Mr. Coburn, who describes it as a work "so full of information and so unique in character, bearing such indubitable evidences of authenticated and conscientious research that it is without a parallel in American literature, and will be the perpetual text-book upon this subject. Here may be found rare specimens of the vain, ridiculous and laughable efforts of the legislators to patch up the ills of society, as quack doctor's medicines are invented, put on the market and rejected." This book

Dillon's Character
Other Services
Pathetic End

*Published in the collection of the Indiana Historical Society.

was his last work, being, indeed, unfinished at the time of his death. It would seem that he found a purchaser for his manuscript before its completion, for it is said that he received for it some three hundred dollars—and this was his pecuniary return for years of labor!

Mr. Dillon was one of the many in the world's history who have not prospered according to their deserts. He clove to his work with that unflagging passion which should distinguish the true worker in the exercise of his natural talent, but his books brought him little remuneration. Unworldly, simple-minded and idealistic, with little regard for self, he was illy qualified to contend for the world's rewards. A few staunch friends, who were drawn to him by his ability and worth and beauty of character, exercised over him a sort of paternal care, and through their efforts he was appointed to various public offices which for thirty years afforded him a living. From 1845 to 1851 he was State Librarian, then assistant Secretary of State and Secretary of the Board of Agriculture; and after that an appointee to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior at Washington City, where he lived twelve years. The last four years of his life he spent in Indianapolis, poor almost to the verge of want, his friends afterward suspected, although, with characteristic reserve, he kept that fact to himself. There are many who remember the retired, gentle old man with the never-absent side-glasses concealing his eyes. Being unmarried and entirely alone as regarded blood ties, he occupied a poorly-furnished room by himself in the top of the old Johnson block, where the State Life building now stands. Here he died on the 27th of February, 1879. Not until his effects were examined was it known that he was so poor. His very books had gone one by one to the second-hand store, like household treasures to the pawn-shop, and his friends agree in believing that the fear of want hastened his end.

Forty years of honest, conscientious devotion; four books that people would not buy, and death in a lonely garret face to face with grim poverty because he wrought for the love of truth and not for dollars—this is the life-story of John B. Dillon. He is buried in Crown Hill, just west of the soldiers' graves, and the friends who were kind to him in life have erected a fitting monument to his memory. That he lies beside the heroic dead is well, for he, too, gave his life to a cause and did his country a service.

G. S. C.

DOCUMENTARY

The Journal of John Tipton

Commissioner to locate Site for State Capital—1820

[John Tipton, pioneer Indian fighter, soldier, legislator and United States Senator, was a striking example of a certain type that has impressed itself upon the early history of the western country of America. It is the pioneer type—the uncultured, unlettered man, the product of a rude society, who, by strong natural gifts has come to the fore and asserted himself with distinction among the leaders of the land. Tipton, born of pioneer stock on the Tennessee frontier, came to Harrison County, Indiana, in 1807, when 21 years old, and is said to have soon taken rank as a leader of the law and order forces in his neighborhood. Along with a local military company he joined General Harrison in the campaign against the Prophet's town in 1811, and in the famous battle of Tippecanoe acquitted himself notably. That he rose by gradual promotion, after this campaign, to the office of brigadier general is evidence of his military capacity. With the admission of Indiana as a State and the creation of State and local offices he was elected sheriff of Harrison County, and served as such until 1819, when he was chosen to represent his district in the legislature; and as representative he was re-elected in 1821. When, in 1820, commissioners were appointed to select a site for the permanent capital of the State, he was considered a proper man for this important task; he was also appointed a commissioner to act with an Illinois representative in fixing the dividing line between the two States; and in 1823 President Monroe made him general agent for the Miami and Pottowattomie Indians within our borders. In 1831 he was elected by the legislature to fill out the unexpired term of U. S. Senator James Noble, and in 1833 he was re-elected for the full senatorial term. He died in Logansport, April 5, 1839, aged 53 years.]

Not the least interesting of Tipton's performances are the journals left by him, which throw a light on his character, revealing his precise and methodical habit and his keen attention to practical matters. Two of these journals are of particular value. These are, the journal of the Tippecanoe campaign and the one here published. Each is the most circumstantial account in existence of the events chronicled. Of the commissioners' work in locating the capital, there is practically no other document existent, the legislative reports being exceedingly meager. The original manuscripts, once owned by John B. Dillon, were found among his effects at his death, and are now in possession of Mr. John H. Holliday, of Indianapolis. They were published by him in the *Indianapolis News*, in 1879, the one here printed in the issue of April 17, and the Tippecanoe account on May 5. Otherwise they have been inaccessible to the public. For best sketch of Tipton see W. W. Woollen's *Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana*.]

THE JOURNAL.

"on wednesday the 17 of may 1820 I set out from Corydon in Company with Gov'r Jennings I had been appointed by the last

legislature one of the commissioners to select & locate a site for the permanent seat of government of the state of Ind'a (we took with us Bill a Black Buoy) haveing laid in plenty of Baker (bacon?) coffy &c and provided a tent we stopt at P Bells two hours then set out and at 7 came to Mr Winemans (?) on Blue river. stopt for the K't (night)

"thursday the 18th

"some frost set out early and set out at sunrise at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 stopt at Salem had breckfast paid \$1.00 B &c and Bo't some powder paper &c paid 2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Set out at 11 crost muscakituck paid 25 cts and stopt at Col Durhams in Vallonia who was also a Commissioner here we found Gen'l Bartholomew one of the commissioners Gen'l J. Carr & Cap't Dueson of charlestown who was going out to look at the country I cleaned out my gun after dinner we went to shooting

"Friday 19 we set out early stopt at Browntown had Breckfast paid 50 cents set out at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 at one stopt at Cap't J. Shields after Dinner we set (out) Cap't Shield went with us this evening crost the river at the lower rapids after traveling about 7 miles through good land encamped and stretched our tent near a pond this is the first time I have stretched or slept in a tent since 1814.

"Saturday the 20

Cap't Shields left us and returned home we set out before sunrise and at 45 p 6 came to John Reddick who lives on S 19 T 8 N of R 6 W* fine land fed paid 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ set out at 8 at 5 p 12 came to the upper Rappids of Drift at the plaice where we made Bark Cannoes to carry a wounded man down to vallonia on the 20th of June 1813 Stopt let our horses graze set out at 1 and 15 p 3 came to John Berry† who lives on S 5 T 10 N of R 5 E good land good water and timber

*Obviously a mistake. Range 6 *east* is meant.

†John Berry, whose cabin stood at the mouth of Sugar Creek, in Johnson County, is deserving of notice as the man who cut a "trace" into the heart of the wilderness which was the route of ingress for many of the first settlers of Indianapolis and contiguous territory. Berry's Trace, as it was called, began at Napoleon, Ripley County, ran north-westward to Flat Rock and Blue River, thence northward beyond Berry's house, it would seem, for we are told of its crossing the "Whetzel Trace" near the site of Greenwood. Nineveh Berry, a well-known citizen of Anderson, was a son of John Berry, and for him, it is said, Nineveh Creek, in Johnson County was named. See Nowland's *Early Reminiscences*, pp. 13, 14.

"Sunday 21 set out at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 4 at 5 passed a corner of S 36 T 11 N of R 4 E passed a plaice where Bartholomew and myself had encamped in June 1813 missed our way traveled east then turned Back at 8 stopt on a muddy Branch Boiled our coffy set out at 9 at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 I killed a deer the first I have killed since 1814 at 10 came on the traice at creek found tree where I had wrote my name and dated the 19th June 1813 we traveled fast and at 7 encamped on a small creek having traveled about 45 miles

Monday, 22d

"a fine clier morning we set out at sunrise at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 6 crost fall creek at a ripple stopt to B (bathe?) shave put on clean Clothes &c this creek runs for between 30 & forty miles perrellel with White river and about 6 or 8 miles from it in this creek we saw plenty of fine fish set out at 9 and passed a corner of S 32 & 33 in T 17 N of R 4 E at 15 p 11 came to the lower Delaware Town* crost the river went up the n w side and at one came to the house of William Conner† the plaice appointed for the meeting of the commissioners he lives on a Prairie of about 250 acres of the White R Bottom a number of Indian Huts near his house on our arrival we found G Hunt of Wayne County John Conner of Fayett Stephen Ludlow of Dearborn John Gilliland of Switzerland & Thos Emmison (Emerson) of Knox waiting for us Wm Prince and F Rapp not being up we waited untill late in the evening We then met and were sworn according to law and adjourned until tomorrow evening

"Tuesday 23d went to shooting after B (breakfast?) we met appointed a committee to Draft rule and adjourned untill 12 met at 12 F Rapp appeared and was sworn We appointed G Hunt chairman and B J Blythe clerk and adjourned untill tomorrow to meet at the mouth of Fall creek Bartholomew Durham Con (Conner?) Dueson and myself * * I paid \$1.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ & \$1.00 for mockesons set out stopt at the lower town for the Kt

"Wednesday the 24th a dark morning at 9 Gov'r Jennings with the other comrs came on us set out for the mouth of fall

*See article in this number on Indian towns in Marion County.

†William Conner was an Indian trader who established himself on White River some four miles south of the site of Noblesville early in the century. He was a brother of John Conner, one of the commissioners, who was the founder of Connersville. These brothers, particularly William, were of great service to the government in its dealings with the Indians of this region, and they merit fuller biographies than have ever been written of them.

creek the town we are now in is high Dry rich Bottoms very large one of the most beautiful on the river but Timber scarce we crost the river $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below to the S E side * * this Town after traveling some distance along the Traice that led to the mouth of fall creek Bartholomew myself and some * * turned off at 20 p 11 to see the river at 12 came on the river at 1 stopt on a bluff near 200 feet high the air cool and pleasant here we took Dinner and set out at 45 p 1 at 15 p 2 crost fall creek then rode through a very rich piece of land the large timber all Dead we are told it was killed some years since by worms* the under growth at this time mostly prickly ash and very thick which makes it very difficult for us to ride through at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 3 got to McCormicks who lives on the river quarter of a mile below the mouth of fall creek† Last Kt I staid in an Indian Town saw some Drunk Indians this morning eat at the Table of a Frenchman who has long lived with the Indians and lives like them he furnished his table for us with eggs &c altered times since 1813 when I was last here hunting the Indians with whom we now eat drink and sleep they have now sold their land for a trifle and prepareing to leave the country where they have laid their fathers and relatives, in which we are now hunting a site for the seat of Govrt of our State The Bank of the river on which McCormick lives is from 25 to 30 feet above the water at this time the country Back is high Dry and good soil but the timber is scarce Govr Jennings Bartholomew Durham Con and myself went down the river 1 mile to camp

"Thursday 25

"at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 2 Bartholomew Durham & myself went fishing caught plenty of fine large fish returned the morning cloudy some rain

*This total destruction of early forest areas by "worms" is not without interest to the student of arboriculture. In the first days of Indianapolis some 200 acres within the donation known as the "caterpillar deadening" was cleared of brush, fenced in and tilled as a common field. See Holloway's *Indianapolis*, p. 9. From Tipton's location at the time of making his note this deadening was probably the one he saw. A little further on he speaks of another deadening, mentioning that it was of sugar trees.

†The McCormick settlement, at the mouth of Fall Creek, was one of three sites that the commissioners seem to have had in mind beforehand. According to Nowland it consisted of "four or five families, viz: Hardings, Wilson, Pogue and McCormicks, all of whom had come that spring. Albert Wilson, a son of John Wilson, has told the editor that his father, in company with the McCormicks and George Pogue, came from Connorsville, following an Indian trail that led from the Whitewater to a White River ford at the mouth of Fall Creek. These settlers, as well as those at the "Bluffs" were, of course, "squatters," as the country had not yet been opened for settlement.

Bartholomew and me went out to look at the land the comrs came down we set out for the Bluffs Distance Down the river about 15 miles the Govr started(?) here at McCormicks at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 11 after traveling some distance on a small traice at 45 p 12 came to the river in a wide bottom that is inundated Staid 1 hour set out very hard rain passed very bad swamp one horse crippled some of my coleags say the times is very hard came to the traice the rain fell in Torronts at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 4 Bartholomew Durham Carr Dueson & me stopt in some Indian camps after getting fire kindled and our clothes dry we had a pleasant kt the land here high Dry and rich Immediately(?) on the River in T 14 N of R 3 E went to Rest Friday 24

"the morning clier cool pleasant my horse with two more missing I wrote some letters home while I was riting Col D found our horses the commissioners that had went to the Bluff last kt returned B D and myself went down to see the Bluffs* they waited here for our return we found the Bluff in T 13 N of R 2 E in S 13 the Bluff is about 150 feet above the river but verry uneven the water good Genl Carr [and] Capt Dueson started home and left us out of this Bluff issues a number of fine springs one of which some distance back from the river has near 20 feet fall Back of this Bluff runs a beautiful creek they front on the river near 1 mile if they were level on top it would be the most beautiful site for a town that I ever have seen Saw the R line between R 2 & 3 E and the carries(?) of S 12 & 13 in T 13 N of R 2 E we then returned to our camp and set out to examine the n w side of the river crost in an overflowed bottom at 2 came to a plaice where the river turns to the west making a very short Bend runs hard against the w shore and seems to be a very difficult pass for boats of burthen at this plaice the growth is all young timber some remains of oald cabbins I am told there was once an Indian village here * * Wm Lander who lives 1 mile back from the river told me that an Indian said the French once lived here and that the Indian went to school to a Frenchman in this plaice but they left it about the time of

*At the bluffs of White River, in Morgan County, where Waverly now stands, was a settlement founded by Jacob Whetzel, one of the brothers famous in the annals of Indian warfare. Whetzel cut a trace from the Whitewater to this point, and was followed and joined here by several other families. See Nowland's *Early Reminiscences*; also, an article in the *Indianapolis News*, Sept. 3, 1897.

Hardin's Campain which [was] about 33 years ago* the country continues high and good from some distance back from the river Mr Lander (?) has planted some corn here the timber very scarce here that is fit for building &c after viewing this plaice we set out and traveled up the river the land rolling at 3 crost a Branch at 4 came to a beautiful clier pond or lake about 60 yards wide seeming nearly from n to s† the water clier the Bottom gravley a plenty of fish we drank some and continued on our course at 45 p 5 crost Eagle creek‡ a beautiful creek sufficient to turn a mill at 6 our co (company?) became uneasy and at (?) we crost the river to the s e side and at 7 arrived at the mouth of Fall creek found Govr Jennings had went up to conners

"Saturday 27th

"a fine clier morning very cool before breckfast we walked out to look at the Bottom had breckfast &c Durham paid \$2.25 at 9 we crost to the n w side we crost at the mouth of Fall creek the n w side below the mouth of the creek is low and overflows above is some high land at 45 p 11 came to the river Boiled our coffy after some time spent on the n w we crost to the s e side the comrs then met and agreed to select and locate the site Township 15 north of R 3 E which Township was not divided into sections but Judge Wm B Loughlin of Brookville in whose district the Township lies having been instructed by the Surveyor General to to give every facility in his power to the comrs in the completion of their duty we agreed and hired a man to carry a letter to his camp for which we gave him \$2.00 Bartholomew Col Durham & Jonathan Woodberry a friend of mine from Hardinsburg with whom I have just went 1 mile down the river and encamped for the Kt Some of the comrs came to our camp we had a pleasant evening

"Sunday 28 a cool clier day we met at 6 Judge Loughlin came on and stated that it would take 10 days to progress so far with the surveys as to enable us to progress with our business on motion the comrs then adjourned to meet again on next Monday week at 45 p 11 we set out for Wm Connors J Conner and G Hunt two of the comrs went home the rest to Wm Connors we

*See article on Indian towns.

†Probably the bayou locally known as Lannigan's Lake, near south line of Marion Co.

‡Note—Eagle and Fall creeks had received their names at this early date.

traveled about 3 miles and crost fall creek the land being level and rich from the river to this plaice the most of the timber for some distance from the river having been sugar tree has been killed abt 2 years since by the worms and is now thickly set with prickly ash near the creek the timber better after we crost the creek we traveled about 8 miles between the river and creek the land equally good timber mostly Sugar Buckeye Hackberry Cherry Walnut &c every quarter section is worth twice the Govert price we crost to the n w side below the lower (Indian) town Recrost at Conners Prairie found the men playing favourite game which they call mockuson which is played with a bullit and 4 mockusons* then went to view the ground on which Bartholomew and me had incamped in June 17th 1813"

(Concluded next number).

Indian Towns in Marion County

THE reference in the Tipton Journal to two Indian towns on White River between Conner's trading post and the bluffs, one in existence at that time and the other a tradition, is a contribution to an uncertain subject. The existence of a Delaware town in the north part of Marion County, near where Allisonville now stands, is recognized by Ignatius Brown and Berry Sulgrove in their histories, and the former tells of an old white woman who remained there after the tribe had left. This woman had been captured when a child, had reared a half-breed family, and her forgotten story seems to have been very like that of the more famous Frances Slocum. Very little information is to be had about this town, and it is treated, rather, as a tradition at the time of the first white occupancy. Tipton's statement, however, establishes that it was there in 1820.

The town that once stood where the river crosses the south line of the county was still more a thing of vague report. Prof. Ryland T. Brown, in the *Indiana Geological Report* for 1882 (see p. 97) affirms, though without giving his authority, that it was the village of a Delaware chief named Big Fire, a friend to the whites; that it was destroyed by the Madison Rangers, in 1812, in revenge for the

*See article on the game of Moccasin, in this number.

Pigeon Roost massacre, and that Governor Harrison had no little trouble in pacifying the chief. Incidentally it may be surmised that Tipton, who was, presumably, familiar with the local military operations of that period, and who had himself campaigned here in 1813, as evidenced by his journal, would have know of the Madison Rangers affair; and William Landers' testimony added to this pretty well negatives Prof. Brown's assertion.

In the *Indianapolis News* for May 4, 1899, appeared an article gleaned from C. T. Dollarhide, of Indianapolis, which recounted the tradition of the neighborhood in question as handed down by the narrator's grandfather, John Dollarhide, and other early settlers. Taken in connection with Tipton's information, and by its internal evidence of traditionary genuineness, it would seem to have more authenticity than any other statement upon the subject, and so much of the interview as has a documentary value we here repeat.

Says Mr. Dollarhide: "My grandfather, John Dollarhide, settled near the meeting point of Johnson, Morgan and Marion counties in the year 1819 or 1820. His reason for settling there was that he found a considerable area of land from which the great forest trees had been removed. This had again been covered by bushes and small timber such as the settlers called second growth. That clearing, my grandfather said, had been made by Indians, and that ground had evidently been cultivated by them. My father said that after heavy showers he and his brothers had picked up Indian ornaments of silver, such as were worn on the breasts of braves (a kind of brooch) and other trinkets. When my father was a boy this place was called 'the battle ground', and is so called by some old people to-day. Tradition said that some time early in this century, or at the close of the last century, a party of Kentuckians had come to this Indian settlement and murdered the inhabitants. It was said that there was at this place (the land, I believe, now belongs, in part, to the estate of the late Eli Stone) a Catholic mission of some kind, probably a Jesuit mission: but whether the Jesuits were there when the massacre took place is not a part of the tradition.

"In 1876 I became acquainted with Judge Franklin Hardin, who settled in Johnson County about 1820. When he heard my name, Dollarhide, he remarked that I must have come from the

'battle-ground,' and I found that he had known my grandfather in Kentucky. The Judge said that a relative of his, a Major Hardin, of Kentucky, had told him of an expedition that was led against this Indian village; that there was then, or had been, a French mission there, and that the Indians had been massacred in regular Kentucky fashion. The Judge said, I believe, that his relative had told him of this massacre in Kentucky before he removed to Indiana, and that he (the Judge) had no doubt that the 'battle-ground' was the identical spot of which the Major had told him. The Major, it was said, had taken part in this raid, which the Judge thought took place about the year 1795.*

"In 1863, while making the Indianapolis & Waverly gravel road, the workmen, digging into a gravel bank, threw out a number of human bones. It is not too curious to connect these bones with that massacre. * * My father told me that he had found a piece of stone-work there—an arch, I believe—and that he was certain that this piece, which was skilfully cut, could only have been fashioned by a white man, and that it may have formed some part of the French mission building."†

The Games of Moccasin and Bullet

The following, written by the late Robert B. Duncan, a well-known pioneer of Marion County, throws further light on the game of "mockuson" spoken of by Tipton (see journal, p. 15).

"Bullet, as it was termed, was a gambling game considerably used in its day; so much so as to cause the enactment [of a law] making it a finable offense to play it. It was borrowed from the

*"On the 26th of August, 1789, about two hundred mounted volunteers, under the command of Colonel John Hardin, marched from the Falls of the Ohio to attack some of the Indian towns on the Wabash. This expedition returned to the Falls on the 28th of September, without the loss of a man—having killed six Indians, plundered and burnt one deserted village, and destroyed a considerable quantity of corn."—Dillon, p. 220.

†Since the above was put in type the editor finds the question of this Indian town discussed at length by D. D. Banta, in the larger history of Johnson County, pp. 283-286. Judge Banta's conclusion would seem to be in line with Mr. Dollarhide's version. For further information touching the white captive of the upper town see *The Western Censor* (Indianapolis public library), June 11, 1823.

Delaware Indians,* who were great experts in playing it, and were inveterate gamblers. I well recollect frequently seeing them playing the game, which was then called "moccasin," and was played in this wise:

"The professional gambler would spread upon a smooth, level grass plat a large, well-dressed deer skin, upon which he would place in a semi-circular form, within convenient reach of the player, a half-dozen newly-made moccasins. The game consisted in the use of a large-sized bullet held in his hands and shown to those looking on and desiring to take part in the game, and then, in a hurried and very dextrous manner, placing his hand under each moccasin, leaving the bullet under one of them. Betting was then made as to which one of the moccasins the bullet was under. As the manner of shuffling the hands under each moccasin was done so rapidly and skilfully that it was impossible for the bystanders to see under which the bullet was left, it will thus be seen that the chances were largely in favor of the gambler.

"The few whites inclined in this direction learned this game from the Indians, and after the removal of the latter from the country kept up the game, using private rooms and covered tables in place of grass plat and buckskin; and for want of moccasins, using caps, and changing the name from "moccasin" to "bullet." this game continued to be played to such an extent as to cause the legislature to enact a law making it a finable offense. This law, with the introduction of the more secret and convenient means of gambling still in use, soon caused the game of bullet to become one of the lost arts.†"

*The game was also a favorite one with the Miamis and Pottowatomies.

†*Query*—Is the "shell" game of the present day a surviving form of "moccasin?"



Gleaned from the Pioneers

[Under this heading we will aim to present, from issue to issue, reminiscences gathered at first-hand from surviving pioneers, and written in a popular vein. While the Indian story, immediately below, does not fall precisely within this scope, it seems as good a place as any to insert it.—Ed.]

AN INDIAN STORY

ALONG the Wabash and Mississinewa rivers, in northern Indiana, where the red man and his traditional lore are not yet quite forgotten, there lingers many a fugitive story which has never found the publicity of print. Those who know them are yearly becoming scarcer, but an industrious collector might still glean an interesting harvest. Here is a sample which we have picked up from Gabriel Godfroy, a son of Francis Godfroy, who was the last war-chief of the Miami Indians. Gabriel Godfroy, the most notable Indian now to be found in Indiana, lives a few miles east of the city of Peru, on a small remnant of the ample lands once reserved to his father.* With the true primitive instinct he treasures the unwritten history of his people as it has been handed down from sire to son, and this story, told in a quaint style that must be largely lost in the writing, is only one of many. The narrative is gruesome, but reflects the Indian life and spirit, and has the ethnic value—the value of the folk-story.

Once a young Miami brave took to wife a daughter of the Wea tribe, further down the Wabash, and because of her left his own people to go and live among the strangers. While the Miami was still a stranger a marauding band of Kickapoos caught and scalped a Wea woman, and the cry arose for vengeance. A council was held, and when the braves sat in circle the head man of the village passed around with a war club, offering it to each in turn. If one took the club it signified that he accepted the leadership of a war party to pursue the enemy; but that not only meant danger—it also meant disgrace to the leader if the expedition failed. One by one the braves let the club pass. Ere it reached the Miami he thought much. To accept it was to risk much, but to let it pass was to show fear, and he had his reputation to establish among his new friends; so when it came to him he took it and became chief of the war party, pledged to avenge the wrongs done his people.

*Since writing the above we understand that Gabriel has lost even this remnant.

Then the armed braves started out on the trail. Ere long they came to the rude picture of a buck cut on the bark of a tree. This was the totem sign of the leader of their foes, and the carving was an act of bravado. When they saw the sign the Weas paused and spoke discouragingly to each other. They knew the Buck. His boldness and his craft were notorious, and often before they had sought vengeance for his deeds, but to no avail. To pursue him now was of no use, they said, and they would have turned back; but their Miami leader said no—they must follow and pit cunning against cunning. So they followed for many miles, the trail growing hotter, till at length they came in sight of their enemies' smoke. Then they went warily as wild beasts creeping upon their prey, and when they had drawn near two of them, disguised as wolves, crept closer yet and found the Kickapoos lolling beside their fire, the leader being distinguished by a buck tattooed upon his thigh. When the two Weas returned to their companions a council was held. They outnumbered their foes, and it was decided that the party should creep up and, if possible, kill all but the Buck—him they would take alive and be revenged for all the trouble he had caused them. They managed well, and the Kickapoos were shot down before they could offer fight, but when they came to lay hands upon the Buck he was so strong that he threw them aside like children till one Wea, older and more experienced than the others, struck him across the muscles of his arms with a war-club, when his hands fell powerless. So they took and bound him. When the Buck saw that no further resistance could avail he bade his captors burn him then and there and save themselves trouble, for he would not go with them to be sport for their village. This was not what they wished, for their greatest glory would be to return to their people leading their prisoner in triumph to be sacrificed before them all. No cruel forcing that they could devise, however, would make him go. He taunted them, defying them to burn him there, until at length they bound him to a tree and piled the fagots about him. When the fire began to burn he asked for a pipe to smoke. It was given him, and as the flames licked about his flesh he calmly smoked until, the life slowly driven out, the pipe dropped from his mouth and he hung limp in his bonds. So he frustrated his enemies at the last, but they returned in triumph, having ridded themselves of the Buck, and the young Miami had won glory for himself.

But glory, among the red men as among the white, is sometimes harder to maintain than it is to gain. In course of time another hostile band committed depredation upon the Weas, and again the Miami, who had succeeded so well before, led a party in pursuit. The trail they followed led across a little swampy place, and from the end of a log the fugitives had passed over the soft ground, each leaping in the tracks of the first one. When the leader of the Weas came to the end of the log he too leapt into the first foot-print made by their enemies, and he found himself out-witted by their cunning; for in this first track they had skilfully sunken an arrow with the barb pointing upward and concealed just beneath the surface. On this he came with all his weight and ran his foot through and through, so that his party had to carry him back home humiliated with failure.

EARLY DAYS AT DEPAUW

ONE of the sprightliest "recollectionists" in Indianapolis is the venerable John W. Ray, Hoosier octogenarian, who during his long life has been in the thick of things, and whose memory is good. Some sixty years ago Mr. Ray entered the walls of DePauw College, or, as it was then called, Asbury University, to equip himself for the battle of life, and what he has to say about it will perhaps be of interest to DePauw folks, and some others as well.

"In those days," says Mr. Ray, "the boy who had his way paid and his path made easy and pleasant was the exception. The large proportion of them were of the pioneer type—poor boys, many of them from the farm, who had to live at the minimum cost and work at a maximum pressure. Their clothes were generally home-spun, and fashioned by the loving hands of self-sacrificing mothers. Under-clothes were regarded as effeminate, and were rarely worn, and such superfluities of toilet as are now worn for the sake of adornment were but little in evidence.

"When I went there, in the early '40s three of us rented a room for two dollars per month that was sumptuously furnished with a stove and two or three chairs, an old bedstead and a straw tick, which latter we were privileged to replenish at the straw-pile when we wished. Here we cooked, ate, studied and slept. Our board

bills averaged about one dollar per week, and the fare gave us abundant strength to fight our way through Greek, Latin, mathematics and the applied sciences.

When James Harlan from Parke County came there with his worldly effects done up in a beggarly bundle no one seemed willing to trust him for his board, so he went to the president and offered to do janitor work in the college for the use of a vacant room in the building. The room was granted him and he managed to live there and board himself, and in the end was one of those who have honored old Asbury. When he graduated he had not even a coat to don, and in lieu thereof wore a calico dressing gown supplemented by a pair of old slippers on his feet. About that time the Iowa University was established, and soon after a committee from that State came to Asbury in search of a good man for their president. Harlan was recommended to them; he was sent for, and within thirty days after his graduation in the dressing-gown he was installed as the new president of the new college. He became a prominent citizen of his adopted State. In the winter of '45-'46 the Iowa legislature established a Department of Public Instruction, and Harlan, although he was a Whig and the legislature was Democratic, was chosen as superintendent. Subsequently he was honored with other offices, among them that of the U. S. senatorship. He was Secretary of the Interior in President Lincoln's cabinet, and also judge in the Court of Claims. James Harlan was a cousin of Judge Harlan, of the Supreme Court Bench. He was the best debater, the best logician and the best judge of men I ever knew. He never wrote his speeches, but filled himself full of his subject and out of that fulness spoke with eloquence and spontaneity.

"And by the way, do you know that Indiana has furnished more citizens and more Methodists to Iowa than to any other State in the west?.

"One of the brightest students of old Asbury, and one who, I feel sure, would have made his mark had he been spared, bore the odd name of Greenberry Short. Short came as a homeless wanderer to the office of Judge Samuel Hough, of Lafayette, and solicited a job as office boy. Hough employed him, and before long noticed that the lad spent all his leisure time dipping into the law books. Becoming interested in him he encouraged him to enter Asbury, rendering him such assistance as lay in his power. While

there he made his way by doing janitor service and such work as offered itself. He carried off the honors of his class, and after graduation returned to study law in Judge Hough's office. But the confinement proved fatal to him. He fell a victim to hasty consumption and was cut off in the flower of his promise. I remember that we celebrated, or attempted to celebrate, Greenberry's twenty-first birth-day in a way all our own. His face was peculiarly soft and smooth, and taking our cue from that, we seized him and bore him in triumph to a private room where one of the boys was ready with a big basin and soap, a painter's brush and a huge pruning knife. His face and head was plentifully lathered preparatory to his maiden shave, but before the pruning knife could be applied the victim made a break for liberty and escaped down street, lather and all.

"Daniel W. Voorhees was in the class just before mine. Voorhees was good in belle lettres, rhetoric and history, but in mathematics, logic, languages, or in fact anything that took hard work, he fell short. He was no such man as Harlan. Voorhees' acquirements were on the surface, Harlan's in the depths.

"I may add that in those days there was no football, no baseball and no college yells. Boys who were hungry enough for knowledge to work their way to it by hands as well as by brains had less need of those gentle diversions. We did, however, play townball and cricket somewhat. We were also sturdy ramblers, and as to our gymnasium it was, practically, all of Putnam County."

"UNCLE JOE" BROWN TALKS

ONE of the "walking encyclopedias" of information touching things historic is "Uncle Joe" Brown, who, although bent with the weight of many years and patiently expectant of the Summons, still holds his desk in the County Clerk's office, at Indianapolis, where he does diligent daily service in the rounding out of a busy life. A well-directed question suffices to start Uncle Joe, and he will reel you off a medley which turns this way or that as one theme suggests another.

We were nosing among the old records of the Marion County Commissioners' office, and finding sundry allusions to the office of "fence viewer" we went to Mr. Brown to learn what a fence-viewer might be. He told us all about it. In early days, it seems, when there were large unclaimed tracts and much stock had the range of the country, there was considerable trouble with animals breaking into growing crops, what with breachy "critters" and poor fences. This caused no end of wrangling—so much so, indeed, that a law was passed defining a "legal fence," or one that in law should be considered a sufficient guard. Along with this went a functionary whose business it was to judge whether a man's fence was up to the legal standard when his neighbor's hungry hordes visited his succulent corn. This was the "fence-viewer." As the country came to have less waste land and the liberties of the omnivorous cow and elm-peeler were restricted the services of the viewer fell into desuetude and he passed into forgotten history. In importance and dignity the office ranked along with that of road supervisor.

Something in this reminded Uncle Joe of a story of ex-President Tyler. After John Tyler retired from the presidential office his neighbors of the other party, as a sort of a practical joke, and also, perhaps, to show their opinion of his capacity, got together and elected him road-master; but they wote not they were casting a boomerang. John accepted the office. The Virginia law gave this functionary almost unlimited power in calling out citizens for road service, and the distinguished road-master made the most of his privileges. For about three months that year, in season and out of season, he worked his constituency on the public highways till they wished they hadn't done it. Tyler stood the "joke" better than they did, and the traveling public got the benefit.

"Did you know," queried Mr. Brown, "that Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were all justices of the peace after serving as President of the United States?. They were, and they thought the humbler office worthy of them—which shows a more democratic spirit than we find to-day. Besides, Jefferson and Monroe left the presidential chair poor, and the justice's fees were not to be sneezed at in those simple days. I don't know about Madison's circumstances—probably Dolly looked after them with her characteristic vim.

"I remember Dolly Madison. When I was a clerk in the United States Senate she used frequently to visit that body and sit as a

guest of honor beside the Vice-president. They were wont to show her every mark of respect. Whenever she appeared business would be suspended for the moment and she would be gallantly escorted to her seat, usually by the venerable John Quincy Adams. She was a fat old woman of seventy then, and he eighty-eight, and as they marched up the aisle with stately gravity they were a pair to be remembered.

John Quincy Adams—ah, there was a Nestor for you! He has been frequently spoken of as 'the Old Man Eloquent,' but that does not fitly characterize him. He had a squeaky voice, was not prepossessing as a speaker, and his power lay not so much in oratory as in learning. He seemed to have read everything, ancient and modern, and to have remembered everything. No one ever asked him about anything but he could make it the theme for an off-hand dissertation full of erudition. Withal, he knew how to use his learning with trip-hammer effect. On one occasion Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, eloquently and scathingly arraigned the abolitionists for the mischief they were fomenting. Wise was a genuine orator, and when he was done the abolitionists and their cause looked a sorry spectacle. Then Adams arose to reply, and he took an hour at the task. At the end of that hour Wise was simply annihilated, and his argument, from first to last, torn to tatters. Mere oratory and super-heated feeling stood no show at all against countless facts and sound logic. Wise himself, in response, said, with as much grace as possible, that Mr. Adams might advocate any proposition whatsoever and he, for one, would not again venture to enter the lists against him. I remember one little thing that illustrated Adams' Yankee caution. It was the custom of the Senate pages to secure autographs of the notables, which, no doubt, they disposed of to their own profit. I noticed repeatedly that Mr. Adams, when he honored these requests, had a habit of signing his name at the top of the sheet or slip, leaving very little margin above. Curious to know why he did this I once asked him about it, and in reply he squeaked: 'I do that so no one can write a note over my name.' I was sitting near Mr. Adams and was one of those who carried him out of the Senate chamber when he was stricken down. He collapsed in his seat as if shot, but rallied enough to gasp: 'And this is the last of earth!' And so passed a great man.

That story has not been told I know. More than I could tell about it then. I am sitting young man and witness that passage that has met of the present generation. I suppose

as he was an old young man was present when the first public trial was held of the hanging bridge. A dispute was to be put over the hanging in Baltimore and the members of Congress at that time were invited to witness the trial. Professor Morse had one of the sons of Henry L. Ellsworth Commissioner of Patents and a woman in that named Mr. Ellsworth's daughter Anna. It was the first marriage. She arrived a little late and standing at the door of the house that stood in a corner with the trial from the hanging bridge of the hanging. When she had standing Morse presented her over the wire and it about five minutes the answer was given and then a new factor was introduced into the situation.

We had heard it stated that Mr. Brown had written the first review of a *Review* was ever written by a *Review* and we asked the story. "That," he said, "was the Indian poem. Education of George W. Carter better known to him by his Song of David. I don't remember much about the review now but one moment in connection with Carter I have reason for remembering very vividly. Carter fell in love with a Mrs. Drake an actress, wife of Indianapolis and as became a poet his falling was as deep as I was struck. He wanted her to marry but the lady said nay. She would not have been persuaded at the last minute however, and just as she was in the eye of a doctrinal fight to make connection with another engagement. At any rate it was a midnight marriage, full in the standard of the movement. At that time I happened to be the clerk of whom people who wanted to amalgamate had to get their license and at an hour of the night so late that the very women had stopped running and a door to rest I was knocked out of bed and called across town through the growing darkness to the court house to issue the required document. That is why I have a particularly lively recollection of George W. Carter.

Tell well I must get to work. Yes young man the fence-reverer is in possession of the good old times—you will never see us like again. And Uncle Joe turned once more to his unfinished page of scribbling.

CONTRIBUTIONS

The Laws of Indiana as Affected by the Present Constitution

BY W. W. THORNTON

Author of Thornton's Revised Statutes, The Gov't of the State of Indiana, etc.

THE first Constitution of the State of Indiana was completed and adopted June 29, 1816, and the State was admitted to the Union the 11th of the following December. The second Constitution was completed February 10, 1851, and went into force the 1st day of the following November.

The Constitution of 1851 was not secured without a struggle which extended over many years. The Constitution of 1816 provided that every twelfth year the question of calling a convention to revise or amend it should be submitted to the voters at the general election, held for the election of Governor. The first twelfth year came in 1828, when only ten counties reported, 8,909 votes being cast on the subject. Of these, 3,329 were in favor of and 5,580 against calling a convention. At the election in 1840 only 38 counties reported, and 41,823 votes were cast, 7,489 for and 34,334 against a convention.

This provision of the Constitution requiring a vote every twelfth year was regarded as only directory, and not to prohibit a vote on the question of revising at any election held to elect a governor. Under this interpretation of that provision a vote was taken in 1846; votes cast, 62,018, with 33,175 favoring, and 28,843 against. While a majority of all votes cast on the question was in favor of the convention yet the Constitution required that the number should be a majority of all votes cast at the election; and as 126,123 were cast for the gubernatorial candidates the number voting in favor of the convention was not a majority of all votes cast at the election. In 1849 the question was a fourth time submitted, the result being a vote of 81,500 in favor of the convention to 57,418 against it—a majority of 6,612 votes over all votes cast at the election for all the candidates for any one office.

The causes that prompted the calling of the Constitutional Convention of 1850 are reflected in its provisions, and have left their

imprint on all subsequent legislation. The territorial laws were often very crude, and not infrequently is this also true of those adopted under the constitution of 1816. In 1824, 1832, 1838 and 1843 general revisions of these State laws took place. That of 1824 was almost wholly the work of Benjamin Parke, and was a marked improvement over the laws that preceded it, but the revisions of 1832 and 1838 were largely re-prints of laws already enacted, while that of 1843 was so radical in form and introduced so many changes as to be quite unsatisfactory.

Causes Leading to New Constitution The first legislature after the adoption of the constitution of 1851 revised the entire body of our laws. That instrument required the appointment of commissioners to revise, simplify and abridge the rules, practice, pleadings and forms of the court, and to provide for abolishing distinct forms of action then in force, that justice might be administered in a uniform mode of pleading and the distinction between law and equity preserved.* The constitution made it the imperative duty of the legislature to bring about these changes through the agency of a commission. It also authorized it to empower the commission to revise the entire body of our statute laws, but this the legislature reserved to itself.

General Revision under New Constitution One of the most noticeable differences in the legislation before and after the adoption of the new constitution is the manner in which statutes are amended. Under the old constitution they were frequently changed or amended by providing that a certain word or words in a certain line of a certain section in a certain act should be stricken out and certain other words inserted. This is the method still pursued by Congress. The practice creates great confusion, and it is not always an easy task to determine the effect of statutes after the amendment is made. Under our present method the amended section must be definitely referred in the amending act, and then the section as amended set out in full. Formerly, under decisions of the Supreme Court, it was necessary to set out in full the old section, and then in full the section as amended, but a later interpretation of the constitution by that court permits the omis-

*This may not express Mr. Thornton's exact meaning. There was some confusion in the copy here and it was not possible to submit print. A.

sion of the old section, thus simplifying the process.

Another noticeable change is that the laws with very few exceptions are of a uniform and general application throughout the State. Prior to 1851 our statute books were loaded down with special legislation. Every city was incorporated by a law particularly its own, and there was no general law for their incorporation until after that date. Towns were incorporated in the same way. A stranger entering a town or city was chargeable with notice of the laws of the place, and was bound to obey them, and yet he could not know what they were until he had examined the charter of the city or town. It was nothing uncommon to vacate a street or even an alley by special act of the legislature. Prior to 1851 a temperance wave had swept over the State, taking a stronger hold on the people in one locality than in another. The result was a great patchwork of statutes relating to the subject. In some counties prohibitory laws were in force, while in others a license was required. Even in the same county these differences prevailed, some of the townships being "dry" while others were "wet".

There was no uniformity in the schools, the laws being as various with reference to the subject of public education as those concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors. The public schools were poor—far below the standard prevailing today. Practice and pleading in our court are now uniform, but before 1851 such was not the case. In a county in particular instances a certain practice had to be observed; in an adjoining one, another, and in a third still another. Even the practice in several townships of the same county before justices of the peace was not uniform, and a special law for the election of a justice of the peace in a particular township was not uncommon. Nor were the laws of taxation uniform. One county could levy a certain tax while another could not levy it; and this difference often extended to townships of the same county, or to cities and towns.

There is also a vast body of legislation, of a date prior to 1851, that is called "private" legislation, because it is of a private and not a public character. Prior to 1847 each corporation was incorporated by an act of the legislature pertaining to it alone, called the "charter". At the session of 1846-7 the first law of a general character for the

**Spec'l Legislation
under Old Const.**

**Lack of Uni-
formity**

**Private Legisla-
tion under Old
Constitution**

incorporation of voluntary associations was enacted, but it was limited in its scope. Academies, seminaries, colleges, private schools, libraries, railroads, manufacturing and trading companies of all kinds, planing mills, saw mills, and even brass bands were incorporated by private acts of the legislature. This practice became a great burden to that body. Thus at the five sessions prior to that of 1843-4 the number of octavo pages of the private laws were respectively 180, 301, 365, 431 and 636; while those of the general laws were respectively only 122, 92, 135, 164 and 125. Within the eight years prior to 1846 more than four hundred private acts of incorporation were enacted.

Under the old constitution the legislature could grant divorces, and 83 were granted, 40 of them at the session of 1845-6. Under the present constitution none can be granted by this method. Under the present constitution each statute can embrace only one subject, and the subject-matter must be embraced within the title. There was no such requirement under the old constitution. The object of this provision is to prevent undesirable legislation slipping through, and to give all legislation as much publicity as is conveniently possible.

Another reason for a new constitution was the resentment in the breasts of many toward the State Bank and its branches, and the monopoly it held in banking matters in the State. It had become a very lucrative source of income to its stock-holders, who were mostly influential Whigs, and the Democrats dreaded their influence in State affairs. Many of the latter, therefore, favored a revision of our banking laws so as to overthrow the bank. Still another reason, growing out of the disastrous State internal improvement legislation, was to adopt measures to prevent the lending of the State's funds or credit to private enterprises.

These were some of the features in our laws that brought about the calling of the convention of 1850. Others were the election of the judiciary and all State and county officers by popular vote; biennial instead of annual sessions of the legislature, and the election of members of the general assembly from single districts. The year 1850 was also the end of two decades of constitutional construction and revision in many of the States of the Union. That

**Movement in
Other States** fact had a decided influence in bringing about the call for a convention. In 1830 Virginia had adopted a new constitution; in 1831, Delaware; in 1832, Mississippi; in 1835, Michigan (although not admitted until 1837); in 1836, Arkansas; in 1838, Pennsylvania and Florida (although the latter was not admitted until 1845); in 1842, Rhode Island; in 1844, New Jersey; in 1845, Louisiana and Texas; in 1846, Iowa and New York; in 1848, Illinois and Wisconsin; in 1849, California; in 1850, Kentucky and Michigan. In Maryland and Ohio the subject had been so much under discussion that in 1851 both these States adopted new constitutions.

**First Laws under
New Constitution** The laws enacted at the first session of the legislature after the adoption of the present constitution were a decided improvement over previous statutes. Of course there were radical changes required by the new fundamental law, but even where no changes were so required many were made. There were many improvements upon the draft of the statutes, for the legislators had the old statutes before them, and it was an easy thing to improve upon them. The general body of the law was made more certain, and in many instances not so complex.

**New Civil and
Criminal Codes** The crown of the work of legal reformation was the two codes—the civil and the criminal. These were the work of the Commissioners of Revision, and well they did their work. New York, in 1846, had adopted a code of civil procedure—the first in this country—which served as a model for our revisers, as well as a model for many other States since the adoption of our code. David Dudley Field, in many respects her greatest lawyer, had written her code, and the impress of his genius has been felt in many of the States of the Federal Union. The Indiana codes—especially the civil code—are models of legal writing. The commissioners that revised them in 1881 made few changes and added little to them, but what they did was an improvement. The new codes introduced great and radical changes in the practice of the law, sweeping away a brood of fictions and technicalities that rendered the practice uncertain, cumbersome and unnecessarily prolix. Strange as it may be, the reformation of our practice in the courts was brought about largely by the laity, and against the opposition of a majority of the members of the legal profession.

**On the Writing
of Statutes**

The statutes of our State are not as well written as those of some of the older States, nor as well as those of the United States, but there is a marked improvement in them in this respect over our early statutes. The Commissioners of Revision in 1881 presented to the legislature drafts of many statutes that failed to pass that body, which would not only have introduced many reforms into our legislation but greatly improved existing statutory law. Many of our statutes should be re-written and simplified. This is especially true of the school law, which is a mere hodge-podge of statutes enacted during the last thirty-seven years, often so obscure that no man can tell what the law is upon a particular question. In the writing of statutes one of the cardinal principles to be kept in view is that a statute with which the people *en masse* have to deal should be not only clear in its language, but explicit and minute in detail. Statutes that courts deal chiefly with may be more general in terms and omit details in many instances, the courts having the power to supply the latter often when necessary to carry out their provisions. Such a statute will not do, however, where the people *en masse* deal in minute particulars directly with its provisions. The civil and criminal codes are written in general terms, but the tax and Australian ballot laws are written in great detail, the language used in them being explicit and clear. They are models of statutory writing. The laws on taxation and elections are not only a great advancement over the laws of the past on those subjects, but are much better and more clearly written than those of the past.

Beginning with 1888 the volume of our legislation has annually been very large as compared with that of the previous years. Many statutes are now in force on subjects where prior to 1851 none existed. This is due to the change in the condition of the country and the advance in civilization. There have arisen new conditions, new methods of doing business, new opportunities to commit crimes, and these had to be met. Necessity in old countries requires the statutes to be more numerous, more minute in detail, and usually more complicated than in new countries, and for this reason a new revision of our statute laws can be but a matter of time; though to undertake to secure such revision now would be a Herculean task.

**Legislation as
affected by
New Conditions**

The State Library—Its Character and Aims

BY W. E. HENRY, State Librarian

HISTORICAL THE history of the State Library at its beginning and for many years after is a rather sorry story of a perfunctory institution that existed, not in response to a real demand, but because the legislature had said it should. It was established in 1825 as a department of the office of Secretary of State, for the purpose of furnishing information for the officers of the State when at the capital—or, as the law read: for “the members of the Legislature, the secretaries and clerks of each House thereof, the officers of the several branches of the executive department of the State government, the judge of the United States District Court, the United States District Attorney, the judges of the Supreme Court of this State, and the judges of the Circuit Courts when they or any of them may be at the seat of government.” Subsequent statutes gradually broadened the scope of the library and extended its privileges. In 1841 it became a separate institution and was removed from the Secretary’s office.

The State Library was for many years a political office. It was understood to belong to the party in power, and the party majority in the legislature always elected to the office of librarian a man of the right political faith. It was at once a reward for party service and an earnest of party support. Men who are put into office for these reasons are not put in for special fitness, and whatever fitness there might be is largely accidental. The party-chosen State librarians were, presumably, not an exception to this rule; and the qualifications they possessed stood small show of useful development, what with uncertain tenure of office and miserly allowance of funds.

The latter handicap of itself would have effectually prevented the usefulness of the library however capable the librarians, and as a matter of fact the library had practically no growth for the first fifty years of its existence. At the end of that time the collective wisdom had got so far away from the idea of the library as a political adjunct as to elect women to the office, and it should be noted that these, so far as can be judged from the evidence at hand, seem to have been the first incumbents to have the welfare and future of the library at heart. Sarah A. Oren (1873-5), appealed for a larger

appropriation and affirmed that "the great State of Indiana calls loudly for a well-filled reference library." Maggie F. Peelle (1879-'81) did a good work by starting the collection of books by Indiana writers, and it was by her advice that the library of the late Daniel Hough was purchased; and equal credit must be given to others.

In 1889 Mr. J. P. Dunn became librarian and, through some seemingly miraculous influence, succeeded in securing a most liberal appropriation. After two years, however, this fund was reduced and remained wholly inadequate until two years ago, when the people of the State and the legislature began to see the desirability of more liberal treatment. In consequence, the library now has a much better outlook than at any time in its past.

Creating of Non-partisan Library Management

In 1895 a law was enacted removing the library from partisan politics, and its management was placed in the hands of a non-partisan board—the State Board of Education. It was not to be managed as part of the school system, but was so placed because this board was thought to be as clear of partisan bias as any body of persons in the State, and at the same time it possessed a special degree of fitness because the majority of its members were men of the highest educational qualification. This board represents all parts of the State, and no person on it secures his place by virtue of political or religious affiliations. It is a board the membership of which can not change rapidly, and which, through political powers, cannot reward friends or punish enemies. The policy of this non-partisan and ex officio board has been from the first, and is, that no person shall enter the service of the library who has not special qualifications for the work.

Size and Scope of Library

The State Library has now a collection of nearly forty thousand volumes consisting largely of historical material. This is composed of sources rather than secondary matter, being made up chiefly of State government publications, the publications of the United States government, and a very considerable collection of local records in the way of town, county and State histories, the printed archives from various States, and the histories of particular movements, institutions, sects and specific organizations working toward some specific ends. It should be added that the files of Indiana newspapers, particularly of the earlier years, are, I believe, fuller and more valuable than exists elsewhere.

**State and U. S.
Publications,
how Acquired**

State and United States publications are received by deposit and exchange, demanding no expenditure of money, so that all our purchases are in the lines of history, economics and sociology, and, as before said, mostly in source material. The library especially seeks those publications which are either too bulky or too expensive to be owned and preserved by private or small public libraries. This makes it largely a reference library for historical purposes; yet it is now rapidly becoming more than is implied in "reference" or "historical."

**Method of Cir-
culating Books**

By the provisions of a law enacted by the last legislature the State Library can now lend any but rare books to any responsible citizen of the State if the borrower is willing to pay transportation charges. By this plan it is enabled to supplement the local library and to reach a considerable number who do not have access to any local library. I hope to see the time when the State at public expense may place the book, not merely in the post or express office, but in the hands of the reader. Any argument that will justify the State in buying the book for the reader will equally justify delivering that book to him, whether he be far or near.

**Special Indiana
Collection**

The State Library makes every possible effort to secure all printed material that shall in any way throw light upon the history or present condition of Indiana. We purchase, so far as possible, every book or pamphlet ever written by an Indiana author, upon any subject; or by any author, of any time or place, upon any subject relating to the State's life.

Further Aims

When we have more funds I hope to see this institution become a general reference library in all departments of science and literature, so that almost any rational demand of the citizens of the State, within these lines, may be supplied; and I hope to see the State ready to bear all expense to put the book into the hand of the reader in whatever part of the State he may be. A larger fund, however, is necessary to these conditions, and in the securing of such fund all citizens can have a voice. To every citizen a great and really useful institution of this character should be a matter of interest and pride. By such interest and pride you can materially help the library to grow and branch out into new fields of usefulness. We bespeak your co-operation.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

Works on Indiana History

[The following does not aim to be a complete list of works treating of or tributary to the history of Indiana. Such a bibliography would include a large amount of material of an indirect or local character that does not come within the scope of the present purpose, which is to present a brief account of such works as may be of use to the casual student having occasion for inquiry along these lines. We have also, by way of guidance to the uninformed, indicated what we conceive to be the respective values of the works considered.]

PRIOR to the work of John B. Dillon, whose *Historical Notes* was published in 1843, there was, practically, no written history of Indiana, either as a State, as an American Territory, or as a French possession—excepting, of course, the documents from which the orderly history was subsequently constructed. **John B. Dillon** Dillon entered a virgin field with the prodigious labor of a pioneer before him, and, single-handed, as it were, worked his chosen part of this field so industriously and well that he still remains a leading authority upon the period covered by him. His first book, *Historical Notes of the Discovery and Settlement of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio*, was merged in the *History of Indiana*, which appeared in 1859. The title has been somewhat misleading to many unacquainted with the work, as it is almost wholly devoted to the early French occupancy and the Territorial period, the narrative proper ending with the admission of the State in 1816. To this is added, however, “a general view of the progress of public affairs” up to 1856. In the twenty pages devoted to this is condensed an amount of information that in the hands of a more verbose writer might have made a small volume. Not the least valuable part of Mr. Dillon’s book are the appendices of Indian treaties and other documents.

J. P. Dunn In our opinion the little volume by J. P. Dunn: *Indiana, a Redemption from Slavery* (1896), is, next to Dillon’s book, the most notable contribution to Indiana’s historical records. Like Dillon’s work it is not a history of the State, but is, rather, a study of a particular phase of our earlier history—our relations to slavery. Incidentally the entire French and Territorial periods are dealt with, and the subject throughout added to by original research. Thorough as an investigator, taking full advantage of the researches of other students, and with a keen and search-

ing reasoning faculty, Mr. Dunn reveals the genius of the genuine historian, and has the ability, none too common, to write history attractively without imperilling his authenticity. His work as a reference book stands the test of long and frequent usage.

W. H. English *The Conquest of the Country Northwest of the River Ohio and the Life of George Rogers Clark*, two large volumes by William H. English (1896), is an exhaustive study of one chapter in our earlier history. The full scope of Mr. English's plan was to write a voluminous history of the State, and this work that saw the light was but introductory to the larger scheme. Of the particular events with which he deals the two volumes named are the most thorough study extant, and as such have a value proportioned to the importance of those events. For years Mr. English was a collector of rare and valuable material, and a considerable amount of this appears in the "Conquest of the Northwest."

Goodrich & Tuttle An illustrated history of Indiana issued in 1875 under the names of DeWitt C. Goodrich and Prof. Charles R. Tuttle, and which, in an enlarged form, re-appeared in 1879 sponsored by Wm. S. Haymond, was then the only book in the field aiming to present the later history of the State, and so, perhaps, its existence was justified. It is chiefly distinguished by an overburdened title-page advertising the phenomenal scope of the work. It has long since been relegated to the upper shelves where it rests in an oblivion quite comprehensible to any one who seeks it for historical enlightenment.

W. H. Smith Of the "complete" works, *The History of the State of Indiana from the Earliest Explorations by the French to the Present Time*, by William Henry Smith (1897), is the most ambitious and the fullest. The writer unquestionably possesses a wide and varied fund of information; his subject-matter, made more attractive, perhaps, by arrangement into numerous topics that fairly well cover the State's story, is set forth in an easy, readable style, and it will doubtless hold its place as a popular history. To the more particular student, who is indisposed and who ought not to be asked to take things implicitly on faith, the book is less satisfactory. Mr. Smith tells us a surprising number of new things, but, unfortunately, does not at any time see fit to cite authorities. The possible suspicion that he prefers a flowing and readable narrative to strict

accuracy he has taken no pains to avoid, and for that reason, if for no other, he will hardly be regarded as a reliable authority.

Mrs. Hendricks *The Popular History of Indiana*, a compilation by various authors, but bearing the name of Mrs. T. A. Hendricks as sponsor, covers the whole period of our history up to 1891, the date of publication. It may be regarded as a young peoples' history, and was the first published attempt in that line. For a work of its character it was a creditable product, and served its purpose for a time, but is about forgotten now.

Julia S. Conklin *The Young People's History of Indiana*, by Mrs. Julia S. Conklin (1899), fills admirably the need it aims to subserve. Within the compass of 375 pages it tells the story of the State's development in the style of one who knows the juvenile mind and has the literary skill to appeal to it. The work is conscientiously done and, on the whole, is accurate, the few mistakes in it, so far as we have found, being of minor importance. For use in the school room it is the best book published so far, and as a convenient reference book it is well worth a place on the library shelf.

M. Thompson and W. S. Glascock *Stories of Indiana*, by Maurice Thompson, and *Young Folks' Indiana*, by W. H. Glascock, are juvenile books designed to awaken in the youthful mind an interest in our history. The elements that best lend themselves to attractive narrative are chosen, and these are presented with literary ability, making a very desirable addition to our historical literature.

W. W. Woollen *Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana*, by William Wesley Woollen (1883), while chiefly biographical in character is yet an important contribution to the history of the State. It deals with personages closely identified with the State's life, many of whom, important as were their services, have no other biographer. Mr. Woollen, personally familiar for many years with men and affairs in Indiana, devoted long and arduous labor to collecting the material for this book, which is, and will always remain the source of information touching many notable Indianians whose names have all but dropped from public memory.

Civil Gov't *The Government of the People of the State of Indiana*, by W. A. Rawles (1897), and *The Government of the State of Indiana*, by W. W. Thornton, are two small volumes dealing with the civil development and the governmental machinery

of the State. They are pioneer works in their line, and, if we err not in reading the signs, point the way to a field where much work of a high quality and important character is going to be done. We refer to historical work with a distinctively sociological bearing. Such work, indeed, is already appearing, and there have recently been published two notable theses by college men which show the trend of historical thought in the universities. The thorough-going scholar, with wide knowledge of historical sources of the subject in hand, and who begrudges no pains in the attempt to search out and master complex data, is revealed by both these productions, and they should certainly take rank among our really valuable historical material.

Elbert J. Benton The first of these, in date of publication, is *The Wabash Trade Route in the Development of the Old Northwest*, by Elbert Jay Benton, Fellow in History in the Johns Hopkins University, published by that university early last year. In substance it is a study of the development of the Wabash valley (and accompanying influences) through the medium of the Wabash river, the Wabash & Erie canal, and, finally, of the railroads. He traces the effects of transportation facilities upon industries and commerce, upon agriculture, upon the distribution of population and urban growth. In developing his theme he probes deeper into the State's great internal improvement experiment than any other writer has yet done, and when that chapter of our history comes to be adequately treated Mr. Benton's pages will be of considerable help. Finally, this writer invests his subject not only with interest but with positive charm; and not the least mission of such literature is to promote the taste for history in its sociological aspect.

W. A. Rawles *The Centralizing Tendency in the Administration of Indiana*, by Willim A. Rawles, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Economics, Indiana University, was recently published by the Columbia University as one of a series of history studies that constitute part of the advanced work of the university. That the study is a serious and ambitious one is indicated by the length of the thesis, which consists of 322 octavo pages of actual subject matter. The tendencies traced through the separate histories of a number of governmental activities are an integral part of social development, and the data which indicate their true sweep are many

and complex, but Professor Rawles' investigation of these goes far toward proving the thesis he maintains, i. e., that centralization is really a factor in progress. Aside from his argument and his conclusions his book, purely as a collection of historical facts, is no small addition to our records. Education, Charities and Corrections, the State and public Health, Taxation and the exercise of Police powers are successively considered in their historical developments, and in each branch of inquiry a valuable fund of information set forth; while in the generalization and grouping of these facts to show their direction and sociological significance, the author has doubly justified his labors. It is hoped that this is but a precursor of much more work of the same character.

W. F. Harding In our reference above to the work of college men in Indiana history we overlooked a thesis which antedated the two just noticed by several years. This is *The State Bank of Indiana*, by William F. Harding, published by the University of Chicago in *The Journal of Political Economy* for December, 1895. This paper of 36 octavo pages, with an appendix of about equal length, is a careful and instructive study of the State's financial affairs during the life of the old State Bank, or from 1834 to 1857. To say that it is a careful study of this important subject is to say that it is a real acquisition to our historical literature, and as such is every way worthy to rank along with the work of Mr. Benton and Mr. Rawles. If published by itself instead of being merely a feature in a periodical it would, probably, come to the notice of more people and be surer of a place in the library.

Fred J. Bartel *The Institutional Influence of the German Element of the Population in Richmond, Indiana*, by Fred J. Bartel, was published within the last year as the second paper of the Wayne County Historical Society. This is but a pamphlet of 27 small pages, but is decidedly noteworthy as representing a kind of work which, it seems to us, might easily be promoted through the higher schools, and which, if so promoted, would certainly result in great gain. Mr. Bartel has attempted nothing very ambitious or complex—he has simply performed a modest task well. Studying at first hand the material lying about him, and chiefly, we judge, by personal interviews, he has taken up one element of the population of his city and carefully traced its history, its influences and its

character as an integral part of the community. Mr. Bartel has done good pioneer work, and when the ideas of history study now obtaining in our colleges have shifted to another view-point, students from these institutions will rescue from their respective home localities data which, taken collectively, will be invaluable.

Geo. B. Lockwood *The New Harmony Communities*, by George B. Lockwood, while a book devoted to a locality, has yet a much wider interest. The romantic story of the New Harmony social experiment with the galaxy of remarkable personages it drew together is unique in our annals. Fuller information touching it has long been in demand, and Mr. Lockwood, after long application, has recently published an extensive study that is brimful of interest.

Miscellaneous As intimated at the beginning of this list there are many works that touch the history of the State in one way or another, which hardly come under our present caption. Several of these, however, in addition to those noticed above, may be casually mentioned. *Early Indiana Trials and Sketches*, by Oliver H. Smith, U. S. senator and one of the State's leading lawyers in the earlier period, is an oft-quoted volume of reminiscences which gives many graphic glimpses of the political and legal life of his day, as well as pen portraits of contemporary notables. *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox, is another, exceedingly readable, collection of reminiscences that reach back to the early twenties. *The New Purchase*, by Baynard R. Hall, represents things in and about Bloomington seventy-five years ago. Because of the fictitious and fanciful names given to places and persons, which make it largely unintelligible without a key, it is now but little read, and few, perhaps, know that as a circumstantial and vivid account of the life, surroundings and customs of our pioneer population, few other books compare with it. *Indiana Miscellany*, by W. C. Smith, contains considerable interesting matter of a reminiscent and anecdotal character. *The History of Education in Indiana*, by Richard G. Boone, is the fullest study of that subject yet published. *The Hoosiers*, by Meredith Nicholsons, while primarily a literary study, yet deals with the historical forces that have made for literature within the State. *The Indiana Historical Soc. Collection*, a number of papers of exceptional value, at present is two large volumes with a third in press.

List of Indiana Newspapers

On File in the Indiana State Library at this date

- American Non-Conformist*, weekly, Indianapolis. Jan. 1, '97 to Sept. '98.
- American Tribune*, w. Indianapolis. '97 to date.
- Anderson Weekly Democrat*, June 16 '93 to Dec 28, '94.
- Angola Herald*, w. June 7 '93 to Dec. 26, '94; Jan. '97 to Dec. '98.
- Auburn Courier*, w. July 13 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; Jan. 1 '97 to date.
- Auburn Despatch*, w. May '98 to date.
- Bloomfield Democrat*, w. Jan. '88 to Dec. '94.
- Bloomfield News*, w. Jan. '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. '97 to date.
- Bloomington Courier*, w. Jan. '02 to date.
- Bloomington Post*, w. Nov. 6 '35 to Sept. 8 '41.
- Bloomington World*, w. June 15 '93 to Dec 27 '94.
- Bluffton Banner*, w. June 14 '93 to '94; Jan. 1 '97 to date.
- Boone County Pioneer*, w. Lebanon, Aug. 25 '55 to July 5 '56.
- Brookville American*, w. '00 to date.
- Brookville Democrat*, w. Jan. '97 to date.
- Cambridge Reveille*, w. Jan 13, '43 to Dec. 28 '50.
- Catholic Columbian Record*, Indianapolis, w. '93, '94; '97 to date.
- Chesterton Tribune*, w. '01 to date.
- Columbus Herald*, w. June '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. to Oct. '97.
- Columbus Republican*, w. '88 to '94; Jan. '97 to date.
- Daily Evening Mirror*, Indianapolis, Nov. 25 '68 to Dec. 31 '69.
- Danville Weekly Advertiser*, July 18 '48 to Feb. 18 '51.
- Darriess County Democrat*, w. Washington, June 24 '93 to Dec. 29 '94; Jan. '97 to date.
- Harborn Independent*, w. Lawrenceburg, Jan. 4 to Dec. 19 '72.
- Delphi Times*, w. June 16 '93 to Dec. 28 '94.
- Democratic Weekly*, Franklin, '89, '90.
- Democrat*, w. Spencer, '94.
- Democratic Herald*, w. Batesville, '94.
- Democratic Register*, w. Lawrenceburg, '72.
- Democratic Sentinel*, w. Reusselaer, June '93 to Dec. '94.
- Denver Tribune*, w. Jan. '02 to date.
- English News*, w. do to date.
- Evansville Courier*, daily, '72.
- Evansville Journal*, d. July to Dec. '71.
- Fairmount News*, w. Jan. '07 to May 23 '08.
- Fort Wayne and Mendota's Journal*, w. Vincennes. Vol. 1, Dec. 14 '22 to Sept. 25 '23.
- Fort Wayne News*, d. July to Dec. '72.
- Fort Wayne Observer*, w. '02 to '03, '07, '08.
- Greensburg Democrat*, w. Athens, '02 to '03, Jan. '07 to date.
- Franklin Democrat*, w. '02 to '03, Jan. '07 to date.
- Greensburg*, w. Indianapolis, '02 to '03, '07 to '08.

Gas City Weekly Journal, '97 to '98.

Goshen Democrat, w. June '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Greencastle Star-Press, w. June 17 '93 to Dec. 29 '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Greenfield Herald, w. June 29 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; Jan. '97 to '00.

Hancock Democrat, w. Greenfield, June 8, '93 to Dec. 27 '94.

Hartford City Telegram, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Hobart Gazette, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Hoosier Democrat, w. Charlestown, Jan. '99 to date.

Howard County Tribune, w. Kokomo, '68; '70.

Huntington News, w. '93, '94; '97, '98.

Independent Press, w. Lawrenceburg, Oct. 18, '50 to Aug. 22, '51.

[This paper, so far as we can learn, was the first avowedly independent newspaper in the State, and is the legitimate forerunner of our modern journals of that class. It was exceptionally well edited, and is one of the most interesting sheets on file in the State Library.—Ed.]

Indiana American, w. Brookville, Dec. 29 '43 to '50; Dec. 2, '52 to Dec. 2, '54; March 2 '55 to Oct. 23 '57; Sept. 10 '58 to Dec. 26 '60; Aug. 17 '70 to Dec. 30 '71.

Became Brookville American.

Indiana Centinel, w. Vincennes. Vol. 3, May 22 '19 to Sept. 8 '21. Very rare.

Indiana Christian Advocate, w. Indianapolis, May 6 '86 to Aug. 11 '88.

Indiana Democrat, w. Indianapolis, Aug. 14 '30 to Aug. 6 '31.

Became the Sentinel.

Indiana Farmer, w. Indianapolis, Jan. '40 to Feb. '41; April '58 to March '59; '89 to '94; '97 to date.

Indiana Journal of Commerce, w. Indianapolis, '70, '71.

Indiana Radical, w. Richmond, '70.

Indiana Republican, Madison. Vol. 5, Aug. 9 '21.

Indiana Statesman, w. Indianapolis, Sept. 3 '51 to Aug. 25 '52.

Indiana Staats-Zeitung, w. Fort Wayne, Jan. to June '72.

Indiana Telegraph, w. Connersville, March 16 '48 to Dec. 28 '48.

Indiana True Democrat, w. Centerville, Feb. 6 '50 to Sept. 4 '62.

Indianapolis Commercial, d. '68 to '71.

Indianapolis Evening Gazette, d. '64; Nov. 18 '65 to June 3 '66; July 4 '66 to Dec. 28 '66.

Indianapolis Journal, w. tri-w. and d. Dec. '41, 42; March '44 to March '46; Oct. '46 to Dec. '54; July '56 to Dec. '58; Jan. '60 to Dec. '63; Jan. '65 to June '67; Sept. '67 to Sept. '77; April '78 to date.

Indianapolis News, d. Dec. '69 to date, except: Jan. '76 to June '76; July '77 to Dec. '77; Jan. '78 to June '78.

Indianapolis Press, d. Dec. 13 '99 to April 16 '01.

Indianapolis Sentinel, semi-w. and d. Semi-weekly from July '41.

Daily, complete to date except: April 28 '51 to March '52; May '54 to June '56; Jan. '61; Nov. '65 to June '68; June '75; July '88 to Dec. '88.

Indianapolis Times, w. July 15 '81 to March '82; July to Sept. '82; '83 to Aug. 9 '86.

Jasper Weekly Courier, June '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Kewanee Herald, w. Feb. '97 to '00.

Kokomo Journal, w. '70.

Kokomo Weekly Dispatch, June 8 '93 to Dec. 29 '94; Jan. '97 to '00, *Lafayette Courier*, d. Jan. 1, '47 to Dec. 2 '48; '50.

Lafayette Journal, d. and w. Daily, April to Dec. '58; Feb. 15 '59 to '60. Weekly, Jan. '50 to Dec. '51; June 10 to Dec. 30 '70; May 31 to Nov. 29, '72; '93 to '94.

Lake Co. News, w. Hammond, June 8 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; '97 to date.

Lake County Record, w. Hammond, May 20 '93 to '94.

Laporte Argus, w. June 3 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; '97 to date.

Lawrenceburg Register, w. '71; '88 to '94; Jan. '97 to '99.

Lebanon Patriot, w. '97 to '01.

Ligonier Banner, w. June 8 '93 to Dec. 27. '94; '97 to date.

Linton Call, w. '00.

Logansport Journal, w. '01.

Logansport Pharos, w. Feb. 2 '48 to Feb. 28 '53; Aug. 29 '55 to July 16 '56; July 13 '59 to May 30 '60; '66 to '68; '70 to '72; June 14 '93 to Dec. 26 '94; Jan. '97 to '99.

Logansport Reporter, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Madison Tribune, d. and w. Daily, April 7 '51 to Jan. 21 '52. Weekly, April 12 '51 to March 23 '53.

Madison Courier, d. and w. Jan. 7 '52 to April 5 '54; '61, 62; '66; '68; '70; '88 to '94.

Marshall Republican, w. Plymouth, '01 to date.

Miami County Sentinel, w. Peru, '91 to '94; '97 to date.

Michigan City Dispatch, w. June 8 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; Jan. to Oct. '97.

Mishawaka Democrat, June '97 to Dec. '98.

Morgan County Gazette, w. Martinsville, '92 to '94.

New Albany Commercial, d. April 4 '65 to Nov. 27 '66.

New Albany Daily Tribune, Sept. 22 '52 to Sept. 21, '59; March 22 to Dec. 31 '60.

New Albany Democrat, w. July '47 to Aug. '49.

New Albany Ledger, d. and w. Daily, '52, '53; '58 to '60. Weekly, Sept. 27 '47 to Aug. 30 '54; Dec. 20 '54 to Aug. 26 '57. Odd numbers, Aug. 29 '55 to July 16 '56.

New Albany Ledger Standard, d. '72.

New Harmony Gazette, w. Oct. 1 '25 to Oct. 22 '28. Vols. 1, 2 and 3.

North Judson News, w. '97 to date.

Parker News, w. July 7 '93 to Dec. 28 '94.

People, The, w. Indianapolis, '71, 72.

People's Friend, w. Covington, Jan. 2 '47 to Nov. 30 '50.

Perrysville Record, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Peru Republican, w. June 16 '93 to Dec. 28 '94.

Plymouth Democrat, w. June 15 '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. to Oct. '97.

Plymouth Republican, w. May '97 to '00.

- Political Beacon*, w. Lawrenceburg, Oct. 6 '38 to Oct. 19 '39.
Prairie Chieftain, w. Monticello, Sept. 17 '50 to Sept. '54.
Public Press, New Albany, '92 to '94; '97 to date.
Pulaski County Democrat, w. Winamac, June '93 to Dec. '94.
Recorder, w. Indianapolis, Jan. '99 to date.
Referendum, w. Shoals, Aug. 8 '95 to Aug. 10 '99.
Republican, Corydon, '97 to date.
Richmond Palladium, w. Feb. 2 '47 to Dec. '50; '89 to '94.
Ripley Journal, w. Osgood, June '93 to Dec. '94; June '97 to date.
Rockville Republican, w. Jan. '97 to date.
St. Joseph Valley Register, w. South Bend, Jan. 7 to Dec. 28 '48.
Salem Democrat, w. '90 to '94; '97 to date.
Saturday Evening Mirror, Indianapolis, Feb. 29 '68 to Dec. 26 '68;
 April 30 '70 to Dec. 31 '71.
Silent Hoosier, w. Indianapolis, Jan. 7 '92 to Dec. '94; '97 to date.
Spencer Democrat, w. '92, '93.
Spirit of '76, w. Indianapolis, Feb. 26 to Nov. 28 '40.
Spottvogel, w. Indianapolis, '69; '71, '72.
Starke County Democrat, w. Knox, June '93 to Dec. '94.
State Sentinel, w. Indianapolis, Jan. '02 to date.
Taglicher Telegraph, Indianapolis, '67 to '72.
Tell City News, w. '93, '94; '97 to date.
Terre Haute Daily Express, Aug. 25 to Oct. 3 '51; '56.
Terre Haute Daily Journal, Aug. '71 to '72.
Terre Haute Daily Union, '57.
Union, The, w. Indianapolis, Oct. '77 to date.
Versailles Republican, w. June '97 to date.
Vincennes Gazette, June 15, '33 to May 30, '35; Jan. 20 '48-Dec. 26 '50.
Wabash Atlas, w. Lafayette, Aug. 24 '48 to July 27 '50.
Wabash Courier, w. Terre Haute, Jan. 1 '48 to July 5 '56.
Wabash Express, w. Terre Haute, Dec. 23 '46 to Dec. 15 '47.
Washington County Democrat, w. Salem, Jan. '99 to June 28 '09.
 From Jan. to May called *Salem Searchlight*.
Waterloo Press, w. Jan. '97 to date.
Weekly Journal, Lafayette, Jan. '97 to date.
Western Register and Terre Haute Advertiser, w. July 21 '23 to
 Aug. 13 '23.
Western Sun, w. Vincennes. Vol. 1, No. 1, July 11 '07 to Feb. 4 '32;
 Jan. 25 '34 to Dec. 23 '43; March 6 '47 to Oct. 6 '49; '88 to '94; '97
 to date. Earlier numbers exceedingly rare and valuable.
White County Democrat, w. Monticello, June '93 to Dec. '94.
White River Standard, w. Bedford, Dec. 21 '54 to Dec. '20 '55.
Winamac Democrat, w. June '93 to Dec. '94.
Winchester Journal, w. Jan. 7 to Dec 28 '70.
World, w. Indianapolis, '92 to '94; '97 to date.
Worthington Times, w. and semi-w. Weekly, '92 to '94. Semi-
 weekly, '99 to date.
 Early Wayne Co. papers not yet catalogued. Isaac Julian collection-

Pertinent Comment

By the Editor

ON THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

THE course of history study prescribed for the elementary schools of Indiana, published by the Department of Public Instruction in the State Manual for 1904-5, should, along with the other contents of that booklet, be of interest, not only to teachers but to parents. It was prepared by a committee from the History section of the State Teachers' Association—Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgkin, Prof. S. B. Harding, Prof. N. C. Heironimus, Supt. Adelaide S. Baylor and Supt. George H. Tapy. A brief outline here of their plan is in place.

The First Year is to be devoted almost wholly to object lessons, to story and to familiar things, beginning with a study of local surroundings, both social and geographical. Indian and pioneer relics may be brought to the school room and their interest enhanced by narratives of Indian and pioneer life. In the study of local geography the pupil's attention is to be guided to the fact that hills, forests, rivers, etc., offer advantages, and originally induced people to live in their locality. Food, clothing and ways of living of both the Indians and white men are to be studied, and the latter part of this year is to be given to stories of notable American pioneers.

The Second Year begins with an introduction to other famous Americans, from George Washington to Francis Key; then takes up Norse life in story form, and Norse legends and beliefs. In this transition across the sea foreign children in the school, if there be such, are to be utilized in bringing out the idea of foreign lands and other peoples. The larger part of the second year is to be given to this. The Third Year compasses a similar study of Hebrew and Greek life and heroes, and of the Greek myths. The Fourth Year takes up Rome, and this year the course follows more closely the sequence of events, though still by the story method. The Fifth Year injects, in a measure, philosophy into the study, and deals mainly with historical personages as determined by environment and as, in turn, affecting events; the period being that of the great maritime activity in European history between 1453 and 1618, the French and Revolutionary wars in America, and the middle period of United States history. The Sixth Year is devoted entirely to England. The Seventh and Eighth Years are given to

the United States. For each year a list of books is given to be used as supplementary to the course, besides the suggestions as to the utilizing of relics and familiar objects, and the whole plan, evidently, contemplates emancipation from the time-honored, cut-and-dried text-book that has been the detestation of many a pupil.

Introductory to the course as thus arranged by the teachers' committee is a disquisition setting forth a theory of history and stating what should be the view-point and aims of the teacher of this subject in the elementary schools. "History," it is said, "is the growing life of humanity. * * The subject of history, then, is the human race and its development, and the purpose of teaching it should be to lead the child to a broad view of the historic movement, so that he may see many ages, many civilizations, many stages of the growth, and to be able to compare and contrast one with another, and thus get a picture of all the struggles and triumphs of men in elevating humanity." History, it is said, is essentially the history of institutions; the institutions of society "do not exist for themselves; they are only means to an end. That end is the freedom of man." Finally, biography is but subsidiary to history, and in teaching it the teacher should bear in mind that the object is "not that the child may learn about isolated individual men but to see movements of society through the lives of these men."



Now, the nature and uses of history, its importance in the sum total of one's education, from which end it shall be approached as a study, the psychology of its acquiring, etc., are all mooted questions. Eminent scholars have discussed them searchingly. Eminent scholars, like doctors, have also disagreed, and it follows that any course prescribed must be, in a measure, experimental, and any theory should be propounded tentatively—certainly not as a finality, even in a system of positive instruction such as teachers and pupils are supposed to be subjected to. Both course and theory should expect rigid examination.

What we shall have to say about the present Indiana course will be commendatory rather than critical. It seems to us to have been the outcome of both thought and experience, and recognizes at once the difficulties of creating an intelligent attitude toward history and the natural avenues to the juvenile mind. Its successful application, however, depends much upon a preparation more thorough

than can reasonably be expected of teachers who have to deal with a multitude of things, and until the branch has its special teachers as certain branches now have in the larger centers, the plan of the course will be hampered. The authors of this course evidently subscribe to the belief that the true educational method in history is from the known to the unknown, from the familiar to the remote. Just how far this idea is adopted by the public school systems of the country we do not know, but there has been and is opposition to it. The argument, in brief, is that the small segment of the near and familiar is so related to antecedents that these antecedents must be traced before anything like an adequate conception can be had of more immediate conditions. The State is not comprehensible until led up to by a preparatory knowledge of the nation; United States history is meaningless unless explained by its forerunners, English and ancient history. This argument, like some others that are time-honored, does not seem to be conclusive. By the same parity of reasoning the antecedent histories insisted upon are meaningless unless viewed in the light of more remote antecedents, and that involves us in hopelessness, because beyond all recorded history lies the unrecorded ages where are buried the real roots of things that are. The truth seems to be that there is no logical starting-point for historical study. The utmost we can do is to fix upon a unit (whether it be a single State or all the records of the nations) that, in a manner, stands complete and which, within limits, explains its own nature, as all things do by the syntheses they present. We may choose an immensely large and complex unit, and feel our way, very much in the dark and but dimly knowing what we are after, from the outer margin inward, or we may take a unit that comes somewhat within the comprehension, and which has the very important advantage of engaging the interest at the start, and, as the conception of it enlarges by study, reach out farther and farther into the great sphere of causes and relations, with the lamp of ever increasing enlightenment guiding the way. To us it seems that the latter is by far the more hopeful method. We venture the belief that in a long and completed course the pupil by this method will gain quite as broad a comprehension of history and its meanings as by the attempt to lay the broad foundation at the start; while in the many instances where but limited time is given to the subject, he will, in the first instance, be enlight-

ened just so far as he goes, while in the other case he will, perhaps, have gained but a fragment of a "foundation," which will be of as much use as foundations usually are without a super-structure. However, this is but our theory, and maybe we are quite wrong.



With the theory of history above quoted from the *Manual* we dissent, and we dissent the more decidedly because it is presented, not as a discussable opinion, but as authoritative statement from which, supposedly, teachers are to take their view-point and to teach accordingly. A theory which aims to have so wide an influence as this, and which is helped on its way by authority, aside from its intrinsic merit, certainly ought to stand close scrutiny. We do not think that this one does. In its definitions of history and the aims of historical study much, it seems to us, is left out of the survey. History is not alone the "growing life of humanity;" it is everything of importance that has ever been recorded in the experience of man; and the aim of its study is not alone to appreciate the grand spectacle of historic movements but to learn whatever of importance has happened within the experience of man. Among those happenings has been decadence as well as growth—the power within ourselves that made for wrong as well as the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, and to take cognizance of the diseases engendered by man in the body politic is, it may be held, of quite as much importance as contemplating the more pleasing manifestations. To interpret history wholly in terms of grand progressive laws, however desirable an exercise that may seem to be for the school room, reminds one of Emerson's Providence dressed up "in a clean shirt and white neckcloth," whereas Providence in history has, to quote the sage again, "a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end," and sometimes is far from lovely. The contemplation of the historic processes is something other than cultural in the literary or esthetic sense. The very center of interest, we take it, is the place of man as a determining agent, and particularly as a corrective force in the great march of events. To ignore this is much as if a physician should make a study of anatomy and physiological functions in their ideal forms and pay no attention to the science of conserving and restoring health. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire and the causes thereof have in them lessons

among the most important of all history, and on the theory that man is a determining factor in his own fortunes it surely behooves him to know such lessons well.

Again, history is but the history of institutions, says the Manual in substance. Institutions "do not exist for themselves; they are only means to an end. That end is the freedom of man." Hence the study of history is a study of the freeing of man. That, we fear, is more transcendental than true—it sounds better than it is. To say that an institution is but a means to an end (impliedly an extraneous means) is analagous to the assumption, so frequently made, that work is but a means to an end—which is, the enjoyment of the fruits of work. And yet those who have no work but have a super-abundance of the fruits of work, as the idle rich, are among the most discontented of people. We would submit as a truer proposition that work, performance, the bringing to pass, the creating of new forms, is for its own sake a requirement of human existence, and that institutions, which are necessary forms taken by work, represent a natural activity so incorporated with man's welfare that to say they are merely means, or in any sense extraneous, is meaningless. Then as to man's freedom—to what extent is that true? The mastery of man, collectively, over nature—"freeing himself from the limitations of time and space," as it is put, is but a small arc in the full circle of freedom. With increasing obligations that come with advancing civilization the individual is shorn of much of the freedom that goes with the more primitive life—the rights of others necessarily become more binding. If, on the one hand, there is an advance toward political freedom, on the other there is a corresponding movement not only toward social restrictions but in the direction of industrial slavery. Out of the power of capital issue systems wherein the bread-earner, as never before, is held like a beast in a tread-mill. Out of the power of labor organizations issue demands, as never before, that seem to strike at the very roots of our ideas of freedom. In the face of all this, to say that the study of history is a study of the freeing of man is somewhat incomprehensible.

Finally, exception may be taken to the Manual's theory of biography and the assertion that the great personage is chiefly of interest as he is the center of a historical movement and an instrument

to elucidate that movement by. If there are streams or aggregates of force there are also units of force, and it is quite permissible to hold that to the unit for its own sake attaches a very keen interest. Where man is the unit this is particularly true, for personality and its mysteries—the possibility of the individual, always has been and always will be, in its own right, of supreme human interest. This fact remains true however much the individual is carried along by the general stream, and in our daily life, wherever we come into touch with a really strong personality, we realize it. Had Washington or Lincoln been stricken out of their respective periods the movements in which they have figured would have gone on—history would still have been made, but it would have been changed more than we can realize. In studying these men biographically the influences they exerted, the qualities they revealed, the native power residing within them that welled up under the stress of circumstances, is the very center of interest, and the attempt to transfer that interest to something, however large, outside of them, is, it seems to us, to wholly misapprehend the real character of biography as distinguished from history proper. It is Carlyle, we believe, who somewhere speaks of man as “the most interesting little fellow on the planet,” and Carlyle is not yet quite out of court, though some of us at the present day like to lose ourselves in the immensity of the universal.

An Old-Time Pleasantry

He:

How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?

She:

My worthy friend, it cannot be—
U cannot come till after T.

LITERARY

The Secession of Dixie

A Story

THE "Secession of Dixie" may be taken as story or as history—just as you choose about that. On this point I will merely say I have read some history that was further from fact—and in that I commit myself to nothing.

"Dixie," indeed, is no myth. From the well-tilled fields now occupying its site you may see the smoke of Indianapolis, and even, when that smoke permits, discern the great Soldiers' Monument which so majestically commemorates the Union that Dixie wanted to draw out of. I can remember when those fields (just a quarter-section in extent) were covered by a wilderness so dense that one who entered there was glad to avail himself of narrow winding paths that threaded the place, Indian trail fashion. These paths led to little log cabins here and there, surrounded by as many scant cleared spaces devoted in a rude way to garden truck, and occupied by uncouth, half-clad people.

This ground, so runs the tradition, had at an early day been entered by one John Pogue, a Virginian, who, for some reason, let it remain in its primitive condition while the country around was improved. Then when the Rebellion broke out he hid himself elsewhere; his land was promptly confiscated as the property of an enemy, and once more it became government territory. Then came the squatters—the poor folk who are looking for land to live on without money and without price. A Mr. Jabez Baughman took the initiative, and others promptly followed; the government was too much occupied with weightier affairs, just then, to care much about it, and ere long a score or so of families had established themselves here in as many little openings, making a small community, quite cut off from the rest of the world. Quite cut off, I say, because something other than mere walls of woodland isolated them. They were, without exception, Southerners, of the kind known as "poor white trash"—victims of the vicious labor system of the South, haters of "niggers," and yet with a warm, unreasoning loyalty for their native States that had done so little for them and their kind. Alienated from their neighbors thus by sentiment it is no wonder, then, that when so excellent an opportunity offered they should segregate into a neighborhood of their own, and it was be-

cause of the character of this settlement and the former "secesh" owner that the place came to be known as "Dixie". And by this opportunity the squatters found themselves very happily situated, for while the "butternuts" hereabout as a rule had to sing small and carry their sentiments up the sleeve, these could congregate and express themselves as often and freely as they chose with none to make afraid. Stray newspapers carried in like bones into a den to be feasted on at leisure, passed from hand to hand and so kept them apprised of the doings of the outside world. When, in the course of time, the fierce war tide lashed to and fro like the swing of an angry sea, and the rebellious murmurings of disaffected Northerners grew more pronounced, Dixie plucked up hope and began to dream of a day when the chivalry from the southland would sweep the country like a besom. Then suddenly, borne on the wings of excited rumor, came the report that the dashing John Morgan and his gallant battalions were actually bound hither like gay-hearted knights on a holiday jaunt. The secret order of the Sons of Liberty, rumor further hinted, would burst its chrysalis and come forth boldly to the light; the order of things would be all changed. There was excitement in the air. The whole State set to buzzing like a vast hornet's nest, there was a swift gathering of the clans, and on all sides was the busy notes of preparation for conflict. Something was going to happen.

And now one day Mr. Jabez Baughman "issued a call" for all Dixieites to convene at his cabin that evening to discuss questions of moment. Of the resultant meeting no minutes were preserved; you will find no mention of it in the Adjutant-General's reports, nor elsewhere, and the only authority I can claim for it is the oral account of Mr. Andrew Jackson Strickler, a "member of the convention," who afterward became reconstructed and reconciled to the Government. As faithfully as I can quote him here he is, Tennessee dialect and all:

"It was," said Mr. Strickler, "in July of '63. I disremember adzactly the date, but it was after the hayin' was done an' the wheat harvest about over. We heerd tell o' John Morgan crossin' the river an' headin' our way, an' was consid'ble intrusted like, an' so w'en Jabe Baughman's boys went eroun' the settlement tellin' all the men folks their pap wanted us to meet at their 'house late that night, we jest natchally fell in with it, kase we knowed from

the sly way it 'as done thar was somepin' up. None of us was to come till after ord'nary bed-time, an' none of us was to carry 'ary light, an' that putt ginger in it, y' see. Well, w'en night fell the the weather got ugly, and I mind way about ten o'clock, as I felt my way through the thickets, how everlastin' black it was, an' how the wind rassed the trees erbout, roarin' like a hongry lion seekin' who he may devour. It made me feel kind 'o creepy, kase it 'peared like the elerments an' man an' everthing was erbout to do somepin'—kinder like the bottom was goin' to drap out 'o things, y'understand.

'Well, the fellers come steerin' into Jabes' one by one, an' by 'leven o' the clock ever' man in Dixie was thar. Jabe's young'uns an' womern folks hed been sent out in the stable to sleep, an' so ever'thing was clear fer business, but we all set eround talkin' hogs fer a spell, kase we felt a mite unsartin; but byme-by Baughman, says he: 'Gen'l'men, I call this yere meetin' to order.' Then my oldest boy, whose name was Andy, too, and who'd been to two or three public meetin's before an' felt kind o' biggoty over it, he holters out: 'I second the motion.' Then young Jerry Stimson says: 'I move that Mr. Baughman take the cheer,' an' my boy seconded that, too, an' it was so ordered. Then Baughman riz an' said he hadn't hardly expected that honor (w'ich was a lie), but sence they had putt it on him he'd try to discharge his duties to the meetin'.

'After that we made young Stimson secatary, seein' he was somepin' of a scholard, an' then Jabe he made us a speech sayin' as how we'd orto stick by the grand old South, w'at was even now sendin' her conquerin' hosts to our doors, an' how we'uns should be ready to receive her to our buzzums. It wa'nt all quite clear to me, an' I ast how we was goin' to take her to our buzzums. 'W'y, give her our moral s'port,' says Jabe. 'How'll we give our moral s'port, says I,' an' then says Jabe, slow an' solemn like: 'Gen'l'men,' says he, 'w'en our sister States found it was time fer 'em to be up an' adoin'—w'en they found the Union wa'nt the place fer 'em, w'at did they do?.' Here Jabe helt his fire, an' ever'thing was stock-still fer a spell, w'ile the wind howled outside. It 'peared like no one hadn't the grit to tackle the question, an' Jabe had to do it hisself. 'Gen'l'men,' says he, air we men enough to run risks for our kentry? W'en John Morgan's histed the flag of the grand ol' Confedercy over the Injeany State House who's goin' to come to their reward, them as helt back skeert, or them as give him their moral s'port?.

At this my boy Andy, who was gittin' all het up like with the idee o' doin' somepin', bellers out: 'Mr. Cheerman, I move 'at we air all men, an' 'at we ain't afeerd to give the South our moral s'port.' Then Jabe grabbed the cow by the tail an' w'ipped her up. 'Do I understand the gen'l'man to mean,' says he, that we'd orto do w'at our sister States hev done, an' draw out o' this yere Union, an' ef so, will he putt a movement to that effect before the house?.

'I make a move then,' says Andy agen, as bold as Davy Crockett, 'that we don't w'ip the devil eround the stump no more, but that we git out o' the Union an' we git out a-flyin.' I was right proud o' the boy, not kase I thought he had a durn bit o' sense, but kase he went at it with his coat off like a man bound to make his mark. That got all of us spunky like, an' nigh ever one in the house seconded the move. Then says Jabe: 'Gen'l'men, the question is before you, whether we will lend the Southern Confeder'cy our moral s'port an' foller our sister States out'n the Union. All in favor of this yere motion signify the same by sayin' aye.' 'Aye!' says ever livin' soul with a whoop, fer by that time we shore was all runnin' in a flock. 'All contrarywise say no,' says Jabe, an' we all waited quiet fer a minute, kase that 'as the proper way, y' know, w'en all of a suddent, above the roar o' the wind outside, thar was a screech an' a tremenjuss racket; the ol' house shuck like it was comin' down; the daubin' flew from the chinks, an' overhead it 'peared like the ol' Scratch was clawin' his way through the clabboards. Next he come a-tearin' at the floor of the loft above us, an' a loose board swingin' down hit Jabe a whack an' knocked the candle off'n the table, an' the next thing it was black as yer hat. Jabe, I reckon, was consid'able flustered, kase he gethered hisself up an' yelled: 'The Devil's after us—git out o' here, fellers!' An' you bet we got.

'It tuck me a full hour to find my way home through the bresh, an' w'en I did git thar, at last, an' was tryin' to tell w'ich side o' the house the door was on, I bumped up agin Andy groopin' his way too. 'Andy,' says I, 'I move we git in jest as quick as the Lord'll let us,' an' says Andy, 'I second the motion'.

'The next day w'en we went back to Baughman's to see w'at we cu'd larn we found a good-sized ellum had keeled over agin the roof-poles an' poked a limb down through the clabboards. It 'as never settled among us jest w'at it meant. Some said it 'as the Lord's way of votin' no agin our goin' out o' the Union, an' others allowed it was the Lord's way o' savin' us from our brashness, kase, as ever one knows, John Morgan didn't git to Injunopolis after all, an' as things turned out it wa'nt jest best fer us to be seceded, y' know.'

—G. S. C.

Two Graphic Hoosier Pictures

[The two pictures here poetically presented of the Hoosier pioneer home are so akin that we thus reprint them as a pair. The "Hoosier's Nest," by John Finley, for many years the mayor of Richmond, was, perhaps, the first Indiana poem to win fame, and it is further distinguished by its introduction of the term "Hoosier" into literature. It was first published in 1833 (not in 1830, as commonly stated), according to Mr. J. P. Dunn, as a Carrier's Address for the Indianapolis *Journal*, and after some revision by the author, became fixed in the form from which we here quote. The other, untitled poem, from a far more famous poet, James Whitcomb Riley, is practically unknown and is not to be found in any of the author's books. It was read before an old settler's meeting at Oaklandon, in 1878, and is reported in full in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* for August 5th (or 6th). Both the poems are considerably longer than here given, and take a wider range than the theme of the cabin home].

The Hoosier's Nest

I'M told, in riding somewhere West,
A stranger found a Hoosier's Nest,
In other words, a buckeye cabin,
Just big enough to hide Queen Mab in.
Its situation, low but airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And, fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house, and then alighted.
The Hoosier met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er;
He took the stranger's horse aside
And to a sturdy sapling tied,
Then, having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar-trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin,
And manifested strong desire
To seat him by the log-heap fire,
Where half-a-dozen Hoosieroons,
With mush and milk, tin-cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places;
But madam, anxious to display
Her rough but undisputed sway,
Her off-spring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk and Johnny-cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances 'round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins over-head were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor,
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life.

The host, who centered his affections
On game and range and quarter-sections,
Discoursed his weary guest for hours,
Till Somnus' all-composing powers
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em,
And then I came away and left them.
No matter how the story ended;
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That burly chieft and clever hizzies
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

Mr. Riley's Poem

[This poem, we find, is in the *Sentinel* of Aug. 4, 1878.]

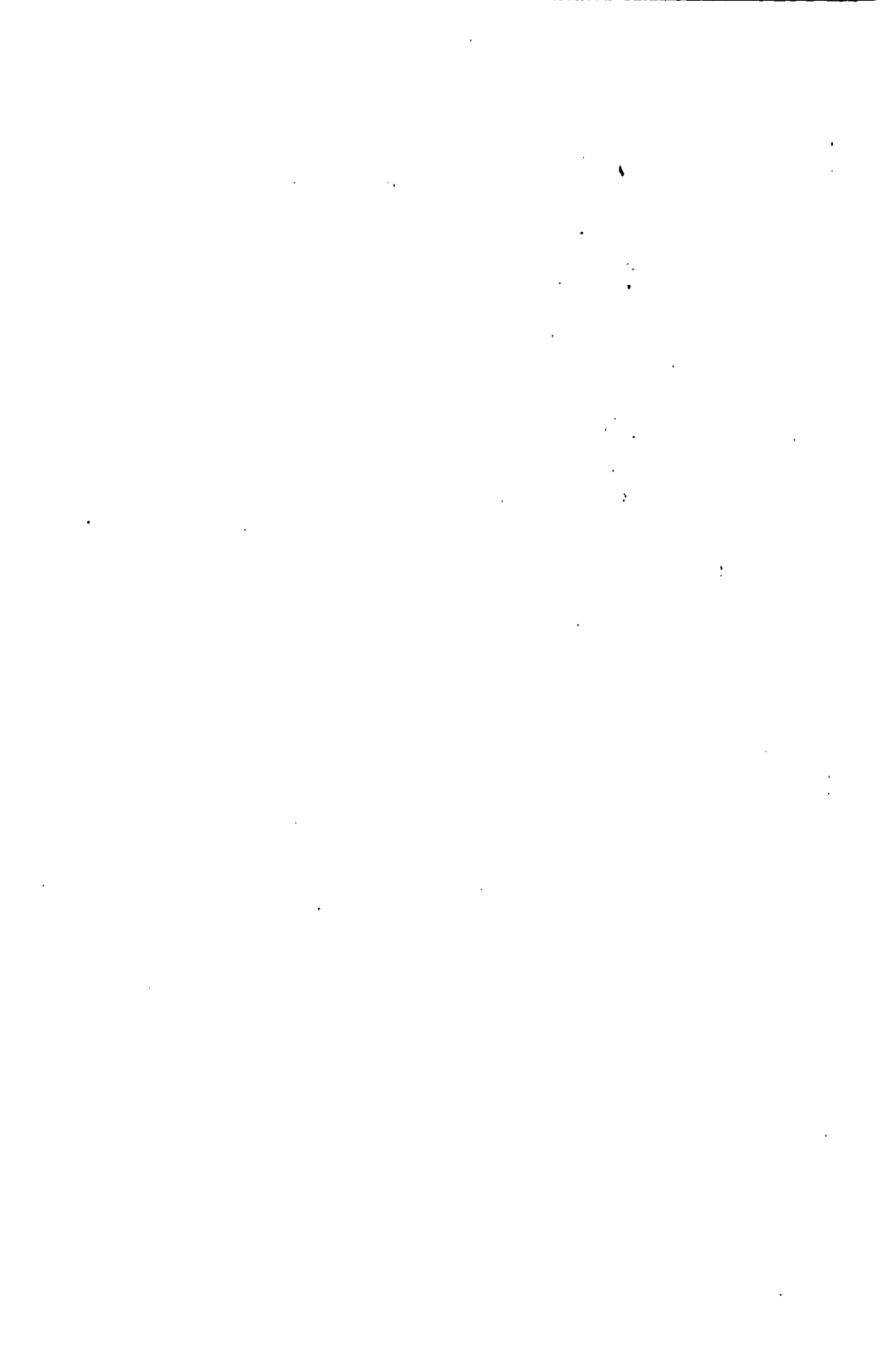
O'ER the vision like a mirage falls
The old log cabin with its dingy walls,
And crippled chimney, with the crutch-like prop
Beneath a sagging shoulder at the top;
The coon skin, battened fast on either side;
The wisps of leaf tobacco, "cut and dried";
The yellow strands of quartered apples hung
In rich festoons that tangle in among
The morning-glory vines that clamber o'er
The little clapboard roof above the door;
The old well-sweep, that drops a courtesy
To every thirsty soul so graciously
The stranger, as he drains the dripping gourd,
Intuitively murmurs: "Thank the Lord!"
Again, through mists of memory, arise
The simple scenes of home before the eyes;

The happy mother numming, with her wheel,
 The dear old melodies that used to steal
 So drowsily upon the summer air
 The house-dog hid his bone, forgot his care,
 And nestled at her feet, to dream, perchance,
 Some cooling dream of winter-time romance;
 The square of sunshine thro' the open door,
 That notched its way across the puncheon floor,
 And made a golden coverlet whereon
 The god of slumber had a picture drawn
 Of babyhood, in all the loveliness
 Of dimpled cheek and limb and linsey dress;
 The bough-filled fireplace and the mantel wide;
 The fire-scorched ankles stretched on either side,
 Where, perched upon its shoulders 'neath the joist,
 The old clock hiccoughed, harsh and husky-voiced,
 And snarled the premonition, dire and dread,
 When it should hammer time upon the head;
 Tomatoes, red and yellow, in a row,
 Preserved not then for diet, but for show,
 Like rare and precious jewels in the rough,
 Whose worth was not appraised at half enough;
 The jars of Jelly with their dusty tops;
 The bunch of pennyroyal, the cordial drops;
 The flask of camphor and the vial of squills;
 The box of buttons, garden seeds and pills;
 And, ending all the mantel's bric-a-brac,
 The old, time-honored "family almanack."

And memory, with a mother's touch of love,
 Climbs with us to the dusky loft above;

* * * * *

Again we stretch our limbs upon the bed,
 Where first our simple, childish prayers were said,
 And, while without the merry cricket trills
 A challenge to the solemn whippoorwills,
 And, filing on the chorus with his glee,
 The katydid whets all the harmony
 To feather-edge of incoherent song,
 We drop asleep, and peacefully along
 The current of our dreams we glide away
 To that dim harbor of another day,
 Where brown Toil waits us, and where Labor stands
 To welcome us with rough and horny hands.





Razing of the old Capitol at Indianapolis, in 1877—from photograph in State Library. Building erected 1832-35

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The Wabash and Its Valley

Part I—The Earlier History

ONE who delves among old books and documents that bear upon early Indiana history is struck by the fact that a great and, in some respects, a peculiar interest attaches to the Wabash River and the region that it waters. Next to the Mississippi and Ohio it, more than any other Western stream, seems to have commanded the attention of old-time travelers, its relation to the St. Lawrence water system giving it an importance hardly appreciated to-day by those who are not students of history and of former conditions.

A glance at the map will show the magnitude of the Wabash, as compared with other Indiana rivers. Traversing the State in a great arc from the northeast part to the southwest extremity, it covers, counting its bends, more than five hundred miles. When we reflect that its valley is a tract of that extent, in some places many miles wide, and originally of unsurpassed fertility, we can realize its ultimate agricultural importance; but long before that day the river itself had a supreme value. Along its course were the very beginners of Indiana history, and for reasons that are intimately inwoven with the larger history of the country.

From the lofty tower of the court house in Fort Wayne one has a fine bird's-eye view not only of the third largest city in Indiana, but of a much wider sweep of territory which circles about with a visible radius of perhaps ten miles. Down in the town, from the midst of trees and buildings, occasional glimpses may be had of the three rivers—the St. Mary's, the St. Joseph and the Maumee—that find their union here, on the summit of the great water-shed. To north and south and east the eye may trace their three valleys. Westward a level, al-

most treeless, depression like the ancient bed of yet another river, stretches to the blue distance.

To the instructed observer this topography tells a most interesting story. Eastward of him gently dips the broad Erie basin, sending its waters to the sea by Lake Erie, Niagara and the St. Lawrence. On the other hand, a few miles across the prairie-like expanse spoken of, and almost within sight, lies a tributary of the beautiful Wabash, and beyond it the vast slope of the Mississippi Valley, down which the lordly rivers merge in a general highway to the far-off Gulf of Mexico.

The near approach to each other here of these two great water systems which thread the land through various latitudes for perhaps three thousand miles, binding together the remote parts of the continent, must be appreciated to understand the peculiar interest that attaches to the spot. By referring to a map of this region it may be seen that the St. Mary's and St. Joseph Rivers, which send their waters to Lake Erie, do not flow from the west, but toward the west till they meet, then, by an unusual dip of the surface, they run back eastward to the Maumee, down a trough that lies between the two valleys of the first-named streams. The branches of the Wabash flow from the same direction as do the branches of the Maumee, but continue westward. Moreover, the Maumee and its two oblique tributaries form a sort of arrow head, which, intruding among the Wabash tributaries, thus make the two systems interlock and approach at their nearest points to within a few miles of each other. The important feature of it is that this interlocking is not of insignificant headwaters, as usually happens, but the nearest point of approach is where the streams on both sides are navigable. Back of all this lies a fascinating geologic story—the story of a vast retreating glacier, shaped not unlike the prow of a mighty ship, that, as it halted and retreated and anon halted, built up successive lines of morainic breastworks that determined the courses of the rivers and drew together the two systems as above described.*

* For fullest exposition of this theory see Sixteenth Geological Report of Ind.; Charles R. Dryer's chapter on Allen County.

Under the old methods of transportation, when the navigable rivers were of paramount importance, the immense advantages of this spot where the seaboard met the Mississippi Valley were fully recognized by various masters of the place. Its military value alone was such that through three successive periods the French, the English and the Americans commanded with military posts this portage where, by a carry of some nine miles, troops might have easy ingress to the territory which otherwise was almost inaccessible. Anthony Wayne, indeed, regarded it as "the key to the Northwest." Subsequently it came to have a commercial value which made the early growth of Fort Wayne, and before the white man's advent his aboriginal predecessors had pitched their lodges there for similar reasons, the city just named being antedated by a Miami village known as Kekionga. A squaw, the mother of the Chief Richardville, who had preceded him as the ruler of her tribe, is said to have amassed a fortune from tolls exacted from the traders who used the portage; Little Turtle, the great war chief, was not less thrifty, and when the whites succeeded to the holding a flourishing business was carried on with carriers and pack-horses. At the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, after the subjugation of the northwestern tribes by Anthony Wayne, Little Turtle pleaded for a continued interest in the portage. This region, he contended, had always belonged to the Miamis, and in one of his speeches he speaks of it as "the glorious gate * * * through which all the good words of our chiefs had to pass from the North to the South, and from the East to the West. * * * This carrying place," he said again, "has heretofore proved in a great degree, the subsistence of your younger brothers. That place has brought to us, in the course of one day, the amount of one hundred dollars."* The explanation of this is that the Twightwees, or Miamis proper, the dominant tribe of the great Miami confederacy, held many councils here with visiting tribes—hence "the glorious gate * * * through which all the good words of our chiefs had to pass," while for the use of

* Dillon, pp. 368, 369.

the portage by traders the holders exacted tribute or toll, thus levying what might be called the first tariff on imports. General Wayne, in answering this part of Little Turtle's plea, used an argument not altogether unknown at the present day. "Let us inquire," he said, "who, in fact, paid the heavy contribution. It is true the traders bore it in the first instance; but they laid it on the goods, and the Indians of the Wabash really and finally paid it."*

Another interesting fact in connection with this portage was the utilizing of beaver dams on Little River. When the water was low these were broken away and the boats of the voyagers carried down with the increased floods. The witless animals would industriously repair the breaches thus made, quite unconscious of the part they were playing in man's traffic†

With the coming of the explorer and the fur trader the Wabash begins a new phase of history. Just when the first white man's canoe traversed its winding miles is a matter of speculation. Some historians have put it as early as 1680 and some as late as 1735 and even 1750. Some of the earlier chart-makers confused it with the Ohio, and on one French map, dated 1720, we find a stream rising in a good-sized lake near the east end of Lake Erie, flowing thence through what is now northern Ohio, and finally trending southwest to the Mississippi. This is called "OUABACHE AUTREMT APPELLEE OHIO OU BELLE RIVIERE." By 1742 the two rivers are differentiated, but flow parallel with each other, not very far apart, and by 1784 the Wabash is laid down with considerable accuracy. The stream was at one time christened St. Jerome and is so called on a few of the maps, but the name did not stick, and it was generally designated as the "Ouabache." This was the French spelling of an Indian word from an Algonquin stem, wabi or wapi, which meant white‡. In time it became anglicized into Wabash, which is not far removed

* Dillon, p. 371.

† Dunn's Indiana, p. 114.

‡ Dunn, p. 14.

from the Indian "Wabba-shikka," that is attached to it in Hough's map, giving the Indian names of rivers.*

Hard after the first explorers came the French fur traders. The most lucrative and most immediate returns promised by the wilderness of the new world were in the skins of its wild animals, and capitalists were swift to draw upon this source of wealth. Large companies were formed and these established their agents along with the military posts which France planted across her vast new territory from the lakes to the gulf. Three of these settlements, military and commercial, were located on the Wabash—one at the Miami village of Kekionga, where Fort Wayne now stands; one called Ouia-tenon, among the Wea Indians, below the present site of Lafayette, and one among the Piankeshaws, eventually known as Vincennes. To these posts the Indians from far and near brought their peltries, exchanging them for commodities dear to the savage heart, and from here they were sent to the great fur houses in upper Canada. Communication between these remote points was effected by the famous COUREURS DES BOIS, the carriers of the woods, who were the forerunners of the steamboat and the freight train. The reign of these wild, lawless and care-free rangers adds a picturesque gleam to the history of the beautiful Wabash. To quote the words of J. P. Dunn: "They were the most romantic and poetic characters ever known in American frontier life. Their every movement attracts the rosiest coloring of imagination. We see them gliding along the streams in their long canoes. * * * We catch afar off the thrilling cadence of their choruses, floating over prairie and marsh, echoing from forest and hill, startling the buffalo from his haunt in the reeds; telling the drowsy denizens of the posts of the approach of revelry, and whispering to the Indian village of gaudy fabrics, of trinkets and of firewater. * * * Another night they have reached the little post and we are overwhelmed by the confusion of chattering, laughing, singing and bargaining."†

* Indiana Geological Report, 1882.

† Dunn, p. 91.

With all this gaiety, however, the lot of the VOYAGEUR was by no means an easy one. His food was such as few civilized men could live on, a day's ration being simply a quart of hulled corn and a pint of bear's grease, while a ceaseless plying of the paddle from dawn till dusk could not have been less laborious than the toil of the Roman galley slave, whose task has become a synonym for hard work.

The favorite craft of these carriers was the *pirouge*, a large canoe made from the hollowed trunks of trees, propelled with paddles by four men. Coming they bore coarse blue and red cloths, fine scarlet, guns, powder, balls, knives, hatchets, traps, kettles, ribbons, beads, vermilion, tobacco, spirituous liquors, etc.* Returning, they carried back, as a load, some forty packs of skins weighing about one hundred pounds each, and that the exchange of the cargoes proved profitable to the traders we can readily believe when told that the Indians were charged at the rate of four dollars a hundred for bullets.

Of the three Wabash settlements named, two, Ouiatenon and the one at Kekionga, were never more than mere posts, consisting of traders and their families, and the little garrison maintained by the French government. An old document published by the Indiana Historical Society, which has been called "The First Census of Indiana," gives the names of the heads of families at these points, there being nine at Fort Miami (Fort Wayne), and twelve at Ouiatenon. These, with sixty-six names at Vincennes, represented the white population of our territory in 1769. Colonel Croghan, an officer in the British service, who was captured by the Kickapoo Indians and carried up the Wabash in 1765, describes Kekionga as forty or fifty Indian cabins and nine or ten French houses occupied by a runaway colony from Detroit.

Of Fort Ouiatenon, which, in all probability, was the first settlement in Indiana, information is so meager that the historians have waged a spirited controversy as to its site. A few years ago a skeleton in the remnants of a French uniform, along with some silver crucifixes, utensils and various frag-

* Dillon, p. 20.

ments of military equipments were dug up on the north bank of the river near the mouth of Wea creek, which would seem to determine the spot. During the French occupancy this post, situated in the very heart of the fur country, did a thriving business, the annual trade being estimated at £8,000, but after the English conquest it was gradually abandoned.

The date of the founding of Vincennes is also involved in obscurity, and there has been not a little ingenious but barren speculation upon the subject. Dillon suggests 1702, Dunn 1727 and Bancroft about 1716. The names that attached to it in the earlier days were various. It is first mentioned as the "Post du Ouabache," which became contracted into *au poste*, and this in turn, when the American settlers came, was corrupted into *Opost*. It has also been referred to as "the post of *Piangnichats*" and "L. (little) *Wiaut*." Sometimes it took its name from St. Ange, the first commandant, and from this was anglicised into Fort St. Anne, or Fort Anne. It finally became Post St. Vincent, and then Vincennes, in honor of its founder, *Sieur De Vincennes*. Vincennes was not a surname, but a title appertaining to one of the Canadian fiefs, this successor to it being *Francoise Morgane*.

Unlike *Ouiatenon*, Vincennes, almost from the first, had in it the elements of permanence. Peopled by emigrants from New Orleans, Kaskaskia and various parts of Canada, it was an agricultural community in a crude way, and here, shut off from civilization by untrod leagues of wilderness, they led a shiftless, indolent, contented life, still retaining the customs and gaieties of *La Belle France* and adding to their costumes and house furnishings a picturesqueness borrowed of the Indians. There were few iron workers among them, and their implements of husbandry were of the most primitive kind. The rich Wabash lands returned them a subsistence with a minimum of toil; the more well-to-do class held slaves who relieved them of that little toil, and so there was an abundance of time for the consumption of tobacco and snuff and home-made wines; for the keeping of holidays and the indulgence of the French passion for social intercourse and amusements. Among other things we learn, incidentally, of billiard tables

among them, though how they were transported thither we are left to imagine. Being of the Roman Catholic faith, these easy-going souls were not called upon to solve religious problems, and they were quite as free from responsibility and worry in political affairs. The commandant was king in a small way and the grand arbiter in all matters pertaining to the community. They carried on some commerce with New Orleans, sending thither flour, pork, hides, etc., and bringing back sugar, metal goods and fabrics.

For more than half a century this isolated little community flourished, or rather, perhaps, "vegetated" here, untouched by outer influences, but the English acquisition of the West was the beginning of the end for them. Their first realization of the seriousness of the change, perhaps, was in 1772, when General Gage, commander of the English forces in America, issued a proclamation which, treating them as mere squatters, ordered them to leave the Indian country and retire to "the colonies of his Majesty." The poor French, in great consternation, returned a remonstrance, claiming that they had their lands by "sacred titles." Gage, with a show of justice, demanded circumstantial proof of the validity of each title, and as the careless holders had not taken the pains to preserve their documents they were put to their wits end. Eventually, the British ministry not supporting Gage's measures, the matter was adjusted and his Majesty's new subjects allowed to remain on their old claims, where, in time, they were all but obliterated by an alien people; though to the present day there are reminders in Vincennes of the old French occupancy. Of these three French settlements, Ouiatenon and Fort Miami were in the territory of Canada and subject to that government, while Vincennes was in Louisiana, the border line crossing the Wabash about where Terre Haute now stands.

When, in the fullness of time, the country again changed hands, and, after the stirring events of the Revolution, attention was turned to the great new territory west of the Alleghenies, the importance of the Wabash was still recognized. General Wayne, according to the knowledge current in his

day, was sagacious and far-seeing. In his famous Indian campaign he planted a fort at the head of the Maumee where the French and English had built their forts before; and in the treaty at Greenville, following that campaign, he stipulated for a tract six miles square where Fort Wayne stood; one two miles square on Little River (the Wabash tributary), at the other side of the portage; one six miles square at Ouia-tenon, and lands lying about Vincennes to which the Indian title had been extinguished. In addition it provided for a free navigation of the Wabash, believing that to be of the greatest military importance to the territory the river threaded. The control of the portage at the head of navigation was the control of the door to that territory, and hence his designation of the spot as "the key to the Northwest." Had not the locomotive become a factor in the trend of affairs it is more than probable that Wayne's wisdom would have been proven by time.

A word of post-mortem history touching the doughty veteran who wrested this spot from the red man and established his name here may not be amiss. Wayne, as may be learned from any standard biography of him, died where Erie, Pa., is now located, not long after his conquest of the Northwestern tribes. There he lay buried for thirteen years, when his son removed the remains to the old home place in Chester county, Pennsylvania. Further particulars are not, I believe, given in any of the "lives," but some twenty-five years ago a fugitive article afloat in the press added some gruesome details to the established account.* According to this the son came over the mountains on his sepulchral errand in a small sulky. When his father's body was disinterred it was found to be in an excellent state of preservation. To transport it thus on the sulky was impossible, and a Dr. John C. Wallace, one of Wayne's old companions in arms, overcame the difficulty by boiling the body, thus separating the flesh from the bones. The flesh was returned to the original grave and the bones, strapped in a box to the sulky, were taken home and re-buried. Thus the dust of the hero of Stony Point has the anomalous distinction of occupying two graves. Over the bones a monument was erected. The first grave was forgotten for many years, when some digger for relics unearthed a coffin lid, with the initials A. W. and the figures of Wayne's age and date of death formed by brass-headed nails.

Revolutionary Soldiers in Putnam County

BY W. H. RAGAN

From the Papers of the Putnam County Historical Society.

IT is rather remarkable that Putnam County should have furnished a home for any survivor of the Revolutionary struggle. When we remember that a period of more than forty years intervened between the close of the Revolutionary War and the pioneer settlements in Putnam, and when we remember, in addition, that Putnam County is situated almost a thousand miles from the scenes of that great struggle, it is, as I have stated, rather remarkable that veterans of that war, the youngest of whom must have been nearing his sixtieth year, should have made their way across the mountains and through the wilderness to found new homes in our then sparsely settled country. That some did thus migrate in their old age to become citizens of our county is beyond the question of doubt.

It is with the hope of stimulating investigation that may lead to the discovery of all those who once had their homes within the limits of our county that I have consented to prepare this paper, in which I shall speak of those only of whom I have some personal or well-authenticated knowledge. There is a small section of country lying immediately north and east of the village of Fillmore and embracing but a few square miles of territory, at least not exceeding a half dozen, in which five survivors of the Revolutionary War spent their last days on earth, and in which their sacred ashes still remain. Three of the five the writer very distinctly remembers, the others dying but a short time before his recollection.

I doubt if there is an area so small within the limits of the county, or even the State, where so many patriots of our War of Independence spent their last days. This is, perhaps, a mere coincidence, as I know of no community of interests that could have thus brought them together. Indeed, they had been,

for aught I know, entire strangers to each other. Certainly there were no close ties of consanguinity existing among them. Hence, I conjecture that their settlement in such near proximity was not by design or purpose on their part.

The area in which the patriots resided embraced a small portion of the adjacent townships of Floyd and Marion. Three of them resided in the former, and two in the latter-named townships. At least three of the five came to this county with their families, the others perhaps coming with children or friends. Abraham Stobaugh, Silas Hopkins, Samuel Denney, John Bartee and Benjamin Mahorney were the worthy patriots of whom I shall speak. Their deaths occurred in the order in which they are named.

Abraham Stobaugh came from Montgomery County, Virginia, in company with his son, the late Jacob Stobaugh, and settled in the southern portion of Floyd township. He was the grandfather of Mrs. Anderson M. Robinson, of Filmore, and of the late Mrs. Owen, the deceased wife of our fellow-townsmen and ex-County Recorder, George Owen. From Mrs. Robinson I learn that this patriot died in September, 1836, and that he was buried with the honors of war. A militia company from Greencastle, commanded by the late Col. Lewis H. Sands, fired the salute at the grave. He was buried in a private cemetery on the old Gorham farm in Marion township. There is to-day no trace of this grave remaining, none at least that would identify it among those of numerous friends and relatives. Mr. Stobaugh left quite a large number of descendants, some of whom still remain in the neighborhood of his former home.

Silas Hopkins, if tradition may be credited, was a native of the city of Baltimore, and a supposed relative of the late millionaire merchant and philanthropist, Johns Hopkins, whose name will go down to posterity in connection with the great university his beneficence endowed. Silas Hopkins was the father of the somewhat noted John Deroysa Hopkins, whose eccentric characteristics will be remembered by many in Putnam County. He was also the father of the late

Mrs. Thomas Gorham, with whom he made his home. Patriot Hopkins was in some particulars not unlike his eccentric son. His death occurred near the close of the fourth decade of this century.

How long, or when, and at what period of the Revolutionary struggle, and in what branch of the service, or under what command these patriots served, is perhaps unknown to living mortals; but that they were Revolutionary soldiers there is not the shadow of a doubt. Jacob Stobaugh, the son of Abraham was a veteran of the war of 1812, and some of the descendants of Silas Hopkins laid down their lives to preserve that government which he gave his best years to the establishment of. Even his eccentric son, John D., was for a time a Union soldier in the War of the Rebellion. Although at the time beyond the age of military service, he enlisted in Company C, 70th Regiment, and served a part of the second year of the war as a member of that regiment, which was commanded by the only living ex-President of the United States. At least four grandsons served in the Union Army, two of whom, Silas and Thomas Gorham, laid down their lives in their country's service, and now rest side by side in the village cemetery at Fillmore.

There is something sadly pathetic in the story of the death of these patriotic grandsons of Silas Hopkins. They had survived the mishaps of war from 1861 to 1865, when one of the brothers began to decline in health. The war was over, and they really were needed no longer at the front. So the sick brother was given a furlough to his home, and for company the well one was sent with him. On the Vandalia train, while halting at the Greencastle station, and within six miles of home and friends, the invalid brother quietly breathed his last. The survivor tenderly supported the lifeless form of his brother in his arms until the train reached Fillmore, where kind and loving friends performed the last sad rites. But one short month elapsed until the remaining brother was gently laid by his side "in the shadow of the stone."

In those early days most every farm had its private burial place, in which the members of the family and friends were

interred. The Gorham family was not an exception to this general rule. On the north end of this farm, known to the older residents as the Judge Smith or Gorham farm, and now owned by Albert O. Lockridge of this city, and the first land in the township conveyed by the government to a private individual, is one of these neglected burial places. The location is obscure, and but for a few rough stones, one of which bears the indistinct inscription "W. B.," there is naught to indicate that it is a pioneer cemetery in which many of the early settlers sleep their long sleep. Here rest the mortal remains of Abraham Stobaugh and Silas Hopkins, of Revolutionary memory. But a few years will elapse until this little grave yard will be entirely unknown and forgotten, and posterity will then have naught but tradition as a guide to this spot where lie two of the founders of our Republic.

Samuel Denny resided in the southern part of Floyd Township on what is now known as the Gravel Pit Farm, which is owned by the Big Four Railway. His home was with an adopted daughter, Mrs. Isaac Yeates, he having had no children of his own. Mr. Denny first settled in Warren Township, where his wife died and was buried. He was the great uncle of our fellow-townsmen, James T. Denny, Esq. Patriot Denny had long predicted that his death would occur on the 4th of July, which prediction was verified by the fact. In the early summer of 1843, his rapid decline was noted and on the Nation's sixty-seventh birthday, his gentle spirit took leave of earth. I well remember Mr. Denny, and have him pictured in my mind as a most venerable personage. Indeed he was highly respected and honored by all who knew him. I have already referred to the fact that he had no children of his own. It is, however, a well-verified tradition that he reared thirteen orphan children by adoption, thus showing the great benevolence of his character. He was buried in Warren Township, at what is known as Deer Creek Baptist Church, by the side of his deceased wife, and, I have no doubt, with the honors of war so well befitting the day and the occasion.

John Bartee's home was on a fraction of the same farm on

which Patriot Denny died, and to which he had, in some way, acquired a fee-simple title. There were ten acres of the little homestead on which he resided. He lived in an humble log cabin, with but one room. Here in company with his feeble-minded second wife, and still more imbecile daughter, he spent his last days in extreme poverty. The family were objects of charity. Through the exertions of the late A. B. Matthews, himself a member of the Board of County Commissioners, that body made a small appropriation, I am unable to say just how much, in support of this superannuated veteran; but with all this, only a small share of the good things of earth fell to the lot of our worthy patriot in his declining years. At the early age of sixteen, he participated in the siege of Yorktown and the capture of Lord Cornwallis. His death occurred in February, 1848, and he was buried in the little graveyard on the Yeates farm near by his former home.

Benjamin Mahorney, the fifth and last survivor, and perhaps among the very last of his race, died in the summer of 1854, more than seventy years after the close of the great struggle in which he was an active participant. His home, like that of Patriot Hopkins, was in the northern portion of Warren township, and immediately on the line of the Big Four Railway, one mile east of the little station of Darwin. He resided with his son, Owen Mahorney, who made him comfortable in his last days. He was a most venerable object, known to the people of the neighborhood as worthy of veneration and respect. His hair was white as the driven snow. Patriot Mahorney was a Virginian, and enlisted from Farquiere county, in that State, in the spring of 1779, for a period of eighteen months. He served under Captain Walls, in Colonel Buford's regiment of Virginia militia. His regiment met the British cavalry, under Colonel Tarleton, at Waxham, North Carolina, and were repulsed with great loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. Patriot Mahorney was one of the few who escaped injury or capture. His term of enlistment closed on October 25, 1780, nearly seventy-four years prior to his death in this county. From the records of our County Clerk's office, I learn that he made application for a pension at the April term of court in

1833, and that he was at that time seventy-three years of age. From this record I also learn the above facts concerning his enlistment and service in the patriot cause.

At the time of Benjamin Mahorney's death there was in the neighborhood, a military company with headquarters at the village of Fillmore, and commanded by James H. Summers, a Mexican War veteran, and afterwards Colonel of an Iowa regiment in the War of the Rebellion. Captain Summers called his company together and fired a salute over the open grave of the last survivor of Revolutionary memory in that neighborhood. The interment was at what is known as the Smythe graveyard, and one mile east of Fillmore. It is probable that the grave of Mr. Mahorney might still be identified. If so, it should become an object of public care and attention for all time to come.

An incident occurred after the burial of Patriot Mahorney, when Captain Summers, with his company, returned to Fillmore to store their guns in the company's armory. A member of the company, Noah Alley (also a Mexican veteran, and afterwards killed at Cedar Mountain, Virginia, as a member of the 27th Indiana Regiment) through an awkward mishap, thrust the fixed bayonet of his musket through his leg just above the ankle, making a serious and painful wound. The village boys out of juvenile curiosity had gathered about the military company, and were many of them witnesses to this unfortunate accident. The writer well remembers the impression it made on his youthful mind, and this incident will go down in his memory, associated with the death and burial of the last survivor of the Revolutionary struggle in that part of the county, if not in the State.

Of these five Revolutionary patriots, two only, Hopkins and Stobaugh, have living descendants in our midst. Denny, it will be remembered, had no children of his own. Bartee's wife and daughter are long since dead, and the younger Mahorney, after his father's death, together with his family, removed to Fountain County, where they have been lost to sight, in the busy throng that now throbs and pulsates throughout our land.

The Journal of John Tipton:

Commissioner to Locate Site for State Capital

(Concluded.)

[*Note.*—The first installment of this journal was the owner's original manuscript. This part is a reprint from the *News*, as published by the owner of the MS., Mr. [] (see the *News*, April 17, 1899). In this newspaper version the abbreviations have been dropped.]

Monday 29 a fine clear morning. after
\$3.00 for the co's bill (viz) Bartholomew
self with Bill the negro. We then set out to
try down to the town of Spencer, the seat
county. At 12 stopt on small Branch. Boiled on the river
p 12. Set out at 15 p 3, crost Fall Creek, and stopt to boil
river. at 7 stopt at some Indian camps. Sections 34 & 35 in
having good (?) shelter and (?) Bark to 34 is good land
Tuesday 30th

Cloudy morning. Some rain. We set out lick creek on
p 7 the Bluffs. Stopt at Whetsalls for lunch.
out at 9. Some rain. Stopt at 12. Found Col. D. went
22 & 23, 26 & 27 in T 11, Nor R 1 E. This
timber. I went out hunting, could not find
at ½ p 1. Saw some clay that we thought was good back land.
Past a house. Saw a beautiful lake, in the corner of
wide, clear water, sandy bottom. I went to the corner of
high stage runs into it. Went ½ mile. The land good. We
of S 5 & 6, 7 & 8, T 11 N of R 1 E. The creek and has the
Croste the river at ½ p 4, at small place. The land mostly
p meridian runs. We traveled west. The land sugar, ash &c.
Saw a large field new (?). Stopt for lunch. The river runs
ris who lives on the n. w. qr. of S. 11. The bottom. Trav-
Staid 3 days in this neighborhood to the vicinity of the Mar-

Wednesday 31. Set out at 5.
path. at 7 came on the river; made camp south of Cen-

which is 30 to 50 feet in height of a gradual
 good upland, the bottom the best soil for
 seen on White river. The soil very fine
 lay. The timber hackberry, buckeye, sugar,
 At $\frac{1}{2}$ p 10 saw a spring which pleases me the
 I have seen on the river, which I intend to pur-
 e sale. A Mr. Brown lives on it; from the hill
 timber of fine springs. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p 11 came to the camp
 William Sanders (or Landers), covered with young
 Here I am told was once a French village once oc-
 by the Delaware Indians, but evacuated by them about
 ago.* The land is rich and level; staid $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour.
 at 15 p 12; stopt at small branch to boil our coffy and
 on of which we have plenty. We set out and saw the
 line between 2 & 3 east in town 14 north. At 20 p 4
 est a fine large creek. Eagle creek; large a-plenty to turn
 mill. Saw fine land, good timber, crosst the river one mile
 flow the mouth of Fall creek at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 6. where we found the
 ommsrs., Gov. Jennings etc., waiting for us: Went to see
 the surveyor, found his work so much forward as to enable
 us to finish our business.

Tuesday 6th. A very cool morning. This day we spent
 in reading and walking around the lines of the sections that
 we intend to locate, and in the evening returned to our en-
 campment, having removed to the n w side of the river this
 morning, above the mouth of Fall creek, and stretched our
 tent on a high bank which we called Bartholomew's bluff,
 on fractional section number 3, which is part of our location.

Wednesday, 7th, a fine, clear morning. We met at Mc-
 Cormicks, and on my motion the commissioners came to a
 resolution to select and locate sections numbered 1 and 12,
 and east and west fractional sections numbered 2, and east
 fractional section 11, and so much off the east side of west
 fractional section number 3, to be divided by a north and
 south line running parallel to the west boundary of said sec-
 tion, as will equal in amount 4 entire sections in r 15 n. of

* See "Indian Towns in Marion County," No. 1 of this Magazine.

R, 3, E, We left our clerk making out his minutes and our report, and went to camp to dine. Returned after dinner. Our paper being ready, B. D and myself returned to camp at 4. They went to sleep and me to writing. At 5 we decamped and went over to McCormicks. Our clerk having his writing ready the commissioners met and signed their report, and certified the service of the clerk. At 6:45 the first boat landed that ever was seen at the seat of government. It was a small ferry flat with a canoe tied alongside, both loaded with the household goods of two families moving to the mouth of Fall creek. They came in a keel boat as far as they could get it up the river, then reloaded the boat and brought up their goods in the flat and canoe.* I paid for some corn and w (?) 62½.

Thursday 17th—A fine cool morning. We rose early. I paid for commissioners \$1.25 and for supper \$1.12½. Col. D paid one dollar and we set out at 15 p 5 for home in company with Ludlow, Gilliland, Blythe, Bartholomew, Durham, Governor Jennings and two Virginians. At 8 stopt on a small creek to boil our coffy for the last time as we boiled the last we had. Set out at 15 p 9. At 45 past 9 crosst a creek. At ½ p 11 crosst a creek. At 1 stopt to boil our baken. Staid until ½ p 2. Set out and at 7 came to John Berry, having traveled about 45 miles over a bad path.

Friday, 9. Clier morning. We set out at 15 p 5. At ½ p 7 came to the upper rapids of drift river. Stopt to let our horses graze. Set out at 9. At 12 stopt at Mr. J. Radcliffe's. Had some bread and milk for our dinner and some corn for our horses. Paid 37½ by B, and set out at ½ p 5 Stopt at Capt. J. Shields, staid all night.

Saturday 10. Clear and very hot. Set out at ¼ p 5. Stopt at Brownstown. Had breakfast; paid 50. Stopt with Col. Durham in Vallonia, who had left us last kt and went home. Stopt at Wm. Grayham's, staid 1 hour. Stopt with Gen. De Pauw, had dinner, and at dark stopt in Salem.

Sunday the 11—Cloudy, some rain. Set out at ½ p 4. At 15 p 6 stopt at Wilcoxes. Had breakfast, paid \$2 by me.

* Who these two families were is nowhere recorded.

(?), had dinner, etc. At dark got
sent 27 days, the compensation al-
by the law being \$2 for every 25
from the place where we met, and
while engaged in the discharge of
the trip being \$58—not half what I could
A very poor compensation.

JOHN TIPTON.

Early Indiana Taverns

PERS OF THE LATE J. H. B. NOWLAND

commenced traveling through the State at the
years, and has kept it up pretty well for near-
has given him an opportunity to learn some-
different taverns and their proprietors.

to securing a tavern license was the certifi-
e-holder testifying that the applicant had two
and two stalls that were not necessary for his own
ed in the tavern privilege was the right to retail
liquors—this being the only form of liquor license
the earlier days. An old man I knew, wishing a
nted two beds in a neighbor's house and two stalls
able. This the neighbor certified to and the license
cured.

re was a class of houses of which no license was re-
, and these were usually announced on their signs as
s of "Private Entertainment."

On the different roads radiating from Indianapolis were
ny taverns, well known in their day, a few of which may
mentioned. On the Michigan road, south, was Goble's,
ear Pleasant View; Adkin's, just this side of Shelbyville;
Mrs. Loudon's, just beyond the latter place; Boardman's, in
Dearborn County. On the Madison road were Isaac Smock's,
Mrs. Adams', Widow Thompson's, Chauncey Butler's (this
was Ovid Butler's father), and many others. On the Michi-
gan road, north, were George Aston's and Widow Davis'; on
the National road, east, were Fuller's, John Hagar's and Beck-

ner's. On all the roads, indeed, were numerous well-known taverns where first-class entertainment could be had for "man and beast"—for the man, ham and eggs, fried chicken, light biscuit and buckwheat cakes with honey; for the beast, a warm stable, with plenty of oats and hay—and all for 75 cents.

The signs before the taverns were sometimes as odd and catching as the modern advertisement. I remember one which hung in West Washington street that was made like a gate with slats, and on the slats was painted:

"This gate hangs high and
hinders none,
Refresh and pay then travel on."
JOHN FERNLEY.

Another on Washington street, opposite the court house read on one side: "Traveler's Ray House, Cheap," and on the other, "Traveler's Ray House, Cash."

The first sign painter in Indianapolis, Samuel S. Rooker, put before the public gaze some samples of his handiwork that I well remember. Mr. Rooker came at a very early day, and his first order was from Caleb Scudder, the cabinet maker. When the sign was done it was in flaming red letter and read, "Kalop Skodder, Kabbinet Maker." His next was for the "Rosebush" and "Eagle" Taverns, which he executed to the satisfaction of his patrons, but the critics said the picture of the royal bird on the latter sign was a turkey. A tavern-keeper on the National road ordered a life-sized lion on his sign, but when Mr. Rooker had finished his job he had hard work proving that it was not a prairie wolf. Rooker's most notable work of art, however, was one that stood on the Michigan road about six miles southeast of Indianapolis. This was a portrait of General Lafayette in full uniform. The board on which it was painted was not long enough for the heroic scale on which the picture was begun, so the legs were cut short and the put on where the knees should have been. Mr. Rooker's own advertisement long stood on the northeast corner of Washington and Illinois streets, and read: "Samuel S. Rooker, House and Sine Painter."

An Early Indiana Educator

John B. Anderson

FOR nearly a quarter of a century, dating from 1840, John B. Anderson was a resident of New Albany, and for nearly twenty years he was principal of two famous classical schools—schools which had then not their equal in the Middle West, and which will always live in local history as not having been surpassed even in this present era of progressive education.

In 1840 Mr. John B. Anderson, a graduate of the historic Washington and Jefferson College, came from Washington, Pa., to Brandenburg, Ky. There he engaged in educational work and there also he was married to Miss Cecelia Geraldine Alexander. At New Albany in 1840, appeared Mr. Anderson, a man of impressive presence, unusual height and size, of fine character and rare scholarly attainments. He was accompanied by his wife, a woman possessing all the grace and culture of the representative Southern woman of that day, and an unmarried sister, Miss Nancy Anderson, also a woman of elegance and accomplishment. In this year was founded "Anderson's High School for Boys," designed as the catalogue stated, to be "a permanent English and classical school, in which young men might be prepared for the advanced classes in college, or for entering upon the business of life, professional or otherwise." An able body of professors was secured, a fine curriculum in English, Latin, Greek and mathematical studies established—Monsieur Picot in charge of "the French language and literature," and the school at once began to flourish. It drew patronage from many towns in Kentucky and Indiana, also from Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio, and even from far New York. In the prospectus issued by Mr. Anderson, New Albany was highly commended for its healthfulness, the general morality and industry of its inhabitants, and as a place offering fewer inducements to vice than most other towns in the country:

In compliance, no doubt, with "the general pecuniary embarrassment of the times," as mentioned in the prospectus,

the educational rates were surprisingly moderate; tuition and board, including fuel and lights, per quarter of eleven weeks, costing only \$31.25; French lessons, \$5 extra; vocal music, under Prof. S. W. Leonard, \$1 per quarter, and washing, per dozen, 38 cents. To this early school of the Anderson regime came, from Fort Smith, Ark., two boys named Hickory and Pinckney Rogers—known among their classmates as "Hickory" and "Pickory." From Arkansas also came several Indian lads of the Chickasaw tribe: Zack Colbert, son of the chief of the Chickasaw nation, and two half-breeds, David and John Vann, one a blonde, the other a typical brown Indian, sons of Capt. John Vann, of the ill-fated Ohio River steamer, Lucy Walker. Among other Anderson school boys of this period were Gerard Alexander, of Kentucky, nephew of Mrs. Anderson, known to his classmates as "Ohio Piomingo Alexander," and William H. Hillyer, afterwards a colonel and a member of Gen. U. S. Grant's staff during the war. Further on in the chronicles are found other names now prominent in various ways: Charles W. Shields, professor at Princeton College; Hon. Jesse J. Brown, Hon. Alexander Dowling, of New Albany; Mr. Henry Crawford, of Chicago, and the name of Vinton Nunemacher—dead at twenty-three—who once won intellectual spurs among the "Old Seminary Boys," of Indianapolis.

For the establishment of Anderson's Female Seminary, in 1843, a large, old-fashioned, red brick mansion on the corner of the public square was chosen by Mr. Anderson, and a corps of eight instructors was secured, which was afterwards extended to thirteen. In 1850, 103 pupils were in attendance and in 1853, 132 names were registered in the catalogue. Of the quaint old residence in which this seminary flourished a word must be said. It once ranked as "the finest dwelling in New Albany," but in 1895 was torn down, having degenerated into a troublesome and unprofitable tenement house. In the thirties, it was built by Mr. Erastus Benton, a wealthy Pittsburg man, interested in the New Albany iron factories. This pretentious house, with its great walls and gables, broad

porches and unusual architectural adornments, demanded an elegant interior. The handsome furnishings called for costly entertainments, and in a few years, the owner was disastrously involved in debt, the fine residence was sold and became rental property, locally registered as "Benton's Folly." Its large halls, commodious drawing room and parlors, airy galleries and unusual number of bed-rooms rendered it especially adapted to the needs of the female seminary, which occupied it for a long and flourishing term of years.

The girls' school was but a few minutes walk from the boys' school, and Mr. Anderson held both in careful superintendence. In addition to solid attainments the young women were taught French and German, with piano, guitar and harp lessons, vocal music, drawing and painting in oil and water. Plain and ornamental needle work were also taught. Girls held lower rank financially than boys in that epoch, as tuition was billed at \$75 per season, with washing 50 cents per dozen. Piano and guitar lessons were 25 cents each, while French and German lessons, and lessons in painting and drawing were 10 cents each; a lesson in oil coloring was rated at 15 cents, and vocal music at 2 cents per lesson. From North and South, East and West, came young women to this noted classical school for girls; many of the instructors were from New York State, and pupils were on the records from Oswego and Saratoga, from Mobile and New Orleans. Among the teachers, at one time, was Miss Caroline Cornelia Cooke, of New York, afterwards the wife of Indiana's Governor, Ashabel P. Willard. Mr. Willard, it is related, was assiduous in his attendance during leisure hours at Anderson's Seminary, and some of the young women who were pursuing the deep sciences and the elegant graces, did not fancy his physical peculiarities, his neck being notably longer than that of the average man. Girls will be girls, even with all the classics at their beck and call, and one staid matron now vividly recollects being reprimanded and incarcerated ignominiously for calling down the corridor to another girl, as Mr. Willard, on a prancing steed, drew rein at the pavement: "Look, look; there comes Neck."

"Regulations," in the Anderson schools, although described in the catalogue as "kind, though firm and decided," were really almost a minus quantity. Among other quaint features of the catalogue of 1850-51 is the name, on the list of instructors, of Miss Rhoda B. Byers, monitress. Certainly, the "power of presence" was never more strongly exemplified than in this instance, Mr. Anderson's amplitude of gracious authority, Mrs. Anderson's genial bearing and Miss Nancy's friendly stateliness operating in all cases as potent disarmament of unruliness and insubordination. Godliness, too, abode in the Anderson classical schools, pupils being required to attend worship, either in the churches of their choice, or with the family of the principal. Mr. Anderson came of a family of clergymen, his father, Rev. Dr. John Anderson, and his brother, Rev. Wm. C. Anderson, being prominent in the Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Kansas.

Among the attractive features of these old-time schools, the family atmosphere is described as having been unusual and most attractive. Out of harness Mr. Anderson was always a popular social center, the girls clustering about him with fearless and animated devotion. The New Albany pupils consisted of the flower of the town, and now, in all old New Albany families, eyes kindle and words of praise are spoken at the mere mention of the Anderson family. Several years ago, down in French town—Porr'entrury—I came upon an elderly Frenchman, a farmer and a wagon maker, whose dignity of bearing, choice language and general information impressed me as unusual, until the fact was elicited that he had been educated in John B. Anderson's school, walking to town, and paying for his tuition by serving as janitor boy. On his table was the New York Tribune, to which he told me he had been a subscriber since 1853.

In 1853 Mr. C. C. Hine and lady, of New York, became associated in the management of the seminary, and at this date more than fifty graduates, with twelve resident graduates, are noted in the catalogue as the fruits of the preceding scholastic years. Mr. and Mrs. Hine were notable additions to social New Albany, and the for-

mer afterwards became prominent in New York banking and insurance circles. Mrs. Hine was a woman of much culture and many accomplishments, and her presence gave additional zest to the care with which feminine deportment was molded in the Anderson Seminary. In those days membership in this classical institution was, in itself, passport to the upper intellectual and social life of the town; and, even at this day, can be set apart, as a class formed on old-school models of punctilious gentleness and courtesy, the New Albany men and women who enjoyed such privileges and example. A true "great heart" in many ways was John B. Anderson, and on the register of his good deeds is noted one most interesting incident. From Louisiana to these schools in far Indiana came a little group of two boys and a girl. For one year their tuition bills were promptly met, but after that appeared a financial vacuum. Mr. Anderson, however, kept the children in the school several years at his own expense, and it has never been known whether or not this outlay was made good to him by their derelict guardians. In 1850, 1851, 1852 and 1853 the Indiana girls in the Anderson schools, outside of New Albany were Eunice Meberd, Vincennes; Mary E. Hall, Princeton; Annie J. Vance, Corydon; Elizabeth and Cordelia Devin, Princeton; Nannie Fabrique, Pilot Knob; Eliza J. Foster, Evansville; Olivia Mitchell, Evansville; Arabella D. Wise, Vincennes; Sarah Ann Devin, Princeton; Sarah Devol, Terre Haute; Clarinda Mitchell, Evansville; Mary E. Rice, Corydon; M. J. O'Riley, Evansville; Ellen M. Brackenridge, Newburg; D. M. Dietz, Charlestown; Mary Hurd, Bedford; Nannie Johnston, Evansville; Glen J. McJunkin, Washington; Mary Miller, Bono; Emma Riley, Orleans, and Helen Von Trees, Washington. At the Chicago Beach Hotel this summer two ladies who had just met investigated an instinctive friendliness which they felt for each other and found the bond to be that they were both graduates of the Anderson Seminary at New Albany—one having been graduated in 1850, the other being probably the last graduate to whom the school had given a diploma. Owing to ill health in 1858, the master of the Anderson schools retired from collegiate labor and entered

upon a long and successful career as builder and manager of railroads. During the war Secretary Stanton recognized his fine grasp of affairs, his cool judgment and remarkable executive ability, and pressed him to accept a position as brigadier general. This honor was declined, but he did accept an appointment as general manager of the United States military railways, serving faithfully and retiring at his own request in 1864. Mr. Anderson was a wonderful reader and book lover, and at the time of his golden wedding assisted in founding at the College of Emporia, Kan., an Anderson memorial library, instead of accepting for himself and wife the usual gifts which such celebrations evoke. Mrs. Anderson survives him. No children were ever born to this couple, whose domestic relations were otherwise ideal, but in the remembrance of many school children and school children's children shall their lives and works be perpetuated.

EMMA CARLETON

NOTE.—For further information about John B. Anderson by the same writer, see *The Book-Lover Magazine*, July-August, 1903. In this sketch Mrs. Carleton credits Anderson with having directly inspired the munificent library gifts of Andrew Carnegie.

Origin of the Word Hoosier

[The many and varied accounts of the origin of the term "Hoosier" mostly have in common one thing—improbability. These stories are too well known to give space to here and may be found elsewhere—for instance in Meredith Nicholson's "The Hoosiers." So far as we know Jacob P. Dunn is the only one who has made anything like a thorough study of the question, and because his conclusions seem to us the most reasonable theory in the field, and, in addition, are but little known, we think they will be of interest here. The following article is the second of two that appeared in the *Indianapolis News* (see Aug. 23 and 30, 1902), and contains the substance of Mr. Dunn's argument, the first being, mainly, a discussion of the current stories. The entire study in a revised form will probably be published before very long in the collections of the Indiana Historical Society.]

In 1854 Amelia M. Murray visited Indianapolis, and was for a time the guest of Governor Wright. In her book, entitled "Letters from the United States, Cuba and Canada" (page 324), she says: "Madame Pfeiffer (she evidently meant Mrs. Puslzký, for Madame Pfeiffer did not come here and

does not mention the subject) mistook Governor Wright when she gave from his authority another derivation for the word 'Hoosier.' It originated in a settler's exclaiming 'Huzza,' upon gaining the victory over a marauding party from a neighboring State." With these conflicting statements, I called on Mr. John C. Wright, son of Governor Wright. He remembered the visits of the Pulszkys and Miss Murray, but knew nothing of Madame Pfeiffer. He said: "I often heard my father discuss this subject. His theory was that the Indiana flatboatmen were athletic and pugnacious, and were accustomed, when on the levees of the Southern cities, to 'jump up and crack their heels together, and shout 'Huzza,' whence the name of 'huzza' fellows.' We have the same idea now in 'hoorah people,' or 'a hoorah time.'"

It will be noted that all these theories practically carry three features in common:

1. They are alike in the idea that the word was first applied to a rough, boisterous, uncouth, illiterate class of people, and that the word originally implied this character.
2. They are alike in the idea that the word came from the South, or was first applied by Southern people.
3. They are alike in the idea that the word was coined for the purpose of designating Indiana people, and was not in existence before it was applied to them.

If our primary suspicion be correct, that all the investigators and theorists have followed some false lead from the beginning, it will presumably be found in one of these three common features. Of the three, the one that would more probably have been derived from assumption than from observation is the third. If we adopt the hypothesis that it is erroneous, we have left the proposition that the word "hoosier" was in use at the South, signifying a rough or uncouth person, before it was applied to Indiana; and if this was true it would presumably continue to be used there in that sense. Now this condition actually exists, as appears from the following evidence.

In her recent novel, "In Connection with the De Wil-

loughby Claim," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett refers several times to one of her characters—a boy from North Carolina—as a "hoosier." In reply to an inquiry she writes to me: "The word 'hoosier' in Tennessee and North Carolina seemed to imply, as you suggest, an uncouth sort of rustic. In the days when I first heard it my idea was also that—in agreement with you again—it was a slang term. I think a Tennessean or Carolinian of the class given to colloquialism would have applied the term 'hoosier' to any rustic person without reference to his belonging to any locality in particular. But when I lived in Tennessee I was very young and did not inquire closely into the matter."

Mrs. C. W. Bean, of Washington, Ind., furnishes me this statement: "In the year 1888, as a child, I visited Nashville, Tenn. One day I was walking down the street with two of my aunts, and our attention was attracted by the large number of mountaineers on the streets, mostly from northern Georgia, who had come in to some sort of society meeting. One of my aunts said, 'What a lot of hoosiers there are in town.' In surprise I said, 'Why, I am a 'Hoosier.' A horrified look came over my aunt's face, and she exclaimed, 'For the Lord's sake, child, don't let anyone here know you're a hoosier.' I did not make the claim again, for on inspection the visitors proved a wild-looking lot who might be suspected of never having seen civilization before."

Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, of Nashville, Tenn., gives the following statement: "I have been familiar with the use of the word 'hoosier' all my life, and always as meaning a rough class of country people. The idea attached to it, as I understand it, is not so much that they are from the country, as that they are green and gawky. I think the sense is much the same as in 'hayseed,' 'jay' or 'yahoo.'"

Hon. Thetus W. Simes, Representative in Congress from the Tenth Tennessee District, says: "I have heard all my life of the word 'hoosier' as applied to an ignorant, rough, unpolished fellow."

The following three statements were furnished to me by

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, who collected them some months since.

John Bell Henneman, of the department of English, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, writes: "The word 'hoosier' is generally used in Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee as an equivalent for 'a country hoodlum,' 'a rough, uncouth countryman,' etc. The idea of the 'country' is always attached to it in my mind, with a degree of 'uncouthness' added. I simply speak from my general understanding of the term as heard used in the States mentioned above."

Mr. Raymond Weeks, of Columbia, Mo., writes: "Pardon my delay in answering your question concerning the word 'hoosier' in this section. The word means a native of Indiana, and has a rare popular sense of a backwoodsman, a rustic. One hears: 'He's a regular hoosier.'"

Mrs. John M. Judah, of Memphis, writes: "About the word 'Hoosier'—one hears it in Tennessee often. It always means rough, uncouth, countrified. 'I am a Hoosier,' I have said, and my friends answered bewilderdly. 'But all Indiana-born are Hoosiers,' I declare. 'What nonsense!' is the answer generally, but one old politician responded with a little more intelligence on the subject: 'You Indianians should forget that. It has been untrue for many years.' In one of Mrs. Evans's novels—'St. Elmo,' I think—a noble and philanthropic young Southern woman is reproached by her haughty father for teaching the poor children in the neighborhood—'a lot of hoosiers,' he calls them. I have seen it in other books, too, but I cannot recall them. In newspapers the word is common enough, in the sense I refer to."

It is scarcely possible that this wide-spread use of the word in this general sense could have resulted if the word had been coined to signify a native of Indiana, but it would have been natural enough, if the word were in common use as slang in the South, to apply it to the people of Indiana. Many of the early settlers were of a rough and ready character, and doubtless most of them looked it in their long and toilsome emigration, but, more than that, it is an historical fact that

about the time of the publication of Finley's poem there was a great fad of nicknaming in the West, and especially as to the several States. It was a feature of the humor of the day, and all genial spirits "pushed it along." A good illustration of this is seen in the following passage from Hoffman's "Winter in the West" (published in 1835, Vol. 1, Page 210) referred to above:

"There was a long-haired 'hooshier' from Indiana, a couple of smart-looking 'suckers' from the southern part of Illinois, a keen-eyed, leather-belted 'badger' from the mines of Ouiconsin, and a sturdy, yeomanlike fellow, whose white capot, Indian moccasins and red sash proclaimed, while he boasted a three years' residence, the genuine 'wolverine,' or nauralized Michiganian. Could one refuse to drink with such a company? The spokesman was evidently a 'red horse' from Kentucky, and nothing was wanting but a 'buckeye' from Ohio to render the assemblage as complete as it was select."

This same frontier jocularity furnishes an explanation for the origin of several of the theories of the derivation of the name. If an assuming sort of person, in a crowd accustomed to the use of "hoosier" in its general slang sense, should pretentiously announce that he was a "husher," or a "hussar," nothing would be more characteristically American than for somebody to observe, "He is a hoosier, sure enough." And the victim of the little pleasantry would naturally suppose that the joker had made a mistake in the term. But the significance of the word must have been quite generally understood, for the testimony is uniform that it carried its slurring significance from the start. Still it was not materially more objectionable than the names applied to the people of other States, and it was commonly accepted in the spirit of humor. As Mr. Finley put it, in later forms of his poem:

With feelings proud we contemplate
The rising glory of our State,
Nor take offense by application
Of its good-natured appellation.

It appears that the word was not generally known throughout the State until after the publication of "The Hoos-

iers' Nest," though it was known earlier in some localities, and these localities were points of contact with the Southern people. And this was true as to Mr. Finley's locality, for the upper part of the Whitewater valley was largely settled by Southerners, and from the Tennessee-Carolina mountain region, where the word was especially in use. Such settlements had a certain individuality. In his "Sketches" (page 38) the Rev. Aaron Wood says:

"Previously to 1830 society was not homogeneous, but in scraps, made so by the eclectic affinity of race, tastes, sects and interest. There was a wide difference in the domestic habits of the families peculiar to the provincial gossip, dialect and taste of the older States from which they had emigrated."

The tradition in my own family, which was located in the lower part of the Whitewater valley, is that the word was not heard there until "along in the thirties." In that region it always carries the idea of roughness or uncouthness, and it developed a derivative—"hoosery"—which was used as an adjective or adverb to indicate something that was rough, awkward or shiftless. Testimony as to a similar condition in the middle part of the Whitewater valley is furnished in the following statement, given me by the Rev. T. A. Goodwin:

"In the summer of 1830 I went with my father, Samuel Goodwin, from our home at Brookville to Cincinnati. We traveled in an old-fashioned one-horse Dearborn wagon. I was a boy of twelve years, and it was a great occasion for me. At Cincinnati I had a fip for a treat, and at that time there was nothing I relished so much as one of those big pieces of gingerbread that were served as refreshment on muster days, Fourth of July and other gala occasions, in connection with cider. I went into a baker's shop and asked for 'a fip's worth of gingerbread.' The man said, 'I guess you want hoosier-bait,' and when he produced it I found that he had the right idea. That was the first time I ever heard the word 'hoosier,' but in a few years it became quite commonly applied to Indiana people. The gingerbread referred to was cooked in square pans—about fifteen inches across, I should think—and

with furrows marked across the top, dividing it into quarter sections. A quarter section sold for a fip, which was 6¼ cents. It is an odd fact that when Hosier J. Durbin joined the Indiana Methodist Conference, in 1835, his name was misspelled 'Hoosier' in the minutes, and was so printed. The word 'hoosier' always had the sense of roughness or uncouthness in its early use."

At the time this statement was made, neither Mr. Goodwin nor I knew of the existence of the last four lines of Finley's poem, in which this same term "hossier-bait" occurs, they being omitted in all the ordinary forms of the poem. The derivation of this term is obvious, whether "bait" be taken in its sense of a lure or its sense of food. It was simply something that "hoosiers" were fond of, and its application was natural at a time when the ideal of happiness was "a country boy with a hunk of gingerbread."

After the word had been applied to Indiana, and had entered on its double-sense stage, writers who were familiar with both uses distinguished between them by making it a proper noun when Indiana was referred to. An illustration of this is seen in the writings of J. S. Robb, author of "The Swamp Doctor in the Southwest" and other humorous sketches, published in 1843. He refers to Indiana as "the Hoosier State," but in a sketch of an eccentric St. Louis character he writes thus:

"One day, opposite the Planter's House, during a military parade, George was engaged in selling his edition of the Advocate of Truth, when a tall hoosier, who had been gazing at him with astonishment for some time, roared out in an immoderate fit of laughter.

"What do you see so funny in me to laugh at?" inquired George.

"Why, boss," said the hoosier, "I wur jest a thinkin' ef I'd seed you out in the woods, with all that har on, they would a been the d—dest runnin' done by this 'coon ever seen in them diggins—you're ekill to the elephant! and a leetle the haryest small man I've seen scart up lately."

Unfortunately, however, not many writers were familiar with the double use of the word, and the distinction has gradually died out, while persistent assertions that the word was coined to designate Indiana people have loaded on them all the odium for the significance that the word has anywhere.

The real problem of the derivation of the word "hoosier" is not a question of the origin of a word formed to designate the State of Indiana and its people, but of the origin of the slang term widely in use in the South, signifying an uncouth rustic. There seems never to have been any attempt at a rational philological derivation, unless we may so account Mr. Charles G. Leland's remarks in *Barriere* and Leland's "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant," which are as follows: "Hoosier (American). A nickname given to natives of Indiana. Bartlett cites from the *Providence Journal* a story which has the appearance of being an after-manufacture to suit the name, deriving "hoosier from 'husher—from their primary capacity to still their opponents." He also asserts that the Kentuckians maintained that the nickname expresses the exclamation of an Indian when he knocks at a door and exclaims 'Who's yere?' However, the word originally was not hoosier at all, but hoosieroon, or hoosheroon, hoosier being an abbreviation of this. I can remember that in 1834, having read of hoosiers, and spoken of them, a boy from the West corrected me, and said that the word was properly hoosieroon. This would indicate a Spanish origin."

The source of Mr. Leland's error is plain. "Hoosieroon" was undoubtedly coined by Mr. Finley to designate a Hoosier child, and what the boy probably told Mr. Leland was that the name to apply properly to him would be Hoosieroon. But that alone would not dispose wholly of the Spanish suggestion, for "oon" or "on" is not only a Spanish ending, but is a Spanish diminutive indicating blood relation. In reality, however, Mr. Finley did not understand Spanish, and the ending was probably suggested to him by a quadroon and octoroon, which, of course, were in general use. There is no Spanish word that would give any suggestion of "hoosier."

The only other language of continental Europe that could be looked to for its origin would be French, but there is no French word approaching it except, perhaps, "huche," which means a kneading trough, and there is no probability of derivation from that.*

In fact, "hoosier" carries Anglo-Saxon credentials. It is Anglo-Saxon in form and Anglo-Saxon in ring. If it came from any foreign language, it has been thoroughly anglicized. And in considering its derivation it is to be remembered that the Southerners have always had a remarkable faculty for creating new words and modifying old ones. Anyone who has noted the advent of "snollygoster" in the present generation, or has read Longstreet's elucidation of "fescue," "abisselfa," and "anpersant" (Georgia Scenes, page 73), will readily concede that. And in this connection it is to be observed that the word "yahoo" has long been in use in Southern slang, in almost exactly the same sense as "hoosier," and the latter word may possibly have developed from its last syllable. We have a very common slang word in the North—"yap"—with the same signification, which may have come from the same source, though more probably from the provincial English "yap," to yelp or bark. "Yahoo" is commonly said to have been coined by Swift, but there is a possibility that it was in slang use in his day.

It is very probable that the chief cause of the absence of conjectures of the derivation of "Hoosier" from an English stem was the lack in our dictionaries of any word from which it could be supposed to come, and it is a singular fact that in our latest dictionaries—the Standard and the Century—there appears the word "hooze," which has been in use for centuries in England. It is used now to denote a disease common to calves, similar to the gapes in chickens.

* Mr. Dunn is sometimes over-positive in his statements. Mrs. Emma Carleton, of New Albany, calls our attention to the old French word *huissier*, as used by Sir Walter Scott in "The Abbott" (Chapter 18). The "huissier" was an usher; hence Mrs. Carleton suggests, with some plausibility, that the word might have attached to the first French occupants of Indiana, as the ushers of civilization, or that the use of it by them "might have been the lingual forefather of Hoosier."—*The Editor*.

caused by the lodgment of worms in the throat. The symptoms of this disease include staring eyes, rough coat with hair turned backward, and hoarse wheezing. So forlorn an aspect might readily suggest giving the name "hooser" or hoosier" to an uncouth, rough-looking person. In this country, for some reason, this disease has been known only by the name of the worm that causes it—"strongylus micrurus"—it sounds very much like "strangle us marcus" as the veterinarians pronounce it— but in England "hoose" is the common name. This word is from a very strong old stem. Halliwell, in his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial words," gives "hooze" and "hoors," and states that "hoos" occurs in the "Cornwall Glossary," the latter being used also in Devonshire. Palmer, in his "Folk-Etymology," says that "hoarst—a Linconshire word for a cold on the chest, as if that which makes one hoarse," is a corruption of the old English "host," a cough, Danish "hoste," Dutch "hoeste," Anglo-Saxon "hweost," a wheeziness; and refers to Old English "hoose," to cough, and Cleveland "hooze," to wheeze. Descriptions of the effect of hoose on the appearance of animals will be found in Armatage's "Cattle Doctor," and in the "Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland," fourth series, Vol. 10, at page 206.

There is also a possibility of a geographical origin for the word, for there is a coast parish of Cheshire, England, about seven miles west of Liverpool, named Hoose. The name probably refers to the cliffs in the vicinity, for "hoo," which occurs both in composition and independently in old English names of places, is a Saxon word signifying high. However, this is an obscure parish, and no especial peculiarity of the people is known that would probably give rise to a distinctive name for them.

There is one other possibility that is worthy of mention—that the word may have come to us through England from the Hindoo. In India there is in general use a word commonly written "huzur," which is a respectful form of address to persons of rank or superiority. In "The Potter's Thumb," Mrs. Steel writes it "hoozur." Akin to it is "housha," the title

of a village authority in Bengal. It may seem impossible that "hoosier" could come from so far a source, and yet it is almost certain that our slang word "fakir," and its derivative verb "fake," came from the Hindoo through England, whither for many years people of all classes have been returning from Indian service.

As a matter of fact words pass from one language to another in slang very readily. For example, throughout England and America a kidnapper is said in thieves' slang to be "on the kinchin lay," and it can scarcely be questioned that this word is direct from the German "kindchen." The change of meaning from "huzur" to "hoosier" would be explicable by the outlandish dress and looks of the Indian grandees from a native English standpoint, and one might naturally say of an uncouth person, "He looks like a huzur."

It is not my purpose to urge that any one of these suggested possibilities of derivation is preferable to the others, or to assert that there may not be other and more rational ones. It is sufficient to have pointed out that there are abundant sources from which the word may have been derived. The essential point is that Indiana and her people had nothing whatever to do with its origin or its signification. It was applied to us in raillery, and our only connection with it is that we have meekly borne it for some three score years and ten, and have made it widely recognized as a badge of honor, rather than a term of reproach.

J. P. DUNN.

The Primitive Hoosier

THE following enthusiastic bit of writing, copied into the Journal from the New Orleans Picayune more than sixty years ago, gives a picture of the Hoosier of that period who came down the river with his flatboat load of produce. Says the Picayune writer:

"There is a primitive and pristine simplicity of character and independence of mind about a Hoosier that pleases us much. His step is as untrammelled by the artifice of fashion

and as free from the constraint of foppery as the mighty rivers of the West are from obstruction in their impetus course to the ocean, or as the path of the buffalo herd over the wild prairie. Born on the fructuous soil of freedom, and unchecked in his growth by avarice and dissimulation, he rises to manhood with a mind unwarpt and a spirit unbent like the trees of the forest around him. He loves liberty—loves it in his heart's core—he would fight—he would die for it. * * * He cries from his soul, 'Long live liberty!' because the instinct of his free and unsophisticated nature tells him that it is the inalienable birthright and heritage of man, and he thinks that to live without it is impossible as to exist without the free air that wantons round his Western home. He may be ignorant of the use of the eyeglass, but is his aim with his rifle less deadly? He may not be able to discuss the merits of the last novel, but thinkest thou that he is ignorant of the cardinal principal of liberty? In a word, he may not be a thing with his face hid in a stock, long hair and a shirt collar, but might not more confidence be placed in his brawny arm in time of war than in a whole regiment of such men of doubtful gender?

"We do love to see a Hoosier roll along the levee with the proceeds of the plunder of his flatboat in his pocket. It is the wages of industry, and no lordly ecclesiastic or titled layman dares claim a cent of it. See with what pity he regards those who are confined to the unchangeable monotony of a city life, and observe how he despises uniformity of dress. He has just donned a new blue dress coat with silk linings and flowered gilt buttons. His new pants look rather short for the present fashion, but this is easily accounted for—they were of stocking fit or French cut at the instep, and thinking they pressed rather close he has curtailed them of some six inches of their fair proportion. * * * He glories in still sporting the same unpolished peg boots, and the woollen, round-topped, wide-leafed hat in which he set out from home. The Hoosier says, or seems to say—

"'A life in the woods for me,' and his happy and independent life attests the wisdom of his choice."

Local Historical Societies

IN the introductory article to the first number of this magazine we expressed the hope that we might do something toward promoting the work of local historical societies. We cannot say at this writing that we are particularly encouraged.

So far as we have been able to learn local societies have, at one time or another, been organized in the following counties: St. Joseph, Henry, Randolph, Delaware, Hamilton, Carroll, Wayne, Martin, Putnam, Parke and Clark. Our attempts to gather information concerning the origin, history and accomplishment of these societies resulted with most of them, in nothing. Some of them, we know, have ceased to be. The Putnam County organization, for instance, has been out of existence some ten years, but its archives are still preserved by one of the original members, and from them we secured the article on "Revolutionary Soldiers" published in this number. In similar collections elsewhere there are doubtless many valuable papers which should not be wholly lost, and which would not be if those having them in custody would but render a very small service. On another page we explain a plan of the State Librarian to collect as exhaustive a bibliography as possible of Indiana material, both published and unpublished. Upon application he will send copies of a printed form on which the description and location of such material may be set forth for the benefit of any student along certain lines who may be interested in it. If these papers of non-existent societies were handed over to the keeping of the State Library it would much increase their chances of usefulness. But even a knowledge of them in private possession is desirable.

From societies now existing, which we tried to reach with letters of inquiry, there were but few responses. The most circumstantial information received was from the Wayne County organization, and for this reason, and because it would seem to be an excellent model for those contemplating new organizations, we here deal fully with it.

This society has rooms in the court house, where it has begun the collection of a library and historical museum; and contributions, such as old letters, manuscripts, pictures, books, pamphlets, relics, or anything that will illustrate the history and progress of the country, are solicited. It holds four meetings a year, at various places in the county, and to these the general public is invited. The program of 1904, which is before us, gives an idea of the character and scope of these meetings, and we here copy it in substance.

February 27 (in the rooms of the society in the Court House, Richmond). 1—The Early Railroads of Richmond, by Mr. James Van Dusen. 2—Original Poem, by Rev. Luke Woodard. 3—Report of the New Orleans meeting of the American Historical Association, by Mr. Jesse S. Reeves. 4—Report of a visit to the Henry County Society, by Mrs. Helen V. Austin.

May 21 (High School, Cambridge City). 1—The Whisky Frauds of 1876, by Dr. Joseph W. Jay. 2—History of Dairying in Wayne County, by Mr. W. S. Commons.

August 27 (Meeting House, Fountain City. All day meeting, devoted to the Pioneer Industries of the county). 1—Papers on Field Industries. 2—Papers on Household Industries. 3—Papers on Industrial Amusements.

November 10 (Rooms of the Society). 1—Prominent Educators of Wayne County, by Prof. Lee Ault. 2—The Wayne County Argonauts of '49 and '50, by Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgins.

Other noteworthy papers, given in 1903 were on the Old National Road; Historic Houses of Centerville; Early Mills of Wayne County and the Geological History of Wayne County. These papers, as we understand, are all carefully preserved by the curator of the society in its room, and a number of them, doubtless, contain interesting historical data not to be found elsewhere.

Another feature of the Society's work is the publishing once a year of a historical pamphlet contributed to its archives. Two of these, thus far, have been issued, "The Naming and Nicknaming of Indiana," by Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgins,

and "Institutional Influence of the Germans in Richmond," by Fred J. Bartel. The membership dues are fifty cents a year.

The Constitution of this society may be secured by sending to Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgins, Richmond, Ind.

Since writing the above we have received reports from the Henry and Monroe County societies, through the kindness of Mr. Benjamin S. Parker, of New Castle, and Prof. J. A. Woodburn, of Bloomington, whose letters we add. The first of these organizations is among the oldest, and the latter the newest, we believe, among our local societies.

HENRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Henry County Historical Society held its 19th annual meeting at its building in Newcastle on Saturday, April 29th, 1905. As the above statement indicates, this society was organized and began active work in 1887. Its constitution provides for two meetings with papers, addresses, discussions, music, etc., in each year. As with other similar societies, it has been indebted, during much of its career, to the efforts of a few persons for its continuous existence and progress.

The hope of its founders, and those who have since carried forward its work, has been to collect and preserve in an easily accessible shape, the history of every township, town, village, and country neighborhood, from the first settlement forward. The society also seeks to illustrate the life of the country and its people, through the various changes and steps of progress, by a collection of earlier and later industrial implements, household and kitchen utensils, natural history specimens, and whatever may serve to give to the present and future generations, correct ideas as to the method by and through which the county has been improved and the people have progressed.

Taking advantage of the law passed by the State Legislature in 1901, the society applied to the Board of County Commissioners and County Council for an appropriation to purchase or build a home for the society and its collection.

An appropriation of \$5,000 was promptly made. Soon after an unexpected event occurred. In order to close up and settle the estate of the late General William Grose, the administrator offered at a very low figure the splendid residence property of the General. Upon the appearance of the advertisement the late W. H. Adams began a movement to secure the home, including one acre of ground for the use of the society. The Commissioners were called together, then the County Council met in special session, and in about a fortnight, the county of Henry became the owner of the property for the use of its Historical Society. The fine mansion not only furnishes large space for the society's collection and library (which now contains about 800 volumes), but also provides a residence for the custodian. While a full historical collection is sought for, the managers are taking great care not to cumber the space with mere "old junk." A place must have some other merit than age to make it worth preserving. It must be part of an illustrative chain that elucidates some branch or portion of the country's life, past or present, to be acceptable. Small appropriations have been made, year after year, to this society, but up to the present a considerable per cent. of the appropriations thus made have gone back to the county treasury unused, so that the cost of maintenance has, thus far, been but trifling to the county. The society pays its own running expenses except the cost of light, water and fuel, and the maintaining of buildings and grounds.

The 19th annual meeting was a very enjoyable one and very well attended. Its principal features consisted of a fine address upon the preservation of local history by the retiring President, Mr. John Thornburgh; an exceedingly interesting letter from Mrs. S. A. Pleas, (now of Florida) widow of the naturalist, Elwood Pleas, one of the promoters of the society; a splendid address delivered by Judge L. C. Abbott, of Richmond, representing the Wayne County Historical Society, upon "Life in Washington Fifty Years Ago;" a local paper, entitled a "History of Clear Spring," a well-known neighborhood of the county, by Miss Orabell Shaffer, and a unique series of caricatures and illustrations of the early life,

dress and manners of the people of the county by Clark Gordon, the Spiceland artist.

A musical program furnished by local talent proved a popular feature. The fine dinner served by the ladies of Newcastle and Spiceland, free to all, was one of the features of the meeting which commanded undoubted popular approval.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year are: President, Clark Gordon, of Spiceland; Vice-President, Nathan T. Nicholson, of Newcastle; Secretary, Miss Linnie Jordon, of Newcastle; Treasurer, Benjamin F. Koons, of Mooreland; Chairman Executive Committee, John Thornburgh, of Newcastle; Trustees, Eugene H. Bundy, Newcastle; Henry Charles, Spiceland; Robert M. Chambers, Newcastle.

BENJ. S. PARKER.

Newcastle, Ind., April 30, 1905.

MONROE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On April 6, 1905, after previous conferences, a Monroe County Historical Society was formed in the lecture room of the Christian Church of Bloomington. Mr. Amzi Atwater, formerly professor of Latin in the University, was elected President, Mr. W. B. Seward, an old and well-known citizen of Bloomington, was made Vice-President, Mr. J. A. Woodburn was appointed Secretary and Mr. Dudley Smith Treasurer. Prof. S. B. Harding, of the University, Miss Minnie Ellis, teacher of history in the Bloomington High School, and Miss Margaret McCalla were made advisory members. The Constitution and By-Laws of the Wayne County Society were adopted for the use of the new society. The Monroe County Society expect to meet once a month and have papers from various members. At this first meeting of the Society Professor Atwater read a paper on "The University of Forty Years Ago." At the May meeting Judge H. C. Duncan, of Bloomington, will read a paper on Hon. James Hughes, one of the leading public men of Monroe County forty years ago. Mr. Seward will prepare a paper on "Old Water Mills of Monroe County," and other papers of local interest are under way.

The outlook for the society is good and it is hoped that there will be found a growing interest in its work.

J. A. WOODBURN, Secretary.

Bloomington, Ind., May 6, 1905.

In addition to the above we have received a copy of the Constitution of the Wabash County Historical Society. This society was organized in 1902. As we understand, it has at present no definite plan of active work, but in its room in the Court House it is gradually accumulating appropriate material.

No doubt there are other local societies of which we have not been able to learn, and fuller information from any or all of these is solicited.

An Indiana Bibliography

AS THE result of a paper read before the Indiana Library Association at its last meeting by W. E. Henry, State Librarian, a movement has begun which has for its purpose the collecting of material for a bibliography of Indiana. Blank cards requesting information concerning bibliographical matter of interest to the State has been sent to editors, librarians and others interested in this matter over the State, and it is the intention of the authorities of the State Library to publish this information as it is collected.

Mr. Henry was chosen by the association to act as Chairman of a committee whose duty it was to organize and proceed in the work outlined. This committee consists of W. M. Hepburn, librarian at Purdue University; Arthur Dransfield, of New Harmony; J. L. Smith, of Winchester; Miss Anna Nicholas, of this city; Col. R. S. Robertson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor; Arthur Cunningham, librarian at the State Normal; Miss Merica Hoagland, organizer for the public library commission; Miss Minnetta T. Taylor, Greencastle; Miss Eva N. Fitzgerald, librarian of the Kokomo public library; George S. Cottman, of Irvington, and Miss Jennie Elrod, reference librarian of the State Library.

The card blanks that are being sent over the State have a place for the enumeration of the writings of the individual of any city, county or town; church publications are asked for, as are the publications of associations and societies. Special attention is given to references to local history, and the enumeration of the newspapers of any community, together with the date of establishment, and the location of the most complete files. Directories or gazeteers of each town or county are also asked for, and the list closes with a request for a list of the official reports of towns or counties or any officer of either.

Mr. Henry points out that the success of the attempted bibliography depends upon the care with which these card blanks are filled out by those to whom they are sent. If the matter is attended to carefully the result as published by the State Library will be invaluable to students of local history.

—INDIANAPOLIS NEWS.

To this we append the following scheme, outlined by Mr. Henry, and sent out by him as a guide to those assisting him in the work:

OUTLINE FOR BIBLIOGRAPHY OF INDIANA.

This should include any item written concerning Indiana or its people, and any item on any subject if written while the writer recognized Indiana as his or her place of residence.

Unit for collecting information: Town, County and State.

1. Writings of individuals, viz:

- a. Books.
- b. Pamphlets. (If title is not descriptive, state subject in note.)
- c. Articles or series of articles in newspapers or magazines.

NOTE.—Give name of author in full with date of birth and place of residence if living; date of death if not living. Concerning each of these items give: Title in full, publisher, date and place of publication, and number of pages. Illustrations.

2. Church publications.

NOTE.—Minutes of yearly meetings, Synods, Conferences, Associations, etc. Any manuscript record of births, marriages and deaths; if such record exists, where it may be found.

3. Educational institutions.

- a. Catalogues, year books, bulletins.
- b. Reports of original investigations.

4. Publications of associations and societies.
 - a. County fairs.
 - b. Historical or other societies.
 5. Local history.
 - a. County or town history.
 - b. Social organizations, secret societies, etc.
 - c. Family history and genealogy.
 - d. Biographies.
 - e. Club papers containing local history or biography, either printed or manuscript.
 - f. Club programs and year books.
 6. Newspapers.
 - a. Name of paper. Editors. Politics. Subscription price.
 - b. When established.
 - c. If suspended, give date.
 - d. Give inclusive dates of the most complete file known to exist and where it may be found. Other important or accessible files.
 7. Directories or gazeteer of town or county.
 8. Official reports of town, county or any particular officer in either town or county. If published regularly indicate date of first issue and frequency of publication. If not issued regularly, give date of each issue. Where files are preserved. Include manuscript journals, diaries, etc., if in public library or otherwise made available.
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The Robert Dale Owen Memorial

THE Women's clubs of Indiana have individually, from time to time, turned their attention to the study of the State and its notable citizens, and this growing interest has now taken the form of a definite movement expressive of a more substantial appreciation. It is the attempt to raise a fund of \$2,000 or \$2,500 for a bust of Robert Dale Owen, to be placed in the State Capitol. This fund is to be contributed exclusively by the women of the State "as a lasting memorial to the man who for many years persistently labored to secure just laws concerning the educational and property rights of women." Last year a circular was issued setting forth in brief the claim of Owen to the proposed honor; since then the promoters have been vigorously carrying on a "campaign of education," and the public generally is being enlightened as

never before concerning the services of one of the most distinguished men Indiana has produced. Entertainments of various kinds by the women's organizations for the benefit of the fund have been urged. Mr. George B. Lockwood, author of "The New Harmony Communities," and an authority on Owen, lectured in Indianapolis for the benefit of the fund, besides contributing fifty autograph copies of his book; the Indiana State Federation of Women's Clubs and the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, as organizations, endorse the movement, and the desired sum bids fair to materialize. The chief movers representing the Memorial Association are: Chairman, Mrs. Julia S. Conklin, Westfield; Secretary, Miss Esther Griffin White, Richmond; Treasurer, Mrs. S. E. Perkins, Indianapolis. Art Committee, Mrs. D. O. Coate, Shelbyville; Mrs. Rose Budd Stewart, Muncie; Miss Esther Griffin White, Richmond. Finance Committee, Mrs. S. E. Perkins, Indianapolis; Mrs. J. T. McNary, Logansport; Mrs. Eva O'Hair, Greencastle; Mrs. J. N. Studebaker, South Bend; Mrs. Mary D. Maxedon, Vincennes; Miss Minnetta T. Taylor, Greencastle.

Robert Dale Owen, son of Robert Owen, who founded the famous New Harmony Community, was the most noteworthy of a family of notable brothers. Legislator, Congressman, reformer and public-spirited citizen, he was intimately identified with the life and progress of Indiana and of the nation as well. In Congress he was a promoter of various important measures and was recognized as a man of capacity and force. As a Legislator and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850 he left a deep and lasting impress. His most important service, perhaps, was in behalf of the legal rights of women, whose status, when he championed their cause, was incredibly inferior and unjust. The serfdom and helplessness of the wife of sixty or seventy years ago is not remembered or known now by the thousands of to-day, who, whatever restrictions still remain, are, by comparison, immeasurably advanced. For that advancement Robert Dale Owen, more than any other man, deserves recognition, and it seems altogether

fitting that the women who are concerning themselves with the broader field of thought should accord the recognition and acknowledge their debt in the manner proposed.

Gleaned from the Pioneers

A Humble Life Story

A RECENT item in the newspapers announcing the critical, probably fatal illness of Mrs. Elizabeth McClay, centenarian, of Indianapolis, brings to the mind of the writer certain pleasing recollections of a very obscure and humble, but, as he thinks, a quite remarkable person. Some years ago Mrs. McClay made her home with a relative of the third generation on a farm within sight of the roofs of Irvington, and here the Rambler (as we will designate ourself), found her, was interested to the point of fascination, and returned more than once, to sit a spare hour with her in her homely but tidy room overlooking the country spaces; to hear her low, placid talk and to solve, if maybe, the secret of her attraction.

Mrs. McClay seemed wholly un-at-home amid the people and scenes of to-day, as though her lapping over into an alien period was a chronological misfit. The Rambler apprehended this from many things half said and things not said at all. If his guessing was true, earth had seemed denuded and unnatural to her ever since the great forests had melted away, and the inhabitants thereof had undergone strange transformations that separated them from her. So her function now was to live fondly in the past and most expectantly in the future, and to wait with the mute patience of nature while the slow seasons ran their rounds. Meanwhile, the feeble hands, that had long since earned rest, rarely knew an idle moment. Service was as much a part of her being as was breathing. The newspaper item referred to stated that she had that year made twenty-five quilts that others might be warm. Doubtless this was so.

Mrs. McClay wore, indoor and out, an old-fashioned sun-bonnet with paste-board stays, and under this a little linen cap. From the depths of that bonnet, framed by the cap's white frill looked out a wrinkled face so calm and peaceful that one wondered if its owner ever could have known bitterness and sorrow. To show so little sign of weariness and wreckage at the end of a long century of existence surely must have argued a pleasant journey. As to this, let her simple little story testify. It is here given as nearly verbatim as the Rambler could reproduce it at the time. Let it be added that the quaint pioneer dialect with its barbarisms, which is here modified somewhat, did not, somehow, seem uncouth in her, nor discrepant with her gentle voice and personality.

"If my daddy and mammy came traveling past here to-day, I'd drop everything, old as I am, and follow them," avowed the aged reminiscent. "Oh, how I did love my daddy and mammy!—who could be nearer to me than they was? where they went I went; their God was my God. I remember plain as yesterday when my daddy went off to fight the British and Injuns in 1814. The morning he went there was his shot pouch and powder horn and gun all ready for him, and he said to us: 'Now, when I go I don't want any of you to say a word to me.' So when he was all ready and had put on his pouch and horn he kissed us children and then went to mammy, who was sitting by the fireside looking in the coals, and laid his hand on her shoulder and kissed her, but never said a word, and she never said a word. After that he took up his gun and went straight out, but my little baby brother crawled on the floor after him, crying for daddy to take him up, and I looked out of the window after him, and called out 'good bye, daddy!' but he never looked back once. Six months later he came back again, and oh! but we was a joyful lot. That was way down in Tennessee.

"When I was a woman grown and married with children of my own, my man and daddy took a notion they'd try Injanny. So we all came, with just one wagon to carry our things and the children, while the rest of us walked, me tot-

ing my baby. We didn't seem to do well here, and by'n by daddy wanted to go back, and we went with him. Then we seemed to do worse than ever there, and daddy said he'd try Injianny again, and we come. Injianny didn't 'pear to be much better than Tennessee, after all, and back we tromped. Then after while it seem like there was no chance at all in Tennessee, and daddy took a notion again. I was getting despret tired of the travel, but daddy coaxed me and mammy coaxed me, and this time they promisel they would stay, and seeing they were bent on it, I agreed. So five times I walked back and forth between Tennessee and Injianny, kase I would have followed my daddy and mammy to the ends of the earth.

"My man sickened in Injeanny and took to his last bed, and kase we were so pore it looked like I would have a despret time raising the children. In them days, when pore folks couldn't care for their own flesh and blood they would bind 'em out to strangers till the children were of age. My man had been a bound boy, and he called me to his bedside, and, said he, 'promise me that no child of mine shall ever be bound out;' and I said, 'so long as I can lift a hand to work for them they shall not be bound out; and daddy and mammy promised, and that seemed to take a great load off his mind.

"After he was gone I kept my promise to him. I worked out by day, indoor and out; I spun and I wove. I pulled flax and piled brush; all kind of work that's done by woman or man I done, and I kept my children together. Two of the little ones died, but the rest of 'em and daddy and mammy I kept together. Then my daddy, that I loved so, went, and it was harder for me, but still I worked and kept them together till all were old enough to take care of themselves. Next my Janey, who was married, was smitten by the hand of the Lord, and on her death bed she moured and grieved bekase of her babies. 'Oh, my precious little ones! what will become of them?' she cried out once, when the end was drawing nigh. 'Never mind, darling, said I, 'mammy will take care of your little ones—she has took care of you and she will take care of them, and that give her comfort before she passed

away. And me and my old mammy took charge of the little ones, but it wan't long before the good Lord gathered them one by one, and oh! I rejoiced, bekase then I knowed my darling Janey had them again. Then my mammy died, and so all them that was nearest to me left me, and as they went I was glad, kase I knowed their troubles were all over, and I had only to wait. If I could bring them all back to me with a word I wouldn't speak it, kase they're happier where they are and I can go to them."

This was old Mrs. McClay's brief and simple story, very simply told—a story too humble, doubtless, to find many listeners. To the Rambler it seemed far worthier of interest than many a one that unravels itself more imposingly, for in the heroism and endurance, the patience and calm, rock-like faith of it, and in the strength of human ties revealed as she told it, was something elemented and essentially great.



GEORGE WINTER—THE CATLIN OF INDIANA

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George Winter, Artist

The Catlin of Indiana

MANY times, to the knowledge of the present writer, a query has been made as to the fate of a certain large oil painting that once belonged to the State of Indiana, and was kept in the State House. The picture was that of the Tippecanoe battle ground, and was particularly valuable not only because of the importance of that battle and its prominence in the State history, but also because of its political and civil bearing on the commonwealth in subsequent days. Although the painting came to the State as a gift, the State did not think highly enough of it to guard it, and it has long since gone the way of all rubbish. One informant tells me the last time he saw this picture it was stowed obscurely away in a little room off the Supreme Court chamber, in the old State House. It was unframed, with canvas broken and lopped over. When the contents of the old Capitol were removed the painting seems to have disappeared for good. That is about all that is known of the treasure. Where the picture came from—who painted it—not one in hundreds, even among those who remember it, could tell; and yet that inquiry leads to a fund of interesting information.

In the newspapers of forty or fifty years ago one may find an occasional communication signed "George Winter," and as often a paragraph about this individual, whose name, except among the older residents of the locality where he lived, is now sunk in oblivion. From these fragmentary scraps one gathers that Mr. Winter was a pioneer artist of the Wabash Valley—honored as such in his day—and with tastes and interests that stimulate curiosity about the man and his work.

George Winter, the painter of the Tippecanoe picture, was well known in northern Indiana for nearly forty years. He can hardly be called the first professional painter of note in the State.

since Charles A. Lesueur and others of the New Harmony group antedate him, while Jacob Cox of Indianapolis was his contemporary. In a history of Indiana's art movement, Winter would take conspicuous rank among its beginners. The foundations for his work were laid in England, under favorable circumstances. Born at Portsea in 1810, of a cultured family, he lived in an art atmosphere from childhood. His talent was fostered and encouraged. After a preliminary course of private instruction he went to London, entered the Royal Academy, and lived and worked with artists for four years. When twenty years old he came to New York City. Seven years later—1837—found him at Logansport, and most of the remainder of his life was spent in the Wabash Valley.

After residing thirteen years in Logansport, he removed to Lafayette and lived there until 1873, when he went to California. In 1876 he returned to Lafayette, and soon after died of apoplexy while sitting in a public audience at the opera-house.

During these years Mr. Winter earned his livelihood with his brush, in a new country which was supposed to have very little appreciation of art—something of a mystery when we consider how meagerly our present artists fare in the midst of a more advanced culture. One of these latter who, when a young man, knew Winter, testifies to his business enterprise. Being an industrious painter he accumulated a great number of canvases, and once a year, about holiday time, would put them up at a "grand raffle." It proved a popular method. People who would not dream of paying a hundred dollars for a "mere picture," did not mind risking a dollar or two for a chance; and as a consequence, these raffles being well attended, art found its way to the walls of the people. Many of these pictures are now preserved in Lafayette, Logansport, Peru and other Wabash River towns. The late Judge Horace P. Biddle of Logansport had five of them which gave a fair idea of the character of those that caught the popular taste. They represent local scenes on Eel and Wabash rivers, the realism, in one or two instances, being modified with touches of fancy.

In a private letter written in 1841 and now in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society, the artist speaks of six different

pictures of the Tippecanoe battle ground and of two of these as having a dimension of "152 square feet each." According to his description all were taken from different points of view, and, taken together, conveyed one idea not only of the battle ground, but of the "surrounding romantic country."

These pictures were painted in 1840, and the immediate incentive seems to have been the great Tippecanoe campaign of that year. There are indications, however, that this attempt to benefit by the fleeting public interest was hardly successful, for further on in the letter he writes:

"Although I have been defeated in getting these views before the public eye at the time when political excitement ran high, yet I have often indulged in the consoling hopes that Harrison would be elected, and that an interest would still be felt. * * * I think if I could get these pictures to Cincinnati some time before the General sets out for the White House * * * that it would be a favorable time to exhibit them. I have also thought that it would be a propitious time, too, either at the inauguration or during the spring to exhibit them at Washington."

Nothing, probably, ever came of these plans; the pictures have passed away from human knowledge, and of one only have we the meager record. This one was presented to the State and the State threw it away.

The most noteworthy and the most valuable work left by Mr. Winter was a collection pictures that was never sold by him. All are now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. C. G. Ball of Lafayette. When he came to Logansport, in 1837, to quote his own statement, he was "allured to Indiana to be present at the councils held by Col. A. C. Pepper, at the village of Kee-waw-nay, in regard to the Pottawattomie immigration west of the Mississippi." He had an artist's romantic interest in the picturesque red man. What George Catlin was to the Indians in general George Winter was to the Pottawattomies and Miamis of the Wabash, and this rare collection, still preserved by Mrs. Ball, is the result. Presumably he valued them too highly to raffle them off miscellaneously, and the fortunate fact that the collection is still intact, together with much valuable manuscript matter, is

certainly one of which the State of Indiana ought to take advantage. They represent a phase of life on Indiana soil which has been little recorded, and no literary records could convey a more graphic idea of the present inhabitants' barbarian predecessors and their characteristics.

According to my careful count, there are nine oil paintings and thirty-eight water colors in the collection. Of the oils, four canvases are filled in with groups of heads, representing in all thirty-three Pottawattomie chiefs and women. One is a life-size head of Francis Godfroy, the last war chief of the Miamis, and another of Joseph Barron, the famous interpreter, who served General Harrison for eighteen years, and was an important personage in the Indian transactions of General Tipton and Abel C. Pepper.

The water colors are mostly of uniform size, the cards perhaps a foot square. The greater part of them are portraits with landscape backgrounds. They are beautiful color studies, the Indian costumes of that day, with their rich riot of hues and the finery furnished by the traders making rarely picturesque subjects. Some of these are of Indian chiefs, prominent in their day, but now lost to memory, while a number are of Indian women, belles of their tribes, gorgeously appaared. Several represent modes of burial, manner of traveling, etc., and two are of Frances Slocum, the white captive, whose strange story has been repeatedly published.

Along with this collection is a mass of manuscript matter which undoubtedly has a decided historic value, and which probably offers a more intimate description of the Wabash Indians than has been preserved elsewhere. Among these records a large number of folders of stiff paper are neatly bordered and carefully filled in with writing. This is a descriptive and biographical key to the water colors; the sheets correspond in size to the pictures, and the whole makes a large portfolio, which should certainly be procured and placed where the writers of our history can have access to them.—G. S. C.

NOTE—Since the above was written two interesting pictures by George Winter have been found. One, of the Tippecanoe battle-ground, is now being re-touched, and will probably come into possession of the State Library. The other, of William Digby, the founder of Lafayette, was rescued from a second-hand store in that city and will be hung in the Lafayette library building.

Winter's Description of Frances Slocum

[The following letter from the pen of George Winter is re-printed from a proof-sheet furnished us by Mrs. C. G. Ball, of Lafayette, Mr. Winter's daughter. It was written as a communication to the Philadelphia Press—date not attached. The picture referred to is one of two oil portraits by this artist now, as we understand, in possession of Slocum families at Wilkesbarre, Pa. This one is reproduced in Meginness' book on Frances Slocum, and the other in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution."]

SIR: A few days since my attention was called to your interesting reminiscences published in the *Washington Chronicle*, since reproduced in the *Lafayette Courier*.

Your allusions to Frances Slocum, the "Lost Sister," are of peculiar interest to me, as I am familiar with her history, being at the time of her discovery, a resident of Logansport, and intimately acquainted with Colonel G. W. Ewing at the time he wrote the letter that led to her discovery, which you published so long ago.

In the year 1839, at the request of the Slocum family, I visited the "Deaf Man's Village," for the purpose of sketching the likeness of Frances which is the only effort of the pencil of her executed from life. Her history being so romantic and interesting I availed myself of the opportunity then and there of making sketches of the Captive's home from several points of view, and other surroundings that I thought would be of general interest.

My visit to the Captive's home was attended with many interesting circumstances. It was a potent auxiliary in satisfying a desire of seeing and knowing the red races in their aboriginal homes, I having been allured in 1837 to Indiana to be present at the councils held by Colonel A. C. Pepper at the village of Kee-waw-nay, in regard to the Pottawattamie emigration west of the Mississippi.

There have been several notices of the history of Frances Slocum during the time intervening between her discovery and the present. They are, however, marred by many inaccuracies.

Having known Frances Slocum personally, and being familiar, too, with her Indian family, will you accept the following statement of personal appearance, which I extract from my journal (unpublished) of a visit to the "Deaf Man's Village," A. D. 1839.

I will, however, premise that Colonel Ewing was not an Indian agent. Colonel A. C. Pepper was the agent at the time of the discovery of the "Lost Sister." Colonel Ewing was an Indian trader of considerable prominence and success. He was of the well-known firm of Ewing, Walker & Co. Ewing, as a trader, knew Frances Slocum for many years, but it was not until the captive woman was in deep affliction—hopeless of recovery, and in the conviction of mind that the realities of life were about to close upon her—that she revealed her history to Colonel Ewing. Her anticipations of death at that time did not receive their fulfillment, for she did not die until 1847.

The following are the extracts from the journal:

"Preparations were then made for the 'sitting.' An old split-bottom chair was brought in by 'Kick-ke-se-quah' from the adjoining room, which I placed near the little window, so as to obtain the best angle of light to fall upon her. Frances Slocum presented a very singular and picturesque appearance. Her '*toute ensemble*' was unique. She was dressed in a red calico 'pes-mo-kin,' or shirt, figured with large yellow and green figures; this garment was folded within the upper part of her 'mech-a-ko-teh,' or petticoat, of black cloth of excellent quality, bordered with red ribbon. Her nether limbs were clothed with red fady leggings, 'winged' with green ribbon; her feet were bare and moccasinless. 'Kick-ke-se-quah,' her daughter, who seemed not to be without some pride in her mother's appearing to the best advantage, placed a black silk shawl over her shoulders pinning it in front. I made no suggestions of any change in these arrangements, but left the toilette uninfluenced in any one particular.

"Frances placed her feet across upon the lower round of the chair. Her hands fell upon her lap in good position. Frances Slocum's face bore the marks of deep-seated lines. Her forehead was singularly interlaced with right angular lines and the muscles of her cheeks were of ridgy and corded lines. There were no indications of unwonted cares upon her countenance, beyond times influences, which peculiarly mark the decline of life. Her hair, originally of a dark brown, was now frosted. Though bearing some resemblance to her family (white), yet her cheek bones

seemed to have the Indian characteristics—face broad, nose bulby, mouth indicating some degree of severity, her eyes pleasant and kind.

"The ornamentation of her person was very limited. In her ears she wore a few small silver earbobs, peculiarly Indian style and taste. Frances Slocum was low in stature, being scarcely five feet in height. Her personal appearance suggested the idea of her being a half-breed Pottawattamie woman rather than a Miami squaw. The Miamis and Pottawattamies have very distinctive characteristics in regard to stature and conformation of head and facial appearance."

The above description of the personality of Frances Slocum is in harmony with the effort of my pencil.

Allow me to add that she had three daughters, one only of whom is now living. She is residing on the Mississinnewa, the wife of the Rev. P. Bondy, a Miami Baptist preacher, who was converted to Christianity under the missionary zeal of George Slocum, a Baptist, son of Isaac Slocum, who settled in the Miami National Reservation. Mrs. Bondy was a widow when I knew her, in 1839; her name then was "O-sou-pak-shin-quah."

"Kick-ke-se-quah," the oldest daughter, was the wife of Captain Jean Baptiste Brouillette. He died three years since. The Captain was a distinguished Miami; he was a medicine man (not a juggler), an orator of great volubility and force; he was also a convert to Christianity, and preached among the Miamis with success. The other daughter died before the discovery of Frances Slocum. Her death was associated with very painful and startling circumstances. The story runs that the son of a chief wooed her, but did not win her heart; her affections were bestowed upon another champion for her love. Her happiness, however, was not consummated by marriage. She drooped and died; and suspicion, ever active, suggested, and, it was feared, too truly, that she was the victim of poison.

The wigwam upon the Mississinnewa, at the "Deaf Man's Village," was a large, double log cabin, of comfortable capacity, such as characterizes the thrifty farmer's home in the West. A smaller cabin was attached to it, in which a very aged squaw lived. There was also a small bark hut, separated from the

main log, by a distance of a few rods. In addition to these structures, were a tall corn crib and stable, all of which, unitedly, constituted the famous "Deaf Man's Village"—the home of Mon-o-con-a-quah, the "Lost Sister," Frances Slocum. "She-buck-onah" was the name of the deaf chief, the second husband of the heroine of whom we have written so long an epistle. Hoping it may not be considered obtrusion upon your active engagements, I remain yours very truly,

GEORGE WINTER.

Sketch of Frances Slocum

THE story of Frances Slocum, the "White Rose of the Miamis," as some one has poetically styled her, has been often told, but in connection with the preceding description of her by George Winter, the romantic and curious incidents of her career will bear repeating here.

Frances Slocum has now been dead some fifty-eight years. Born to the white man's heritage she began life under the loving care of white parents. She ended it a squaw among the Miami Indians, a thousand miles from her birth-place, the wealthy widow of a chief and alienated utterly from her own race, from whom she had been separated more than sixty-eight years. The account of this transformed life is one of the most remarkable to be found in all our Indian annals.

The Slocums were Quakers who came from Rhode Island to the Wyoming valley, in eastern Pennsylvania, when Frances was four years old, and settled where the city of Wilkesbarre now stands. This was in 1777. The next year occurred the historic attack and butchery by the British and Indians which has so often been the theme of prose and verse. The Slocum home was assailed and pillaged by three Delaware Indians when the men were absent. The mother and most of her children fled and concealed themselves in the woods, but little Frances, who, in the consternation of the moment seems to have been overlooked, secreted herself under a flight of steps leading to the loft till one of the Indians discovered her feet protruding, and dragged her

out. A lame brother had also been left in the house, and as the marauders made off with the children their mother, forgetful of her own peril, came out and pleaded for their release. The boy was left, but the last she saw of her little girl she was thrown, bag-wise, over her captor's shoulder, and, with one hand outstretched, the other trying to keep the long, luxuriant hair from her face, was calling piteously to her mother for help.

The sorrows of this unfortunate woman were great. Francis was her favorite child, the pet of the household, and the memory of the little one's last heart-rending appeal never died away. To fill her cup to the brim, a month or so after the abduction both her husband and father were shot down, tomahawked and scalped by the savages. This new grief, terrible as it was, time assuaged, we are told; but the fate of her child, from its very uncertainty, haunted her till her death, more than twenty-eight years after the separation.

During those years repeated efforts were made to find the lost daughter. Her brothers made trips as far westward as Ohio and Detroit to meet Indians, agents and traders, hoping through them to get trace of their sister. Mrs. Slocum herself, then fifty-three years old, braved the difficulties of wilderness travel to attend a gathering of Indians who were to return captives to their families. To facilitate the search liberal rewards were offered, but all of no avail, and in this connection one or two interesting facts come to light, indicative of the Indian character. In the first place the family and tribe into which Frances was adopted accorded her an unusual regard, as was revealed by her subsequent account. One reason given for this was the color of her hair, which is described as reddish or auburn, and which to the Indians was so unusual as to be esteemed a mark of distinction. Hence, they were not willing to give her up. Again, the indications are that her foster-people knew of the search that was being made for her, and the further supposition is that the Indians far and wide knew who had this particular auburn-haired captive, yet, despite the proffered rewards, never a one would reveal her whereabouts—an illustration of the fidelity with which a red man will keep the secrets of his fellows. Until the day of her death Mrs. Slocum believed that her daughter still lived, and

for years after that the family clung to the hope and instituted occasional search and inquiry, but finally the question was laid at rest as one of the mysteries never to be solved.

Now comes another chapter of this romantic story. Fifty-seven years after little Frances Slocum had been carried off in eastern Pennsylvania, Colonel George W. Ewing, a well-known fur trader of the Wabash Valley, made an interesting discovery. He was traveling on horseback from Ft. Wayne to Logansport, and stopped over night at an Indian habitation known as the "Deaf Man's Village," on the Mississinewa River. This "village" consisted of a log cabin residence and various outbuildings that had been the home of She-pan-can-ah, a deaf Indian, then deceased, who was the war chief of the Miamis before Francis Godfroy. The place was now occupied by the venerable widow of She-pan-can-ah, Ma-con-a-quah, together with her family. They were quite wealthy, from the Indian point of view, owning a great number of horses, cattle, hogs and fowls, and a large reserve of land. Several things about the old woman led Mr. Ewing to suspect that she was really not an Indian, and, gaining her confidence, he got from her the story of her life and 'her abduction in early childhood.' She remembered her Christian name—Slocum—and that her father was a Quaker, but where her old home was she did not know, further than that it was somewhere along the Susquehanna River. Her story impressed Mr. Ewing deeply, and he resolved to communicate his information to some one in eastern Pennsylvania in hopes of reaching some of Ma-con-a-quah's family. To whom or where to write was a puzzling question, but finally selecting Lancaster as an old and important town on the Susquehanna, he sent a letter at a venture to the postmaster of that place.

Then happened one of those curious little freaks of fate which sometimes occur outside of the novelist's pages. It chanced that said postoffice was in charge of a woman, owner of the *Lancaster Intelligencer*. It further seems that this woman had not journalistic sense enough to know that Mr. Ewing's long and circumstantial letter made a good "story," to say nothing of the humane considerations involved. Instead of publishing it she cast it aside among a lot of old papers, where it lay forgotten

for two years. It chanced again that it was not destroyed, and that in the course of time it was discovered by some one who recognized its importance. It now found the light in the *Intelligencer*, which had changed hands, and fate this time ordained that it should be published in a large extra edition of the paper, which was widely distributed. A copy found its way to Joseph Slocum, one of the brothers, at Wilkesbarre. The family there at once opened up a correspondence with Colonel Ewing, and this resulted in two brothers and a sister, all old then, meeting at Peru, Indiana, to identify their sister.

Accompanied by an interpreter the trio followed an Indian trail ten miles up the Mississinewa to the rude home of Ma-con-a-qua. They were received by a stolid woman to all appearances a thorough Indian, with the coolness and reticence of her adopted race. She had been apprised of their coming, but showed no feeling, either of gladness or curiosity. She asked no questions concerning either them or her parents, and during their visit treated them with a civil indifference. When they invited her to visit them at Peru she would not promise till she should consult with Francis Godfroy, the chief, but when he assured her that it was safe to make the visit, she and her two daughters and a son-in-law came, a picturesque cavalcade riding their ponies single file and "decked in gay, barbaric apparel." In accordance with the formal Indian etiquette, they bore with them a haunch of venison, and this being solemnly presented as a token of confidence and received in the same spirit, their reserve gave place to an open friendliness, and Frances talked of herself at length. To the request that she go back East to her kinfolds, even for a brief visit, she would not consent. To her resolution she firmly adhered, and her people, after this successful issue to their long quest, went sorrowfully back to their homes.

The "white captive" lived ten years after this visit from her kindred, and died at her home on the Mississinewa in March, 1847, aged seventy-four years. Her life presents an interesting study of that much-mooted question, environment versus heredity. While she became in all her tastes an aborigine, thoroughly alienated from the aspirations of her native race, she seems to have retained certain Caucasian qualities, among them a strength

of character and a dominating mentality which gave her among the red people that prestige which the whites that mingled with the Indians have almost invariably commanded. She was free from the vices that are particularly common among the Indians, notably that of intemperance, and her cleanliness and orderly housekeeping were contrary to the slovenly habits of these dirty people. She had the Indian's fondness for picturesque apparel, and her industry and skill to this end is most interestingly shown by some of her clothes still preserved by Gabriel Godfroy, a well-known Miami, now living east of Peru. These garments, some of them of the finest broadcloth procurable of the traders, are beautifully ornamented with designs worked with narrow silken ribbons of different colors, the needlework looking like machine stitching.

Of a piece with the story of the "White Rose of the Miamis" is the account of her marriage to She-pan-can-ah, the chieftain, which is as romantic as the fond fabrications of the Indian legend writers who love to talk about "dusky mates." Ma-con-a-quā found the young warrior by the wayside badly wounded, and he was taken to the lodge of her foster parents and nursed back to health. For a time he remained with them and, being a skilled hunter, furnished the family with meat. When he prepared to seek pastures new they prevailed with him to stay permanently, and the presumably fair Ma-con-a-quā was given him to wife.

Some years ago the question of preserving in a permanent way the memory of Frances Slocum and of the vanished race with which she was linked was agitated, and on the 17th of May, 1900 a handsome and substantial monument of white bronze was unveiled over her grave, near the village of Peoria, Miami County, Indiana. The branches of the Slocum family were represented by many members from Michigan, Ohio, and States further east, and remnants of the Miami tribe of Indians gathered for the occasion, some from their distant reserve in Kansas. In addition a large attendance from the surrounding country made the occasion the more memorable and served to promote a sentiment which we of Indiana might well cultivate.

• G. S. C.

The Wabash and Its Valley

Part II—Settlement and Early Development

THE treaty of St. Mary's, made in 1818, which gave to the United States government the whole interior portion of Indiana, threw open to settlement the greater part of the upper Wabash valley. In the "New Purchase" there were, according to a writer of that time (Dana), some 8,500,000 acres, and emigration could not spread over that vast area in a day; but by the early twenties, nevertheless, the "land hunter" had penetrated to the Wabash bottoms, attracted thither by the wonderful fertility and other advantages of that region. A tract receding twenty to forty miles from the river on either side comprised the "valley," and throughout this tract were magnificent forests interspersed with beautiful prairies luxuriant with growths of waving grass, prodigally gay with countless flowers, and with a soil practically bottomless. More than that, the noble Wabash promised communication with the remote outer world, and all things pointed to an opulent future. In 1824 the land office for the sale of Wabash lands was opened at Crawfordsville, then the only settlement between Terre Haute and Fort Wayne. A mixed population from the eastern and southern portions of the State and from Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and other sections, came pouring in, and the coveted localities were rapidly taken up at the government price of \$1.25 per acre. Among these pioneers the honest home-seekers were so far in the ascendancy that speculators were obliged to be wary and content themselves with second choice, but they were amply in evidence, nevertheless. Immediately on the heels of these first purchases came the craze for the establishment of towns that were to be future emporiums, and for the following decade they sprang up like mushrooms along the river, each big with ambition and hope, and each envious of the others. The founding of a prospective city seems to have been a very simple performance, consisting chiefly in laying off one's purchase into "town lots," and booming the same in various and divers ways. The first requisite was that the location be at a ford of the river as a likely place for the establishing of a steamboat

dock. The beginning of Lafayette is an example. William Digby purchased a piece of land so thickly grown with hazel, and plum brush, and grape vines that the surveyor had great difficulty in doing his work. After creating a "town" by laying out this ground and naming it Lafayette, in honor of the illustrious Frenchman, Digby sold most of the site to Samuel Sargeant for the sum of \$240, and Sargeant began his little "boom" by getting some of the influential Crawfordsville citizens interested in it. A few cabins went up, but it was uncertain for a good while whether the embryo city would live through its beginning. An ironical wag of another settlement jeeringly dubbed it "Lay Flat," or "Laugh At," and threatened to "grease it with a bacon rind so that the next dog that came by might eat it." Time and unforeseen circumstances, however, turned the tables, and eventually Lafayette looked proudly down upon all of her rivals. Of these ambitious towns some have passed, not only from existence, but from the very memory of the succeeding generation, and others, overborne by the trend of events, have long since ceased to aspire.

The making of Lafayette was the fact of its location at the head of navigation. Steamboats from New Orleans, bringing commodities to the heart of this new country, could not penetrate beyond the mouth of the Tippecanoe, and so "Lay Flat" became the great receiving and distributing point for the country about, which drained into it a vast surplus of grain and hogs. During the thirties it was the largest and most important city northwest of Cincinnati; its streets were crowded with teams; some coming from as far east as the Ohio state line, and one writer tells us of no less than sixteen steamboats lying at her wharves at one time.

Despite the thrift at this point, however, the country above developed slowly because of inadequate communication with the outer world. Towns farther up the river, such as Logansport and Peru, were constrained to "play second fiddle" to their more fortunate rival, and the desire of these places to have navigation reach them was so desperate as to be ludicrous. A bonus of several hundred dollars was offered to the first steamboat captain who would prove such navigability, and heroic efforts were made to that end. In June of 1834, the water being high, a little

steamer called the Republican "set sail" from Lafayette, bound for Logansport. She proceeded without trouble as far as Delphi, then began to stick on various sandbars, at each of which delays the passengers would render assistance by getting out into the water and pushing, or by extending a long rope to shore and pulling. Several days were expended at this arduous toil, much to the entertainment of throngs of Indians, men, women and children, who loitered along the banks admiring the strange craft. Eventually, a dozen yoke of oxen were brought down from Logansport and the Republican hauled bodily over ripples and sandbars to her destination. The boat was ruined and left to rot in the bottom of the river at the newly-established head of navigation, and whether the bonus received compensated the captain for his loss history does not say. A year later another boat, the Science, made the attempt. The water being unusually high, Logansport was safely reached. Here a lot of additional passengers were taken on, and the Science went merrily on and up. Trying to ascend a rapids the swift current got control of the boat, which, carried helplessly backward, narrowly escaped being battered to pieces, much to the terror and panic of those on board. Returning to Logansport, they unloaded about two hundred barrels of flour and salt; then the passengers walked around the rapids, meeting the boat above, and at length Peru was made. Here a fracas occurred between some of the Peruvians and a part of the Logansport contingent; a crowd of bellicose Irishmen, who were working on the canal there, unable to resist this opportunity to indulge their favorite passion, came to take a hand, and the captain of the Science, deeming prudence a virtue, "put to sea" again, leaving part of his passengers to find their way back home as best they could. Excursions in those days were even more delightful than they are now.*

But the day of glory for this region was yet to dawn. The grand scheme for the internal improvement of Indiana, projected as early as the twenties, contemplated, first of all, a navigable waterway that should connect Lake Erie with the lower Wabash, and in time this dream became a fact. In 1843 the great Wabash

*Much of the above information is got from Sanford Cox's "Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley"—one of our best and most entertaining books of local reminiscences.

and Erie canal, after long labor and many ups and downs, was completed, and the occasion duly commemorated by barbecues, speeches and general rejoicings. A large number of freight and packet boats at once made their appearance, infusing new life into all the little river towns. The abundant agricultural wealth of the Wabash country now found comparatively cheap and easy transportation directly to the East; the regions north and south for a distance of fifty to a hundred miles gravitated to this outlet, and from the Illinois country, westward, to Lafayette came flocking the great prairie schooners laden with their contributions to the world's marts. Westward, in turn, came the capacious freight boats laden with merchandise of all kinds, and the packets with emigrants who, now having access to this land of promise, came in an uninterrupted tide, adding to the new currents of life. Towns along the river which, heretofore, could have only a broken and restricted intercourse with each other, were now regularly connected, and traveling was made possible to the multitude. And it was idyllic and picturesque traveling. People not given to the frantic haste of the present day were content to spend leisurely hours sitting in pleasant company on the deck or in the cabin of the smoothly-gliding packet. Passengers got acquainted and fraternized, played games, discoursed, argued, and, no doubt, made love, and when the boat was delayed it was quite common for congenial couples or groups to step off and stroll on ahead, gathering wild flowers as they went. Yet movement, bustle and excitement, were not lacking. The speed of the best packets was about eight miles an hour, and one writer gives us a picture of the swagging driver in a slouch hat and top boots, lashing his team to a sharp trot. On approaching a town there was a great blowing of horns from the deck, and when dock was made everybody went ashore to mingle with the townsmen, to ask and answer innumerable questions, and to descend upon the public houses, presumably for fluid refreshments. When the boat was ready to go a horn was blown again to warn the passengers aboard, and on they fared to the next stopping place.

An Englishman named Beste, who, with his family, traveled through here early in the fifties, describes his trip from Terre

Haute to the lake and gives interesting glimpses of the people.* Being an Englishman of position this traveler could not understand the rather brusque anti-aristocratic notions which frequently shocked and pained him. The children, according to him, were independent and pert, while their elders were inordinately jealous of their doctrine of equality and rights, and he dwells with some severity on their rudenesses and crudenesses. Among other things, he mentions that the chewing of 'Burgandy pitch' was a universal habit among the women.

The ordinary course of travel was sometimes retarded by mishaps to the canal, which, at some points, ran between levees or dikes, instead of through an excavated channel, and not infrequently these levees, springing a leak, let the water uncereemoniously into the low lands without, in which case the boats lay in the mud till the break was repaired. Among the unusual happenings recounted is that of the wreck of the packet boat Kentucky, in 1844. A mill-dam giving way in the high country back from the canal let loose a great flood which, sweeping down to the canal, broke through the tow-path at one of these embanked points. The packet mentioned was carried bodily through the gap, washed down into the river bottoms, which were submerged with a freshet, and broken to pieces among the trees. Three of the passengers were drowned. The others were rescued by the people of the vicinity, but the baggage and mails were swept away and lost.

The canal was continued south to Evansville, but the lower part never attained an importance comparable to the upper, and soon fell into disuse. And the upper part, incalculably important though it was in its time, was destined to speedily have its day. It was some eleven years in the making, and thirteen years later the Toledo & Wabash Railroad was completed along its line to Lafayette. The ushering in of the railroad era gave a new turn to the tide of affairs; now all is changed, and the old picturesque phase of life which formed so interesting a chapter in our State's history is all but forgotten, save by the lingering remnants of the past generation.—G. S. C.

*"The Wabash, or, Adventures of an English Gentleman's Family in the Interior of America," by J. Richard Best, Esq.

Some Letters of John Gibson

[The following letters of John Gibson are not published, we believe, in any existing sketch of him. They were written in September, 1812, when Gibson was Acting-Governor of the Indiana Territory. War with England had been declared the previous June, the frontier of the northwest had become involved, Fort Harrison on the Wabash, commanded by Captain Zachary Taylor (afterward President Taylor) had been invested by a formidable body of Indians, and these official fragments show Gibson's prompt steps in the exigency. Copies of the letters were found among the papers of the late William Wesley Woollen.]

THE day after the Indian attack on Fort Harrison (Sept. 4, 1812), and before the news of it reached Governor Gibson, he had written "To the officer commanding the quota of militia of Kentucky destined for Vincennes" requesting that Kentucky troops, conformable to the orders of Governor Harrison, be sent as expeditiously as possible to Vincennes. This was in anticipation of Indian troubles. Brigadier General J. Winlock, commanding the forces at Louisville, replied to the letter stating that one of the regiments called for had been taken "on toward Fort Wayne by Governor Harrison," and that he lacked the necessary equipage for the remainder of his troops, there being but 300 muskets, 200 pounds of powder, 20 camp kettles and 300 flints for upward of six hundred men. Having no public money at his command he found great difficulty in supplying the deficiency, but hoped to be able to march by Sept. 10.

Before the latter date Gibson, then apprised of the Fort Harrison investment, wrote again, as follows:

Vincennes, September 9th 1812.

SIR:—On the 4th inst. I wrote you requesting the immediate march of the troops destined for this place, and on the following day I sent a verbal message by Lieut. Whitlock requesting you to have all your heavy baggage under the charge of a guard and proceed with all possible dispatch to this place, as the Indians have invested Fort Harrison and commenced an attack on the frontiers. It is indispensably necessary that no time should be lost in your march hither, as there can be but little or no danger between this and Louisville, except from small skulking parties.

If your baggage should in the least retard your march leave it to come on under a safeguard, and proceed yourself with the troops under your command with all the speed you can.

Yours,

JOHN GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

On the twentieth of September General Winlock wrote from his encampment on "White River, 16 miles from Vincennes," that he would be at Vincennes on Tuesday, at 12 o'clock with 640 men, and that some 600 more, mounted, would be with him the next day; for which force he wished some provision would be made.

At the same time he wrote to General Winlock Gibson dispatched the following letter to General Samuel Hopkins, "or the officer commanding the militia of Henderson County, Kentucky."

Vincennes, September 9th, 1812.

SIR:—The Indians have invested Fort Harrison, and have attacked the frontiers of one of the counties and killed upward of twelve persons. From the number of hostile Indians within the reach of the frontiers of this and the adjacent territory, a general attack is greatly to be apprehended. But a small force has yet arrived from the State of Kentucky, and the thinness of our population and the extent of our frontiers render it difficult if not impossible, to raise such a force here as is necessary to protect our settlements. Under the circumstances we must look to volunteers from Kentucky for assistance. The exigency is such as to preclude the possibility of applying for aid from your quarter through the proper channel. But if there are any in your county or the settlements adjacent to it, who are disposed to volunteer I do not believe that the Governor of the State of Kentucky would object to it. May I therefore ask the favor of you to use your best endeavors to raise as many volunteers as can be conveniently obtained. I shall apprise the Governor of Kentucky of this application.

I am respectfully, Sir, your obt. servt.,

JOHN GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

In response to this Col. Philip Barbour, commanding the 6th regiment of Kentucky volunteers, dispatched to Gibson 241 men under Major William R. McGary, "armed as well as the nature of the case would admit of." Arms and ammunition for this force were secured by impressment, and the balance of the regiment was promised as soon as equipment was supplied.

The following letter is to Col. William Russel, of the United States army:

Vincennes, September 16, 1812.

SIR:—Yesterday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon a Sergt.(?) of Capt. Taylor's company arrived here express from Ft. Harrison, who informed us that he had left the fort on the 13 inst. in the night. I also rec'd two letters from Capt. Taylor. He informs me that after a severe attack made on him by the Indians, which lasted seven hours, he was still able to maintain his garrison. It will be unnecessary to give you the particulars of the Captain's Letters, as I expect before this reaches you you will have seen him. I expect to load in a few days a number of wagons with flour and whiskey. These with 25 beeves for the garrison will start immediately. Major McGary who arrived here yesterday with 240 men of Col. Barbour's Regt. of Ky. Militia will take command of the escort which goes with the provisions and cattle destined for Ft. Harrison. The escort will consist of thirty mounted riflemen and one hundred infantry. I have directed the Major to proceed with the utmost precaution to Ft. Harrison; that, should he meet you on the way or at Ft. Harrison, he is to obey any orders you may please to give him. I rec'd a letter from General Winlock dated at Louisville Sept. 12. He informs us that he would march with all possible speed to this place. The Ranger who brought the letter informs me that General Winlock on the 13th was two miles on this side Jeffersonville. Major McGary informs me that one thousand mounted horsemen from Kentucky would rendezvous at Red Bank on Sunday next, and were to proceed to this place under the command of General Hopkins, and that the remainder of Col. Barbour's regt. would also march to this place as soon as they receive arms, which were hourly expected to arrive at that place. I am in great hopes before you

receive this you will have entered Ft. Harrison and been able to clear your way to that place.

I enclose a number of letters which I rec'd by mail and by 2 rangers which I sent express to Gov'r. Edwards and to you.

I have the honor to be very respectfully your humble svt.

JNO. GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

One other letter among these MSS., dated a few days previous, and addressed to Col. Robert Robertson, concerns the protection of the Clark County frontier.

On the 12th of September 1812, Governor Gibson addressed Colonel Robertson, as follows:

Vincennes, September 12, 1812.

SIR:—If the company ordered from your regiments should not have marched to this place, you will immediately order that company or some other to the frontier of Clark County to act in conjunction with one ordered from Harrison County. I shall leave it to your own discretion to dispose of the men to the best advantage, taking care to have an eye to Linley's settlement and the Drift Wood and Pigeon Roost Settlements. Should there be no person authorized in your county by the Contractor to furnish provisions you will please have them furnished and they will be paid for at the contract price.

You will give particular orders to the officers commanding to employ their men continually in reconnoitering and scouring through the country or the frontier and should anything extraordinary or alarming occur, you will give me the earliest information thereof by express.

I am respectfully your obt. servt.,

JNO. GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

Historical Relics the State should Own

THERE are in our State, in private possession, at least a few collections of historical value which should, if possible, be made public possessions and be accessible to all that are interested in such. Two of these collections we particularly have in mind. One is the paintings of George Winter, the Lafayette artist, spoken of elsewhere in this number. When we saw these they were held by Mr. Winter's daughter, Mrs. C. G. Ball, of Lafayette, and were of unique interest. Being, in large part, portraits of notable Pottawattomie and Miami Indians and of their dress and customs, and being accompanied by keys and much information in manuscript form from Mr. Winter's pen, it is altogether desirable that they be owned by the State as relics of the picturesque race that once owned and trod our soil.

The other collection is that of Mr. Charles B. Lasselle, of Logansport. Mr. Lasselle, who, we believe, is still living, is of an old French family, which has been intimately identified with the Wabash region since Revolutionary times. His grandfather was a trader at the Indian town of Kekionga (Fort Wayne) long before Anthony Wayne's subjugation of the Northwestern tribes. His father, Hyacinthe Lasselle, during his life was a substantial citizen of Fort Wayne, Vincennes and Logansport, and this scion of the third generation has himself helped make the history of the great valley since pioneer times. The historic instinct, and the disposition to preserve what might be of possible future value, seems to have inhered in the Lasselles. As the result of long hoarding the present member of the family has in his possession enough documents and relics of real historic interest to astonish one. First, there are hundreds of letters, business accounts and miscellaneous papers, reflecting trade and life along the Wabash since the last century. It is the kind of material that the thorough historian, working to modern methods, is most in search of—the kind that throws sidelights and reveals intimate glimpses of past conditions. Here, for example, is an old account-book of Francis Bosseron, storekeeper at Vincennes when Captain Helm under the instruction of George Rogers Clark, held that post. In it is a page devoted to Helm's private purchases, such as "one

chapeau," "one capote," playing cards, and frequent bottles of "taffia" and "eu de vie." There is also a page charging the State of Virginia, through Captain Helm, with divers articles and services, among them "five ells of red silk," and "3¾ ells of green silk for a flag," and along with this the claim of one Madam Goderre for making the flag. Full of interest are these few words touching this red-and-green flag which was, perhaps, the first symbol of the nation ever planted in Indiana.

Apropos to this place and period there is, also, the liquor chest of General Hamilton, the English Governor of the Vincennes post, who captured Helm, and was in turn captured by Clark. It is a mahogany box about eighteen inches square, partitioned into nine smaller squares for as many liquor decanters. Of these only one now remains—the apple-toddy bottle. Those familiar with Clark's famous siege, will remember the story of Hamilton and his prisoner, Helm, sitting sociably together by the open fire, watching an apple toddy brew, when the rifle fusillade began and the bullets pecking at the chimney threw down dirt and spoiled the brew. This antique piece of glassware is, most likely the identical bottle used on that memorable occasion. General Hamilton gave the chest to Francis Bosseron, and after various changes of ownership, carefully recorded, it was secured by Mr. Lasselle.

Along with these may be mentioned a plat of Vincennes, made in 1792, each lot marked with the holder's name, also original document relating to French families of Vincennes, genealogical tables of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and many other papers of similar character. Not the least interesting of the many relics is the great parchment treaty document, given by the United States to the Miami Indians at the treaty of St. Mary, in 1818, when the central portion of the State, as far north as the Wabash River, was purchased. This instrument, bearing the signatures of Jonathan Jennings, Lewis Cass and Benjamin Parke, commissioners; William and John Conner, interpreters, and the marks of the various chiefs that represented their tribe, was delivered to John B. Richardville, the Miami head chief, and finally came into the Lasselle family through marriage relations.

These are but a part of the things treasured up by Mr.

Lasselle. Whether or not they are now for sale, we are not authorized to say; but the indications are that some day they will be scattered and lost. The point to be made is that the collection now exists, that its value is such the State could well afford to make a generous bid for it, and that no step whatever is taken to secure it.

In this connection it may be said that the State quite unnecessarily lost the large collection of books and relics of the late Judge Horace P. Biddle, also of Logansport. Besides the relics and pictures which Mr. Biddle had long been collecting, his library consisted of some 8,000 volumes, representing a money value of \$15,000. At least 3,000 of these volumes were rare works not to be easily found elsewhere, which students came from afar to consult. When James D. Williams was Governor Mr. Biddle proposed that the State agree to take his entire library at his death at 10 cents a volume. Governor Williams, according to Mr. Biddle, twice recommended in his messages that the Legislature take advantage of the offer, but no notice whatever was taken of the proposition.

The Howe Collection

THE "Howe Collection," now in possession of the Indianapolis Public Library, consists of books and pamphlets relating to Indiana and affairs in Indiana, and is in itself a library of rare value. The collector, Judge Daniel Waite Howe, has been one of the few who realize that not only old and scarce books are worth securing but that the seemingly valueless records of to-day have a value on the morrow; much that others threw away he had the foresight to save; as a result much of this collection, particularly the pamphlets, is not, as a collection, duplicated anywhere, and of many of the individual pamphlets it would be exceedingly difficult to now find other copies. The gathering up of these has been the work of years, and they were donated to the Indianapolis library on the condition that they be kept intact and designated as "The Howe Collection." There are 534 volumes, many of which are pamphlets bound together, and 52 unbound pamphlets.

A complete catalogue of this material occupies too much space to be given here, but its general character, briefly indicated, may point the way to matter some student is in search of. A full and separate catalogue is furnished at the library.

Of the laws of Indiana there is a complete set of Laws of the Governors and Judges, from the 1st to the 4th sessions (1801-'03); also Territorial Laws from 1805 to 1815, with revision of 1807.

Of other works of a legal and legislative character there are Court Reports, Digests, Citations, General and Special Compilations, Session Laws, Pleading, Practice, etc., Ordinances of Indianapolis, Journals and Proceedings of the Constitutional Conventions, House and Senate Journals almost complete from 1816, Documentary Journals and Annual Reports, Brevier Legislative Reports, complete (1852-1887), and Reports of State Officers.

Of miscellaneous works there are State and local Directories and Gazetteers, many State and County Atlases and Histories, Church and College Histories, and rare books too varied to specify.

Of the large number of pamphlets, bound and unbound, there are many Biographies not to be found elsewhere, Addresses, Papers, Sketches, Reports of Conventions, Church and College Documents, Proceedings, Records and Reports of Societies, Essays, Articles preserved from Magazines, and many publications of various kinds relating to Indianapolis. To the coming historian who essays to bring the story of the city down to date these Indianapolis pamphlets, indeed, will afford invaluable material, reflecting, as they do, the thought and movements of the times even more circumstantially than does the newspaper press. It is the kind of material that is essential to accuracy and that is yet more ephemeral, even, than the newspapers, for preserved files of the latter usually can be found, whereas pamphlet literature is rarely deemed worth the collecting.

A particularly valuable volume for one making a study of the State's internal improvement system of seventy years ago, is a compilation made by the late John B. Dillon of official reports and other documents, which form much of the material for a history of that movement.

Betsy Ross Descendants in Indiana

[Since these descendants have been traced some of them, it is probable, have changed their locations.]

THE story of the first Stars and Stripes has been repeatedly told in periodical literature, though if one refers to the general histories, it is surprising how little is found. Even the "Archives of Pennsylvania" and "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," which aim to rescue from oblivion all the minor events of interest, tell us nothing of the woman who lived and died and made the first flags for the Union in Philadelphia. The Story, told briefly, is as follows:

In June of 1777 the American Congress adopted our national flag of thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. The very first one made embodying this design was the handiwork of sundry patriotic ladies of Philadelphia, and it was flung to the breeze from the mast-head of Commodore Paul Jone's ship, the Ranger. In this flag the stars were six-pointed. Then a committee was appointed by Congress to select an official flag maker.

This committee, accompanied by General Washington, waited on Mrs. John Ross, a young woman noted for her skill in needlework, and a niece, by marriage, to Colonel George Ross, one of the committee. Washington drew the design of the flag for her, but she objected to the six-pointed star, terming it a "British" star. Folding a piece of paper, she produced one of five points, as preferable. The amendment was accepted, and such a star it has been since.

There, in a little brick house built two centuries ago and still standing (unless recently torn down) in Arch street, Philadelphia, the earliest flags used by the nation were made. The first of these floated over Washington's victorious army when Burgoyne surrendered in October, 1777. Among the relics that have been preserved is an official order to pay Betsy Ross £14 12s 2d for making flags for the fleet in the Delaware river.

Betsy Ross was married three times, her last husband being John Claypole. Three daughters are mentioned, at least two of whom were full sisters, Claypole by name. These two sisters represent two lines of descendants. One of the branches, tracing

its ancestry to Clarissa Sidney Claypole, has members in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, S. C., and in Indianapolis, the latter being Mrs. J. L. Jackson and her children.

The other branch, which has been traced by Mrs. M. C. Thayer, of Indianapolis, daughter of James Conwell, has contributed considerably to the population of this State. Rebekah Walpole, the other sister, married Abraham Conwell, and four grandsons of this couple—James, William, Isaac and A. B. Conwell, came to Indiana at an early day. All settled in the Whitewater region—James in Franklin county, near where Laurel now stands; William at Cambridge City; Isaac at Liberty, and A. B. at Connersville. All were merchants and successful business men.

James Conwell, who was married twice, had a large family, chiefly daughters. Of these no less than eight married in Indiana, and their children and grandchildren are to be found in a number of Indiana towns. So far as we can determine, there are in Richmond, 2—Mrs. C. S. W. Ross and her daughter, Miss Ella Ross; in Fairland, Franklin County, 9—Louise Burnside, Lynn Burnside and three children, Mrs. Winnie B. Carson and two children, and Mrs. Nora B. Enyart; in Rushville, 9—Mrs. Fannie Smith, Dr. Will Smith and one child, Walter Smith, Mrs. John Frazee and two children, Mrs. Will Percy and one child; in Indianapolis, 8—Mrs. Maria C. Thayer and daughter, Miss Laurel Thayer, Mrs. J. C. Smith and three children, and Mrs. J. E. Fish and one child; in Anderson, 3—Mrs. Charles T. Doxey, Thomas N. Stillwell and Horace Stillwell. Of the William Conwell branch there is one grandson at Portland. Of the Isaac Conwell branch there are two daughters—Ann Rebecca Conwell and Mrs. Mary Jones, in Anderson, and Dr. Horace Jones, Dr. William Jones and a sister, either at Anderson or Noblesville.

A. B. Conwell, the fourth of the pioneer brothers, who settled in Connersville, is now represented there by not less than twelve descendants—one daughter, Mrs. Anna Merrill; four grandchildren, John Merrill, William Merrill, Conwell Merrill and their sister, and seven great-grandchildren. There is also another sister, a Mrs. Havens, in Rushville.

In addition to these we are informed of Mrs. Andrew J. King

and her son, G. Ray King, of Brookville.

In tracing this family tree, it is interesting to note that individuals of musical and poetic talent have cropped out all along the line, and in the Clarissa Claypool branch there has been at least one representative in each generation who seems to have inherited Betsey Ross's talent for needlework.

Revolutionary Soldiers in Indiana

IN our last issue we published an article on the Revolutionary soldiers who ended their days in Putnam County, this State. Apropos to the subject we here reprint from the *Indianapolis News* a condensed account of Revolutionary graves in southern Indiana as located by the researches of Piankeshaw Chapter, D. A. R.

"Piankeshaw Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of New Albany has been one of the most active chapters in the State in marking the graves of Revolutionary soldiers. The members have been for several years delving into village cemeteries and private burial lots to discover these graves, and at the present time a total of thirty have been found in Floyd and the adjoining counties. Harrison county leads with nineteen; Floyd has six; Washington, two, and Crawford, Scott and Orange one each. A cluster of Revolutionary graves was found in Clark county, and with the organization of Anne Rogers Clark Chapter, at Jeffersonville, Piankeshaw Chapter courteously placed the graves under the care of that chapter. Of the nine graves in Floyd county, four are in Fairview cemetery, New Albany. They are the last resting-places of Joseph Bell, a light infantryman, who fought seven years in the Continental army.

"He was born in Pennsylvania and moved to New Albany in 1818, dying in 1848, at the age of ninety years. Not far from his grave is that of Joshua Fowler, who died March 18, 1820. On his headstone is the inscription, "A Patriot of the Revolution." In another grave rests Richard Lord Jones, who enlisted at the age of thirteen years as a drummer. He was born in Connecticut in 1761, and died in this city in 1852. The last of the four is

Benjamin Buckman, born in Hadly, Mass., in 1759, and died near Salem, Ind., in 1842. He was buried at Salem, but years later his body was brought to New Albany. He was a prisoner at Quebec for six months and was with Washington when he crossed the Delaware. For several years before his death he walked from Salem to Vincennes to receive his pension. The other graves in Floyd county are those of Jacob Garrison, buried at Galena, and Gabriel Poindexter, at Floyd Knobs.

In Harrison county are the following graves: Charles Dyer, one miles southwest of Crandall; Joshua Bennett, Samuel Raugh and Patrick Hunter, at Rehobeth; Hinson Johnson, Webster township; Peter Deatrick and George Kron, at Elizabeth; Charles George, Indian Creek; David Trout, at Luther's Chapel; John Williams, near Fredericksburg; John Smith, near Corydon; James Cooper, near Hancock's Chapel; Henry Funk and Daniel Funk, near New Amsterdam; Abraham and Joseph Harman, near Corydon, and John Long and Philip P. Stine, near Highfill. In Crawford county is the grave of Jeremiah Wight, who is buried near Fredonia. Jacob Doan represents Washington county, and is buried near Hardinsburg. Scott county has the grave of one veteran, Amasa Mitchell, who is buried in Friendship cemetery, near New Frankfort. He was the youngest of seven brothers who served in the Revolution. The grave in Orange county is that of William Moore, who is buried near Livonia."

To this we may add that Marion County claims several Revolutionary graves. Isaac Wilson, who came to Indianapolis in 1820 and died in 1823, is said to have been a veteran of both the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. He was buried in the front yard of his residence at the spot where North and Maxwell street now intersect.

It has been stated that Wilson was the only Revolutionary soldier buried in Indianapolis, but in a communication to the *Indianapolis News*, August 10, 1898, Mr. J. H. B. Nowland claims four others—"Mr. Oliver, father of the late Dandridge H. Oliver; Mr. Taffe, father of the late Hannibal Taffe; John George and Edmund C. Johnson."

All these, Mr. Nowland says, were buried "in or around this city," and adds that he collected the pension of John George.

Indiana University Forty Years Ago

BY AMZI ATWATER

*(Read before the Monroe County Historical Society)**The Early Courses—The Faculty and its Heavy Work—Literary Societies—Chapel Exercises—Old-time Mischief—Estimate of Faculty—Traits of the Old Professors—Elisha Ballantine.*

COMING to take pastoral care of the Christian Church of Bloomington in January, 1865, I enrolled at once as a student in the University classed as a Junior. It was not an unusual thing, in those days, for a student or a professor to fill a pulpit in one of the churches. My ministerial predecessor James H. McCollough was also a student. Doctor T. A. Wylie, at the time professor of Latin and Greek, was the regular minister of the Reformed Presbyterian church which stood where the U. P. church now stands. Professor Elisha Ballantine, when he returned to the University in 1867, preached some for the New School Presbyterian people, and President Cyrus Nutt, who had once been pastor of the Methodist church here and later a Presiding Elder, preached much of the time somewhere on Sundays.

Our present High School building is the same in outward form and nearly the same in internal structure that it was when it stood as the only University building on the campus at the south end of College Avenue. I use the term University, for that was its official designation, but there was little about the institution to differentiate it from the ordinary western college except its small law class of seven Seniors and eight Juniors taught by Professor Bicknell. The smallness of college attendance was partly caused by the war of the rebellion which was then in full career and had drawn away many both actual and prospective students to the Union army.

There were two regular courses each leading to graduation and a degree, the one "classical," with Greek and Latin as chief studies and the goal of A. B., the other "scientific," which required one year less time and was generally supposed to be easier. There were 79 in the four regular classes that year. Adding the 15 law students and it made 94. Summing up preparatory and all, the catalogue of 1865 announced an attendance of 189.

The faculty as shown by the catalogue of 1865 consisted of six members: Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., Professor of Mental, Moral and Political Philosophy; Rev. Theophilus A. Wylie, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin; Daniel Kirkwood, L. L. D., Professor of Mathematics; Richard Owen, A. M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; George A. Bicknell, L. L. D., Professor of Law; James Woodburn, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages and Principal of the Preparatory Department. These six men covered the whole ground of University instruction as then provided for. Doctor Wylie besides teaching the advanced Greek and Latin classes served the institution as librarian. The library, having lost heavily by the fire a few years before (1854), was quite small, consisting of a few hundred volumes (possibly a few thousand) procured since that disaster, the "Derby Donation" and about a thousand volumes loaned to it by Dr. Richard Owen. This diminutive library found plenty of space in the room on the second floor, west wing, which I think Prof. Kirkwood later on used as a recitation room. Dr. Owen, while carrying all the Physics, Physiology, Geology and Chemistry also (since Professor Marquis had lately resigned), taught all the German and French that was called for, and the History, too, and was Secretary of the faculty besides. There was no need of a Registrar as each professor recorded his own grades in a record book with his own hand, and performed any other clerical work that was necessary.

The contrast between *then* and *now* appears most striking when President Bryan lately announces the University in an advertisement thus: "Twenty Departments, co-educational, seventy-one members of the faculty," and the enrollment this year is found to be 1538.

If you wish to be impressed still further with the change, pass through the present admirably equipped chemical department in Wylie hall, then go down to the High School and peer into the little dark basement furnace room at the east end of the building where Dr. Owen taught chemistry. But no doubt many a good scholar got his chemical start there under the teaching of that admirable man.

The catalogue of 1865 mentions three literary societies, but I have no recollection of a third. The two that chiefly occupied

the ground were the *Athenian* and *Philomathean*, the one having a room in the east wing, third floor, the other in the west. There was little difference in the merits of these organizations. Believing as I then did (and do now) that a literary society offers the student an excellent means of culture, I hastened to attend their meetings and soon found myself enrolled as an Athenian. I was greatly surprised on entering the Athenian hall at seeing rows of boots (many of them cow-hide) standing around the room. Some of the owners had put on slippers, others had socks as their only foot wear. I must explain that boots were the regular thing for men in those days. Only women wore shoes. On inquiry I learned that the society had lately bought a fine carpet and as Bloomington walks were bad, they had adopted a protective rule that members should remove their boots on entering the hall and attached a fine of ten cents for non-compliance. It was expected that they would provide themselves slippers and some did so. The state of the atmosphere with a hot stove and a score or two of empty boots and a lot of stocking-footed youngsters sitting around may easily be imagined. Just before adjournment the program provided for the assessment of fines which the president announced and the treasurer recorded unless the house by vote excused the offender. The regular exercises of the society consisted chiefly of essays, declamations, debate, and sometimes of extempore speaking. In this last named, the member would be called out and given a subject after reaching the floor. It was the effect of this practice to teach a young man to invent his material and think on his feet. Finally the critics report bestowed praise or blame (chiefly the latter) upon each performance.

It must be admitted that there was much of boyish crudity about the whole thing, but that was to be expected. Some members would not be prepared and would be fined for failure. Some would take a perfunctory part to avoid the fine. But there was always a goodly number of ambitious men who did their best. The essays, probably, were the weakest part; the debate, perhaps, the strongest. But here too, was a weakness. The program committee would sometimes report for debate one of those comparative old questions (peurile to begin with and already worn threadbare) such as "Resolved (every proposition for debate had

to begin with a 'resolve'), "That Columbus was a greater man than Washington"—in debating which the great discoverer would be praised and the first president belittled by the affirmative and vice versa as to the negative—or again "Resolved, That the Indians have been treated worse than the Negroes," or still again, "Resolved, That the pen is mightier than the sword." I remember ridiculing such questions and may have partially succeeded in getting them discarded.

The miscellaneous debate and contention over parliamentary rules and over the excusing or remitting of fines would often hang on so long that the janitor, acting under instructions, would come up at midnight and put out the lights, turn out the society, and lock the door.

The fraternities were few in number and made but a comparatively small showing in those days. I think the Betas, the Phi Deltas and the Sigma Chis were all that were in existence. These had been running for a few years. Their great aim, so far as an outsider could see, was to secure honors for their members. This they strove to do through the literary societies of which they were members the same as "The Barbs." They would have their candidates for "Twenty-Second-of-February Orator" and "Spring Speakers" and for the society "Valedictory Exercises" just before commencement. "The Spring Speakers" were the orators at the annual literary society exhibition. For these honors the frats combined and contended often with success since they, though in the minority, were well organized. Sometimes they were beaten when the Barbs had a strong leader. I think the fraternities had literary exercises of their own the evening before the meeting of the regular literary society and drilled themselves in debate to enable them to better meet their opponents next evening. They surely had more literary ambition than the frats have to-day.

An idea of the chapel exercises on both week days and Sundays will best be obtained from the catalogue of 1865. Under the head of "Religious Services," you read:

(1). The duties of each day, during term time, commence with religious services which all are required to attend.

(2). Every Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. a lecture on some

moral or religious subject is delivered in the University chapel, and it is expected that all the students will attend. It is also recommended by the faculty that the student attend some other place of public worship on Sabbath morning according to the direction or preference of his parents or guardian.

(3). At all chapel exercises students are expected to be in their seats when the bell stops tolling. As this rule of chapel attendance did not seem to be strictly in accord with the theory of our State and country—no State religion and no compulsion as to attending its ministrations—an exception was made in the case of those students who themselves or whose parents were opposed to religious exercises. These were granted perpetual non-attendance. Perhaps there were always a few such, not many.

I think that mischief was more common forty years ago than now. It would be idle to attempt to mention the various forms of trickery by which the restless student amused himself and annoyed the authorities of college and town. If there has been a change for the better, how has it been brought about? The general growth of the college away from crude and boyish conditions, and its development into a higher University life has been, we may say, the chief general cause. The coming of the young ladies has made a great change. It has developed the social element—a thing that may easily be carried too far if it has not already been so—and has naturally tended to greater polish of manners and refinement, drawing the young men away from the ruder and more outlandish sports, and has brought them more and more to the social reception, the dance, and the banquet. In some respects this appears to be a good thing, in some an evil. Can you eliminate the evil and retain the good?

But perhaps the chief cause has been the rise of college athletics and the athletic spirit. This has given the young men (yes, and the young ladies too) a new ambition for physical development—surely a great desideratum. It has largely stopped the unhealthy bending over books for eighteen hours of the twenty-four, as Tilghman H. Mallow did who, though he won high scholarship, destroyed his own life in so doing. Furthermore vigorous young men have mostly ceased to plot some base trick, and are filled with an eager desire to outclass and overcome their opponents at home and their rivals abroad in physical force and

skill. They talk it at table and in their rooms, and they yell it in chapel and on Jordan field and make it one of the chief things in University life. This also may be overdone.

As I come to speak of the faculty, I must think of them first as my teachers and then as my associates.

I took logic and mental philosophy with Dr. Nutt, Greek and Latin with Dr. Wylie, and physiology and history with Dr. Owen. I found President Nutt a kind and fatherly man. He received students in a friendly manner and always proved himself a friend and did everything for them that he could. He had a good memory and was a fair teacher.

I found Dr. Richard Owen an enthusiastic teacher of science. He had wall charts nearly covering the sides of his recitation room presenting to the eye the great geological formations and periods and the classification of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. No student of his will ever forget with what enthusiasm he would start from his desk and with long pointer in hand pass rapidly round the room and review his class upon the outlines—the Stratified Rocks and Unstratified Rocks; the terms, Mesozoic, Paleozoic and Azoic; the classification of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes; the vertebrates, articulates, mollusks and radiates. The names of great scientists were often on his lips—Cuvier, Linnaeus, Audubon and the rest and, later, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and others, busts of whom he placed in the new building that was afterward built and burned. If it is a part of a teacher's business to force idle and indifferent students to learn, willing or unwilling, you would not class Professor Owen as an ideal or even a good teacher. He was too unsuspicious for that. It was his custom to call the members of the class alphabetically for recitation and if he was half down the roll one day (and that was frequently the case) he would begin the next day at the same point and go on in order to the end; so that the shirking student, knowing what to count on, made his calculations and omitted preparations for the day that he did not expect to be called out. The doctor was a most charming and instructive talker upon any subject that had come under his wide observation. On that account students often asked questions (some did it, doubtless to consume time) in answering which he was occasionally led far from the topic in hand.

But in most cases, the ideas, the information and real science acquired by the digression was of more value than the regular book lesson of the day.

My own experience as a student under Dr. Theophilus Wylie in Latin and Greek confirms what has so often been said as to the versatility of his scholarship. He seemed perfectly at home in the classics, as if they had been his life-long specialty; but when Professor Ballantine returned to the University in 1867 as professor of Greek and Prof. Cyrus M. Dodd was elected professor of Latin, Dr. Wylie took the chair of Natural Philosophy (or Physics as now named). At his entrance into the faculty in 1837 his chair was called Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

But all the later years of his teaching were spent in the chair of Astronomy. Professor Kirkwood never, so far as I remember, taught a class in that science, in which he had a world-wide reputation. But later on, in the seventies, when Saturday morning lectures became the order, Professor Kirkwood gave the students lectures on comets, meteors, etc., which were highly appreciated. A student who should have met Doctor Wylie on the street in those days—a man of small stature and weak voice and half-diffident, unworldly manner certainly far from self-confidence—would hardly have been able rightly to estimate him. In order to do so, he would need to visit him in his rare old home and see him in the midst of his most interesting family and accept their generous hospitality. He would thus see him surrounded by every indication of old time learning and refinement such as few have enjoyed. He would see him in the midst of his books, his pictures, his ancestral portraits and paintings and mementos of other times and scenes. Only thus would he realize his hereditary touch with scholars, divines and great missionaries and the noble forces leading to the world's advancement.

On the death of Professor James Woodburn September 8, 1865, I was chosen to fill his place. The salary of the position was \$800. The regular professors, Dr. Wylie, Dr. Owen and Dr. Kirkwood had \$1100, President Nutt (I think) \$1400 or \$1500. If any one wonders at the smallness of these salaries, let him remember that the fixed income of the University was only about \$8,000, that the first professors, Baynard R. Hall and John M. Harney received only \$250 per year and that our common country

school teachers in the forties received only about ten to fifteen dollars a month for three months school, lady teachers often getting but \$1 per week.

The examinations held by the faculty (as far as I remember) were entirely oral and were not very rigid. In language it would be required to translate some selection from an author and answer pertinent questions in parsing and construction. Visiting members of the faculty would be invited to quiz the class to test their scholarship. On subjects which would admit of it, numbered topics would be made out to be drawn by lot from the professor's hat or hand. The student, when his number was called, responded and went to talking on his topic. It was a pleasant way to examine and be examined but it readily lent itself to the cheating tendency as students sitting close together could easily swap topics in the hope of getting one less difficult than the one they had drawn. No professor was more easy and yielding than Professor Kirkwood. I call to mind his report (probably made just before commencement of 1866) of a student who had been away in the war. He said: "I asked him two questions; he couldn't answer either of them. I didn't ask him any more—I knew he couldn't answer." But when the decision finally came as to placing his name on the list of Seniors, the indulgent professor voted for his graduation—and he was passed.

In June 1868 I was chosen Professor of Latin and Greek in Hiram College (President Garfield's old institution) where I had been a student some years before. Returning to Indiana University as professor of Latin in September 1870 I found quite a change had taken place in college—the salaries had been increased and new and able men were being added to the faculty. Professor Elisha Ballantine was now (after a four years temporary absence) in the chair of Greek since 1867. Professor George W. Hoss, who had lately been Superintendent of Public Instruction, was now since 1868 the Professor of English Literature. Judge B. E. Rhoads was Professor of Law and Colonel James Thompson, lately from the Army, had just been elected to the chair of Military Science and Civil Engineering; and a little later (November 1870) Herman B. Boisen became Professor of Modern Languages. There was also young Scot Butler, later President of Butler

College, who was doing preparatory teaching with the sub-freshman class. His work lasted through the year 1870-'71.

The new men brought in a tide of new life. Being usually younger they were more aggressive and full of plans for reconstructing and improving old conditions. Some men have a natural liking and ability for business administration. Such were Professor Hoss, Colonel Thompson, Judge Rhoads, Professor Boisen and Scot Butler. Dr. Wylie and Professor Kirkwood (the latter was seldom called Doctor then) now took but little part in Faculty discussions, though Professor Ballantine and Dr. Owen held their own. Dr. Wylie often sat through the faculty meeting with only an occasional remark. But he would have a pencil and paper in hand with which he would seem to be scribbling in an absent-minded way. Look over his shoulder, if it will not be thought impolite. Why, he has drawn a picture, perhaps a human face, with the hand of an artist. How often have I seen him sit down with a pamphlet or catalogue and cover it over with such sketches. He seemed to do this work almost unconsciously. I think he could have drawn a good group picture of the whole faculty at one sitting. Professor Kirkwood was a good listener as he sat with his cane in hand supporting his arm. He said but little, but occasionally we heard a bit of grave humor from him. Once when we were talking of our hotel accommodations the Professor told a little experience: "A man on the train," said he "asked me about Bloomington hotels, I told him we had two hotels in Bloomington—whichever one he went to he would wish he had gone to the other."

Professor Kirkwood was the main reliance in moving an adjournment. So much was this the case that when some other member thought to do so he, perhaps, would begin: "Begging Professor Kirkwood's pardon, I move we adjourn."

In those days cases of discipline came before the whole faculty for investigation and decision. Those who were accused of some misdoing and the witnesses were cited to the faculty room. There are doubtless men now in public life—congressmen, judges, doctors, lawyers, etc., who can remember being called before the faculty in some of these troublesome cases. Though sharp questions were fired at the accused, the discipline on the whole

was just and mild. It was too mild, sometimes for our military professor, Colonel Thompson. On one occasion when some offender was let off quite easy against his protest he remarked "Our Catalogue says 'the discipline of the University is *strictly paternal*.' I suggest that we change the wording for the next catalogue and make it read "*strictly maternal*."

ELISHA BALLANTINE.

There is one man whose name has not been sufficiently dwelt upon either in these memories or by the many eulogists who have written of the old faculty. We have had good teachers in the University but Professor Ballantine was among the best; other good scholars we have had but he was among the very best. He was, I think, more on his guard against cheating and deception than was Doctor Owen, Doctor Kirkwood or Doctor Wylie. We have had and now have many men of noble character but none in this respect could be placed higher than Elisha Ballantine. For cultivation of mind, for accuracy of scholarship and ability to instruct; for literary style, for refinement of culture, for deep and true conscientiousness; for purity of heart and simple Christian dignity of manner and of life Professor Ballantine stood on the highest plane. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright," says the wise old scripture, "for the end of that man is peace."

He had resigned his chair of Greek but after a little had been recalled and had been made President pro tem. to meet an emergency. After the election of President Jordan he continued to teach Greek. On the last day of his life (March 31-1886) he was at College as usual and conducted chapel exercises. Coming in from his garden that afternoon with some felling of distress at the heart he dropped into his easy chair. His faithful daughter came at call and ministered to him. But almost before she was aware he had passed from earth.

A Pleasing Morristown Custom

LITTLE Morristown, in Shelby county, enjoys the distinction of having developed a fraternal spirit all its own, and of keeping alive an interest in the past in an unusual and pleasing way. For a third of a century the older generation have come together the fourth Sunday of each May to spend the afternoon singing, as of yore, from the famous old "Missouri Harmony" song book. Sixty or seventy years ago the singing school, with its expert instructor, was a favorite form of social diversion, and the "Missouri Harmony" was a particularly popular book in these schools. Then, with a newer generation, the singing classes passed away, but with the elder folks the ancient melodies, presumably, had imperishable associations, for in 1872 the old Morristown class, was reorganized under its first leader, Dr. D. S. McGaughey. Ever since then they have held their annual meeting; the whole country-side makes it a gala occasion and turns out in force to hear the sonorous bass and quavering treble of the aged singers. The venerable Dr. McGaughey has long since joined the choir invisible, and year by year the ranks of the "charter members" are thinning, but younger recruits have caught the spirit of the occasion, and the class bids fair to continue.

Still another observance of the same character, and in this same Morristown, further indicates the spirit of the place. This is the periodical reunion of the Dr. Fitch pupils. Dr. O. F. Fitch, now nearing his ninetieth year, was an educator, in Morristown and elsewhere in the State, for many years, and it is his proud boast that upward of six thousand pupils have been enrolled under him. It is like a capping sheaf to his labors that, toward the end of a life of faithful service, a goodly number of these sometime pupils should come gathering back to give him greeting. This they did a few years since, bringing with them their resurrected school books; men and women, then themselves growing old, stood up before their former preceptor once more and went through their "exercises," subject to his criticism. "School" was followed by much feasting, after a picnic fashion; and this was the inauguration of a series of reunions that, at the last account we had, bade fair to continue as long as Mr. Fitch lives. May Morristown's pleasing custom be emulated elsewhere.

The State Seal of Indiana

A RECENT discussion in the *Indianapolis News* of the origin of the State seal of Indiana (see *News* for January 28 and February 22, 1905), brings out some interesting facts touching that rather obscure subject, though it leaves it as obscure as before.

The first State Constitution provided that "There shall be a seal of this State, which shall be kept by the Governor, and shall be used by him officially, and shall be called the seal of the State of Indiana," and on the 13th of December, 1816, the first legislature enacted that "The Governor of this State be and he is hereby authorized to provide a seal and also a press for this State, and that a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars be and is hereby appropriated for that purpose, to be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated."

These brief records have hitherto been regarded as about our only source of information concerning the origin of our State seal, which has repeatedly been commented upon for its inappropriateness as an emblem for Indiana. The familiar picture of a man felling a tree, a fleeing buffalo, and a sun half hidden by a mountainous horizon is manifested incongruous as regards the buffalo and mountains. The latter have been variously explained as the Allegheny mountains, as the Rockies and as "the hills lying east of Vincennes," and the orb beyond them has been both the rising and the setting sun—the emblem of a rising prosperity and of the star of empire taking its way westward. All of this, however, has been mere guess-work.

One of the newspaper writers above referred to has found that the House Journal of 1816 records a discussion of the proposed seal which thus specifically defines the design: "A forest and a woodman felling a tree, a buffalo leaving the forest and fleeing through the plain to a distant forest, and the sun setting in the West, with the word Indiana." In this description the idea of the "setting" sun is explicitly stated, but no mention whatever is made of mountains. Why they were introduced, if the seal was originated then and in accordance with the law of

the first legislature, is nowise apparent. But the fact seems to be that the seal, despite the evidence of the legislative records, was not originated at that time; for it is affirmed by Mr. J. P. Dunn that on a slavery petition in the archives at Washington, dated 1802, is a copy of the seal of Indiana Territory which has the same general features as the present emblem—woodman cutting a tree, buffalo, sun and mountains, with the word "Indiana" on a scroll in the branches of the tree. A reprint of this document with a description of the seal may be found in the publications of the Indiana Historical Society, Volume II, pp. 461-469. This removes the whole question backward, and the first State legislature, by this statement, did not originate the seal at all. As the seal on the slavery papers antedated the Territorial legislature, and in the records of the first territorial authorities there is no light on the subject, the question of origin will probably always be mere speculation—particularly as the papers that might have established the facts were long since destroyed. Mr. Dunn argues that the device was ordered in the east and brought to the new territory by either Governor William Henry Harrison or Secretary John Gibson, more probably the latter, as he conducted the government of the territory before the coming of Governor Harrison.

Some ten years ago the legislature undertook to ascertain the origin of the seal and the authority of the device, because of the various and different forms in use, whereas it was desirable that the public business of the State should have a well-defined, and legally authorized seal. R. S. Hutcher, the leading clerk of the Senate in 1895, an expert in such studies, was appointed a special commissioner to investigate the matter and learn whether the State "has any legalized, authorized great seal." The result of Mr. Hutcher's investigation was but to prove that little or nothing could be known. There was even no record to show that the design agreed upon by the two houses in 1816 had ever been formally adopted. Hutcher recommended that a more definite seal be established by legislative action, but no such action was taken.

Some Self-made Indianians

OF the Indianians whose names are identified with the State's history an interesting proportion has been composed of "self-made men," if by that definition we mean those that started as poor boys and, without any aid or opportunities other than what they created by their own efforts, made their way to the front.

Of the twenty-five men, from Jennings to Hanley, who have occupied the Governor's office, at least one-third may be fairly considered as coming within this category. Ratliff Boone, our second chief magistrate, was a pioneer boy of Kentucky, who, in lieu of going to school, took up the gunsmith's trade. Noah Noble also grew up in the wilds of Kentucky, and was largely self-taught. James Whitcomb was a farmer's son, and his portion was "hard work and coarse fare," but he borrowed books and read them and made for himself a neighborhood reputation for learning. By perseverance he fitted himself for college, and after entering school maintained himself by teaching during vacations. Joseph A. Wright was a poor boy who aspired to a college education. He entered the State University and paid his way by ringing the college bell and doing janitor's work, by toiling in a brickyard, and even by gathering nuts from the woods. He also did odd jobs of masonry, as is shown in the old college records. As an impecunious young lawyer, after leaving college, he submitted a bid for carrying the mail from Brownstown to Terre Haute, offering to do it for \$334 per annum, but he was too obscure to be considered, and a better-known man, though now utterly forgotten, got the job at \$398. Ashbel P. Willard taught school and did cheap clerical work as a stepping-stone to politics. Oliver P. Morton was of a poor family. He began life as a hatter's apprentice, and later, by frugal management, part of the time cooking his own meals in his room, succeeded in getting two years of college training. James D. Williams was reared as a pioneer farmer's boy, accustomed to hard manual labor, with but very little schooling, and throughout his life he retained the character of a sturdy, homely son of the soil, although almost continuously in the public service for nearly forty years. Isaac P. Gray, before entering public life was a dry goods clerk; Alvin P. Hovey, a brick mason; Ira J. Chase, Claude Matthews

and James A. Mount, farmers. The two last named were farmers to the end, and took pride in reckoning themselves of that class. Mr. Mount began with no capital but a pair of willing hands and a will to do, and first made himself an eminent agriculturist.

Of the men who have represented Indiana in the United States Senate a number were of the type under consideration. James Noble, like his brother Noah, was a Kentucky pioneer boy, accustomed to labor, who "grew up strong and self-reliant." John Tipton, as a young man, was a woodsman and Indian fighter, illiterate, but a man of native intelligence, a keen observer and a natural leader. Jesse D. Bright, with but little claim to education, made his way by sheer will and his unusual talent for leadership. Daniel W. Voorhees, born of pioneer parents, had his mother and himself to thank for his advancement, and the life of Albert J. Beveridge is but the old story of a success which had for its antecedent the hard and humble life of the farm.

Of those otherwise prominent in our public service many might be cited as victors over adverse conditions. James Rariden, lawyer and legislator, and one of the eminent men of the old White-water region, started with but meager schooling, and the qualifications that gave him an exceptionally high rank as a legal light were acquired in his contact with men. Charles H. Test, began as a surveyor's assistant, and while earning his livelihood at this business he read law at odd hours and by the time he was twenty years old had qualified himself for admission to the bar. William W. Wick, one of the best-known of Indiana's early judges, acquired some schooling as a boy, and when eighteen years old left his home in Pennsylvania to seek his fortunes. He made his way westward by degrees, supporting himself by teaching here and there, and satisfying his thirst for knowledge as he could. He first studied medicine, then read chemistry, as he said, "principally by the light of log heaps in a clearing," and also read law "of nights and Sundays." By his twenty-fourth year he had drifted to Connersville, Indiana, and there settled himself as a practicing lawyer. John Wesley Davis, judge, legislator, foreign minister, Governor of Oregon Territory, Congressman and one of the three Indianians who have been Speaker of the House in Congress, spent his boyhood on a farm, then was bound out as an apprentice to a clock-maker.

After that he was a store-keeper, and then practiced medicine until, when thirty years old, he found his proper sphere in politics. Tilghman A. Howard, prominent in politics in this State for fourteen years, and regarded as an exceptionally able man, is said to have received about a year's schooling all told, yet when, at the age of nineteen, he left his North Carolina home to make his way in the world, the first vocation he took up was that of teaching, and his biographer tells us that although he "never attended an academy or a college, he was a very learned man. He was acquainted with the civil law, with theology, history, politics, geology, mineralogy, botany, philosophy and the occult sciences. His mind was a vast storehouse of knowledge, it being questionable if there was another man in the State of equal information." Cyrus L. Dunham, lawyer, legislator, Congressman and judge, paid for his early schooling with the money he earned working out, and later, by taking service on a fishing smack, saved enough to give himself a short course in a seminary. Michael C. Kerr, the second Indianian who was Speaker in Congress, was "mainly self-educated," and "mastered the fundamental principles of jurisprudence and political philosophy," in the knowledge of which he afterward became a master, while teaching school. Schuyler Colfax, our other Speaker in Congress, Vice-President of the United States, and Congressman, began earning his living as a store clerk at the age of ten years, and from that time made his own way. George W. Julian, well known in Indiana for half a century, was born to a lot as hard and unpromising as that of Abraham Lincoln. With an indomitable will, however, he overcame the difficulties, laboring with his hands and teaching a country school while making the most of his precious books and laying the foundations for his future public career. Walter Q. Gresham lost his father in infancy, and received but little schooling as a boy. Joseph E. McDonald, United States Senator, left the farm when twelve years old to learn the saddler's trade, and Franklin Landers and J. P. C. Shanks, prominent Indiana politicians, both hewed out their own fortunes. William A. Woods, Joseph A. S. Mitchell and Asa Iglehart, eminent jurists, were all poor boys, born to toil, who worked their way to the front by persistent effort.

"The Northern Indiana"

A Lake Steamer of 1852

[The following sketch, found in an old periodical, was kindly sent to us by Mrs. Emma Carleton, of New Albany.]

IN 1852, on Lake Erie, was a passenger steam-boat named "The Northern Indiana." This boat is mentioned in a sketch entitled "An Excursion of One Thousand Miles Out West," published in "The Literary World," of July 10, 1852, and written by a New York participant in a "Stockholders' Excursion" over the "Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad." Says this writer:

"The company, when assembled at Dunkirk pier, numbered, we believe, some four hundred, all of whom found ample room and accommodation in the splendid and spacious cabins of the 'Northern Indiana' * * * Soon after we were settled on board, dinner, pleasant word to the traveler, was announced. Those of the gentlemen who were happy enough to have ladies in charge, were soon summoned to the dining-cabin, where tables, tastefully decorated with flowers, awaited their approach. * * It was well remarked by a gentleman that the bill of fare furnished a most gratifying argument in favor of railroads, for by no less potent an agent than steam could the varied excellencies of the fish, flesh and fruits of so many distant regions be brought together.

"The Northern Indiana is the 'crack' boat of the lake, having lately beaten her powerful rival, the Mayflower, in a run for the purpose of testifying their respective powers, from Buffalo to Cleveland. She is sharply built for speed, with engines of great power, and large and beautifully decorated cabins."

Of the country in northern Indiana, as seen from the new railway, the writer said:

"The vast wheat fields of Indiana and the general look of thrift and prosperity of the region through which we passed excited universal admiration."

Chicago was then seven years old.

Some Books at Hand

By the Editor

THE NEW HARMONY MOVEMENT*

IN reading *The New Harmony Movement* one marvels that so much rich material has lain so long, practically unworked. Mr. Lockwood is to be congratulated that he has so large a field almost wholly to himself; and, on the other hand, the interested reader is to be congratulated that the man who took up the subject had the patience and ability to do it thoroughly and well. He has not grudged giving years to the task. Originally, we believe, he essayed the work as a college thesis, which was subsequently published in *The Republican*, of Peru, Ind., and in that form it was by far the fullest treatise on the New Harmony experiment that had hitherto appeared. Further research in the voluminous material available resulted, some years later, in *The New Harmony Communities*, a handsome, profusely-illustrated volume published by the author; and the Appleton book, bearing the date 1905, though in cheaper form, represents still further additions and revisions.

Many are familiar, in a general way, with the story of Robert Owen, the Welsh philanthropist, who invested his fortune in a great social experiment in the wilderness of Indiana more than three-quarters of a century ago. The soaring social and educational aims of that experiment, the impracticable dreams, the signal failures, and the unique life and remarkable personages connected with the little town of New Harmony on the Wabash, all have passed into the limbo of vague and dimly known things; but, as often happens, the things thus imperfectly remembered are not at all the more important facts of the occasion—the facts that should be remembered. Robert Owen was not a mere impracticable theorist who squandered his energies for want of ballast. He was one to have been loved and one to be loved now. His errors of judgment (and some of them, no doubt, were remarkable) were as nothing compared with the spirit that moved the man from first to last, prompting him to sacrifice himself and

*"The New Harmony Movement," by George B. Lockwood, with the collaboration of Charles A. Prosser in the educational chapters. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

his world's goods on the altar of a noble idea. In the carefully-studied facts presented by Mr. Lockwood we nowhere find evidence that Owen sought self-aggrandizement or expected gain. Contrariwise there is continuous evidence that he was controlled by a desire that may be called an abiding passion to aid and uplift his fellow-men. This benevolence was broad and universal, extending to all men regardless of color or creed, and concerning itself alike with the helpless child facing its future and the helpless adult who was a victim to social conditions. In the face of loss, of the faithlessness of associates, of disappointments of many kinds; in spite of indifference, opposition and ingratitude, even from those he sought most to benefit, he persisted in carrying out ideas that, always, were deep rooted in and sustained by the craving to aid humanity. He was a true lover of his fellows. In a world where the struggle for self even to the point of superfluity and grasping gain is the recognized normal thing it ill-behooves those who have any strain of nobility to remember with a cynical or a superior smile only the failures of a man like Robert Owen. Yet it seems to be one of the ironies of fate that he who rebukes men by departing from the beaten track will be remembered by his failures when his successes are forgotten. Owen's successes were of no mean character and scope. Before he came to America he had, by the exercise of a paternal philanthropy, and as a cotton-mill operator, so transformed for the better the town of New Lanark, Scotland, that "representatives of royalty, philanthropists, educators from all parts of Europe journeyed thither to study the processes Mr. Owen had put in operation for the betterment of the working people in his mills." He had found there the drunkenness, shiftlessness and dishonesty that were inseparable from the conditions that prevailed among the working classes of that day—conditions of ignorance and its accompanying vice as dense as obtained among the black slaves of America. By meliorating those conditions he so far lifted the community out of its vices that a traveler who visited the place wrote: "There is not, I apprehend, to be found in any part of the world a manufacturing community in which so much order, good government, tranquillity and rational happiness prevails." He sought the confidence and co-operation of his employees; he established for their children schools far superior to most then

existing in the United Kingdom; he promoted comfort in the homes, and set up a store where goods could be secured at cost, thus relieving his people of the exorbitant middleman's profits. In short, he did so much for them that his partners in the mills refused to keep pace with him, even though the better class of employes resulting from his methods made the business more lucrative than ever. Twice he dissolved the partnership, each time forming a new one, and proceeded with his philanthropic work. With tongue and pen, as well as with money he fought the fight of the working man and particularly of the working child, who then from tenderest years was doomed to factory servitude. Unfortunately for his cause he felt impelled to intrude upon the public his religious, or, rather, anti-religious views—a crime beside which all mere philanthropic effort counted as nothing, and it succeeded in forcing him out of the Lanark mills, and undermined his influence in all circles. After this he stood for Parliament in Lanark borough. The working men whose good he had promoted for nineteen years and who then had the opportunity to send their best friend to court, saw fit to defeat him in favor of one who "more loudly swore his fealty to the common people." Had it been otherwise Owen would never have established his colony at New Harmony. As it was, on the heels of this defeat came the proposition to purchase in America, at a comparatively low figure, the great estate of the Rappists, where he might put his social ideas into effect under what seemed ideal conditions. His acceptance of the proposition and his ensuing experiment, together with that of his associate, William Maclure, is one of the pathetic chapters of history, and is a most interesting study of certain aspects presented by man, individually and collectively. The mingled wisdom and folly of the New Harmony movement; the noble aspirations turned awry as if in jest by the hidden hand of a power that willed otherwise; the strange spectacle of what may be called a *salon* of the world's elect gathered here in the heart of the pioneer west, and the influences that have radiated and spread from this first wave set in motion by Robert Owen are, as we have already implied, well and fully dealt with in Mr. Lockwood's book, and the social student will be well repaid by a careful study of it.

ADDRESS ON THE POTTAWATTOMIE INDIANS*

This Address, written and delivered in support of a bill before our last legislature, failed in its immediate object, as the bill did not pass, but as a monograph on the Pottawattomie Indians of northern Indiana it is of such interest and value as to merit a place in any historical collection. Mr. McDonald is regarded as, perhaps, our best authority on this particular subject. He has long been a deeply interested, a conscientious and a sympathetic student of the vanished aborigines as presented by the records and traditions of the locality where he was reared. And a study of this tribe in its passing is a study of the Indian question in little. The story has in it much that was pathetic and tragic, particularly to a large band located on Twin Lakes (Marshall county) under a chief called Menominee. Menominee was an Indian of unusual character, a friend to the whites, a convert to Christianity, and a zealous promoter of good among his people. By a treaty of 1832 twenty-two sections of land had been reserved to him and three other chiefs. When the whites came for the reserved remnants (as they always did) Menominee declined to be tractable, and sign away his land. As the other chiefs signed it, however, that was held to be sufficient, and at the end of the time stipulated by the treaty the recalcitrant chief and his people were unceremoniously ousted; their cabins were torn down, their mission chapel dismantled, and the whole band, numbering nearly a thousand, put under a strong military escort commanded by General John Tipton, to be conveyed to a reservation beyond the Mississippi river. Amid tears and lamentations they took their departure. It was in September, the weather hot, the season dry and sickly. Suffering from the swelter, dust and thirst the hapless Indians sickened like sheep and the long route was marked with their graves. Particularly was there mortality among the small children; the ailing, jostled along under the burning sun in rude army wagons, suffering for water and with no relief from the hard ordeal, stood little chance, and almost every day some wronged mother surrendered her offspring to earth.

*Address of Representative Daniel McDonald, of Marshall county, delivered in the House of Representatives, Indianapolis, Feb. 3, 1905, on the bill to erect a monument to the Pottawattomie Indians at Twin Lakes, Marshall county.

In this Address of Mr. McDonald's, and particularly in another brochure issued by him some years since (*Removal of the Pottawattomie Indians from Northern Indiana*) the reader finds a circumstantial account of the matters here touched upon. In the earlier publication there is also much information regarding individuals, both Indians and whites, connected with our earlier history. The booklets, we believe, can be had by addressing Hon. Daniel McDonald, Plymouth, Ind.

LAKE MAXINKUCKEE.

The History of Lake Maxinkuckee, by Daniel McDonald, to which is appended "Fishes and Fishing in the Lake," by Judge A. C. Capron, "The Maxinkuckee Lake Association," by W. T. Wilson, and "The Aubbeenaubbee yacht Club," by T. H. Wilson, Jr., is a handsome booklet designed to promote interest in what is regarded as one of Indiana's finest lakes. The historical part contains considerable interesting lore about the first settlers and the Indians who were located about the lake. Of particular interest are some authoritative letters touching the name of the place. These letters, written to Mr. McDonald in response to queries we here give:

Department of the Interior,

Washington, D. C., Sept. 13, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of the 18th, I have to say that the lake referred to is spelled "Muk-sin-cuck-u" in the official field notes of the survey of the township in which the lake is situated.

Respectfully yours,

W. M. STONE, Acting Commissioner.

Auditor of State,

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 27, 1897.

DEAR SIR:—On examination of our field notes I find in the survey made by Deputy Surveyor David Hillis he spells it "Mek-in-kee-kee." In another place in a survey of a small fraction of land on the lake Jerry Smith, deputy surveyor, spells it "Muk-sen-cuk-ee." This is all the field notes show as to the name.

Very truly yours,

A. C. DAILY, Auditor of State.

*County Surveyor's Office,**Plymouth, Ind., Feb. 1, 1898.*

DEAR SIR:—On examination of the records of the surveyor's office of Marshall county, containing copies of the original field notes, I find the following in regard to the orthography of Max-inkuckee lake. On page 43 of the survey of towns 32 and 33, David Hillis, deputy surveyor, makes the following note: "There are also several lakes in the county. The Max-in-kuck-ee lake is large and beautiful," * * *

In a survey of section 32, range 1 east, Jerry Smith, deputy surveyor, on page 48 says "Set post on Muk-sen-cuck-ee Lake."

Yours, JOHN C. BUTLER,

Deputy Surveyor Marshall Co.

Hartford, Mich., Feb. 5, 1898.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your inquiry of February 3d, relative to the meaning and pronunciation of the word Muck-sen-cuk-ee, at hand. I have written it as nearly correct as the white man's o-daw-naw (tongue) can pronounce it. It means, in the Algonquin dialect, "There is grass." * * *

SIMON PO-KA-GON.*

On page 705 of the revision of the Indian Treaties of the United States, in a treaty made at Nees-wau-gee Camp, in 1838, the word is spelled Max-ee-nie-kee-kee. Only in the records of Marshall county is it spelled Max-in-kuck-ee. This is but a copy of the original field notes at the State Auditor's office, and whoever transcribed these notes made a mistake in the spelling; and thus was established the form that has become fixed. The present name, says Mr. McDonald, "lacks a good deal of being a pure Indian word. 'Max' is German, and the balance of the word is made up of Scotch, Irish, American and Algonquin."

THE FIRST OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

Mr. Isaac H. Julian, of San Marcos, Texas, sends us a copy of the "Memoir of David Hoover," a pamphlet now rare, published in 1856. David Hoover was one of the earliest and best-known pioneers of Wayne county. The pamphlet contains an account of the first Old Settlers' Meeting of Wayne county, held in September 1855. Mr. Julian thinks this was the first of these meetings held in the State. If any reader of this knows of a previous one we will be glad to be informed.

*Simon Pokagon, an educated Indian, was the last of the Pottawattomic chiefs in this part of the country. He and his band remained in Michigan.



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Folk-Speech in Indiana

BY PAUL L. HAWORTH AND O. G. S.

[The following, published in *The Indianapolis News* for August 15, 1900, is by far the best study we have seen of this interesting subject, and as such we here give it space]

IN the cities of our State, the schoolmaster, the newspaper and the railroad have long since wrought such changes from the Indiana of Edward Eggleston, that the English heard in Indianapolis or Fort Wayne differs but little from the English of New York or Philadelphia. But this can not be said of our rural districts, for there the forces that tend to produce uniformity of speech operate much more slowly.

Yet even in the country there has really been much change in the language spoken; and, in view of the rapid extension of electric lines, the growth of better schools, and the increased reading of books and newspapers, it is probable that the change will be much more rapid in the future. If the old Hoosier dialect is ever to be studied and the results recorded, the work must be done soon; even now it is almost too late.

The Hoosier dialect has never been uniform the State over. There have always been local variations, not only in peculiar expressions, but in accent. Occasionally there are slight differences even between adjoining counties.

Particularly marked is the dissimilarity between the folk-speech of the northern part of the State and that of the southern part. The settlers in the north came mainly from New England, Pennsylvania, New York and northern Ohio, and, in consequence, there exists in the north a strong Yankee twang. Those in the southern part came mainly from Virginia, Maryland, southern Ohio, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee; and the dialect shows the Southern influence, containing some points of similarity to the negro and the "poor white" or "cracker" dialect. The

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... as in the sentence: "He has a ... is an illustration of the dissimilarity. ... generally in central and southern Indiana. ... It is worth noticing in this ... in the sense of "very," is so much ... to be considered by some writers as a ... it is as well descended as most English ... "I myself will wake right early."

... folk-speech never been uniform throughout ... geographical bounds can not be given to the ... It does not end with State lines, but extends ... Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, gradually ... and snailing off into other dialects. Much ... in regard to the other dialects extending ... Also, in many States farther west there ... Hoosiers where the dialect is spoken ... while all over the United States ... have become domiciled.

... always been true, and never more so than ... and shifting population, ... of folk-speech so liable to error as ... a word or phrase. Our local ... English dialects from which we get ... and phrases are pretty thoroughly mixed.

... the familiar word, "tote," a word which ... Indiana, yet which has become a ... nevertheless. Most persons, if questioned ... of this word, would doubtless connect ... it is that the negro—especially the ... the word freely. As a matter of ... in use in Virginia at least as early ... four times more white bond-servants ... old, abandoned postage roads ... were unknown, that went by the name ... the word "tote" was a common ... the seventeenth century. The conclusion ... is not of African origin, nor is its ... where negroes are found.

... word often met with in Hoosier

dialect, but by no means confined to the narrow bounds of our State. Thackeray speaks of a "cantankerous humor." Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), in her story, "The Casting Vote," puts into the mouth of the coroner the sentence: "He's ez hard-headed, an' tyrannical, an' perverse, an' cantankerous a critter ez ever lived." Even Chaucer makes use of the word "conteke," from which "cantankerous" is probably derived.

So wide, indeed, is the geographical distribution of most folk-words and phrases that, while taking the United States over, one can collect great numbers of colloquialisms, it is extremely difficult to find words or phrases that are confined to a single dialect. The fact is, the mixing process has been so effective that most provincialisms have ceased to be provincial. The writers of this article are compelled to confess, and they take no shame to themselves for so doing, that, in spite of considerable search, they have been unable to find a single provincialism which they would be willing to assert is at present confined to Indiana alone.

"Wants out" and "wants in," in such sentences as "the dog wants out," that is, "wants to go out," have been pointed out as peculiar to our State. Possibly so, but the elision occurs in other phrases, e. g., "they let me in for a nickel," "the hired man wants off," and is so simple and useful that its use is probably wide-spread.

A native of Massachusetts once asked one of the writers about the word "ornary," saying he had never heard it out of Hoosierdom. The word is a simple and natural variation of "ordinary" through the shortened pronunciation of "ord'nary," and its present meaning has become, through successive steps, common, mean, low-down. Its use is by no means confined to Indiana.

The word "mosey," frequently heard in such expressions as "He moseyed off down the crick," has the Hoosier stamp, but it is met with elsewhere. The dictionaries which define it are curiously in error as regards its meaning. According to them it means to move off quickly, to get out, to light out, to hustle. But in central Indiana, at least, it means to saunter along, to walk slowly along, as if with no particular destination in view, and is rarely or never used in the sense given by the dictionaries. Most accounts of its derivation are equally erroneous. One

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conversation and informal writing. "Ain't," "shan't," etc., are all considered bad.

Notwithstanding the admonitions of the grammar-makers, our people in large majority insist on using "lay" instead of lie. More than this, the word can be found so used by good writers. As a very recent example, let me quote from Bret Harte's "A Jack and Jill of the Sierras" (McClure's for July, 1900): "Then every man laid down again, as if trying to erase himself." Chaucer uses it in the prologue. Robert Louis Stevenson more than once uses "eat" (pronunciation et) instead of ate. Addison says "I lit my pipe with paper." "It's me," or "it is me," is coming to be universally used instead of "it is I," and the usage is sanctioned by such an authority as Barrett Wendell, of Harvard. The truth is, easy and convenient expressions, despite grammatical rules and the ravings of purists, are like Banquo's ghost; they will not down.

Most persons have heard their illiterate neighbors use such seeming contortions as "becaise" (because), "j'ine" (join), "bile" (boil), "seed" (saw), "deaf" (like leaf), "jist" or "jest" (just), "shet" (shut), "chaw" (chew) and "techy" (touchy). At first blush these seem hopelessly bad, yet in reality they are but the older forms of the equivalent words now in use. Pepys quotes a letter written by the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favorite, concerning the sudden death of Amy Robsart, in which the form "becaise" occurs. Johnson says in his dictionary: "Bile; this is generally spelt boil, but, I think, less properly." Pope and Dryden rhyme "join" with "line," or some such word:

"'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning join;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine."

In fact, "jine" was at one time considered the best pronunciation. Shakespeare uses "tetchy" three times. "Kiver," "deaf" and "chaw" are good old English words. Concerning the last, Schele de Vere quotes the following from a private letter:

"The late eloquent Watkins Leigh was asked by a friend what he thought of James Buchanan (the President), and answered that he had one serious objection to him, and when pressed to name it, said that once, when he and Mr. Buchanan were sitting together in the United States Senate, the latter

asked him for a chew of tobacco instead of a chaw." Evidently Mr. Buchanan "put on a little too much dog" to suit his confrere. The use of chewing-gum threatens to make chew the universal term, though the old form still prevails among those who now and then take a "chaw of tobacco."

Numerous other expressions have a better justification than most people would guess. The Bible gives us "with the skin of my teeth," Job, XVIII, 20; "clean gone," Psalms, 77, 8; a "howling wilderness," Deuteronomy 32, 10. "Gumption" and "hustle" are both of ancient use. Shakespeare speaks of a "deck of cards," and uses "fire" in the sense of to thrust out. Gower uses "to let slide"; Ben Jonson, "to swop," and "bulldoze" occurs in Scott. The "them" in such expressions as "them books" is a survival from the old dative plural, "thaem bocum." Fielding uses "limb" for "leg."

A frequent source of error is the use of a good word in a wrong sense. Judged by the standard of the Queen's English, "mad," "scholar" and "fix" are words often misused in Indiana. Very often we hear a person utter such an expression as "I was mad at him." If the speaker means to say that he was so enraged as to be well-nigh insane, "mad" is the word to use; but if the feeling was of a milder sort, he should say, "I was angry at him." It should be observed, however, that "mad" in the sense of angry occurs in the Bible and elsewhere. "Scholar" is by many people used interchangeably with student or pupil, but, strictly speaking, while all scholars are students and some are pupils, the vast majority of students and pupils are not scholars. Scholar is more properly used to designate a person of high intellectual attainments. "The teacher sent all the scholars home" is incorrect. "To fix," which means to fasten or make permanent, is often misused in the sense of to mend or repair, as in the sentence, "I have just fixed the fence"—i. e., "I have just repaired the fence." "Smart," in the sense of intellectual, e. g., "He's a real smart boy"; "clever," in the sense of good-natured or kindly, e. g., "He's been mighty clever to me," and "mean," in the sense of bad or wicked, e. g., "He's awfully mean to her," are also colloquialisms frequently heard in Indiana.

Persons who have lived in the rural districts of the State will

recognize the following very common expressions: "All-git-out," as in "It's a-rainin' to beat all-git-out"; "passel," as in "They're jist a passel of fools"; "hump your stumps," as in "Hump your stumps, old woman, and git me up a snack"; "galluses," for suspenders; "fixins," as in "pie, an' cake, an' chicken, an' sich fixin's" (said to be common in Pennsylvania); "mitten," to give the "sack" or the "hooks"; "sculdugery," i. e., trickery; "piece of calico," i. e., a woman; "finicky," i. e., finical; "slather," as in "He just slathers away and says anything"; "shenanigan," to cheat; "thing-a-majig," as in "What kind of a thing-a-majig have you got there?"

"Socdolager," an expression frequently heard in some localities, is said to be connected in its derivation with doxology. The doxology comes near the end of a "meeting," and when a man or a boy gives another a "socdolager" (the similarity in sound must be apparent), the end of the fight is at hand.

A student of Indiana folk-speech meets with many striking and forcible expressions. "He's rich, he has heaps of money," is used by persons in some rural districts to convey the idea of wealth. Others substitute "sights" or "gobs" for "heaps." Yet others use a ranker word still: "He's rich, he jist has gaums of money," as though the gold were smeared over the person of the fortunate possessor.

"Between you and me and the gatepost" is a formula used in impressing the necessity of secrecy. "When he gits a dollar it's got home," is an admirable description of a stingy man. "I'll sure git there or bust a biler" is a forcible expression, to say the least. An old woman from the hills of Brown county once expressively described to one of the writers the feelings experienced after a night spent in dancing by saying: "When I'uz goin' home in the mornin,' both sides of the road 'u'd belong to me."

An examination of some of the folk-words and phrases that have been current in Indiana will reveal many things of historical interest. Think, for example, of the testimony on former economic conditions contained in the expression "sharp bit." In the early days there was but little or no small change in the country, nor was it convenient for traders coming from New Orleans and elsewhere to bring with them any other than the

larger coins. In order to make smaller change, the settlers cut these coins into pieces, and these pieces were known as "sharp bits." The demand for words and expressions to relieve overwrought feeling seems to be felt by all humanity—Hoosier humanity as well as otherwise.

The blood of the Hoosier is less easily heated than that of his neighbor across the Ohio. Yet, if one is to judge from the number of swear words and exclamations in use in our State, it would seem that even we occasionally feel their need. Of the following list of exclamatory expressions, all are considered in good form on certain occasions, at least, in some parts of the State: "Jerusalem crickets," "shucks," "by jing," "by cracky," "dinged if I don't," "jeeminy-crimminny-whiz," "gosh danged," "gosh a'mighty," "I swan," "gee whiz," "gee whilliken," (formed on Jerusalem), "by gravy," "by grab," "dad zooks," "dad burn," "by gum," "great scott," "all-fired," "I'll be dogon'd," or "dagon'd" (Barrie uses a similar form, "dagont" in "Sentimental Tommy"), "for the land's sakes," "my goodness," "oh, my," "the dickens," "laws-a-mercy," "plague take it," "oh, foot," "oh, sugar." Many of these phrases, apparently inoffensive, in reality mean much more than may appear at first glance. Possibly the woman who said that the three authors she was accustomed to remember when she got her finger against the stove were, "Dickens, Howitt, Burns" was not aware that "dickens" means little devil (it is a contraction of the old diminutive devilkins). Change the r in darn to m and you have the original of this word. "Dinged if I don't" means "damned if I don't," while "gosh danged," "gosh a'mighty," etc., are stronger still. And so it goes.

A few words concerning writers of Indiana dialect will perhaps not be out of place here. Of all these the two greatest are, of course, Edward Eggleston and James Whitcomb Riley—Eggleston in prose and Riley in verse. Of the two, Eggleston is more distinctively Hoosier than Riley. As most persons are aware, the dialect in Riley's poems is "doctored" somewhat to meet the exigencies of meter and rhythm; he occasionally manufactures a phrase to slip off the tongue easily. Some harsh criticisms have been made of Riley on this score, but, we think, entirely without justification—certainly with none if there be such a

thing as poetic license, or if success justifies means.

Eggleston, to the other hand—despite some serious defects in his literary style—reproduces with remarkable fidelity the real Hoosier dialect of the southern part of the State. Of course, it may occasionally occur to some of his readers that the talk of such characters as Mrs. Means, or of the Rev. Mr. Bosaw, the hardshell Baptist, in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," is overdrawn, but any one that is acquainted with even the Mrs. Meanses and the Bosaws of to-day knows that in this respect he "underdraws" rather than overdraws. Eggleston does, however, overdraw some of his characters. In most cases he is moderately skilful in his use of the various methods by which a speaker may be made by the language he uses to betray his own character or to reveal that of another. Every one that has read "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" must have felt the effectiveness of the iteration and reiteration of "no lickin', no larnin', says I," by Pete Jones, and of "we're all selfish akordin' to my tell" and "to be sure" by the basket maker, who "fit" the British at Lundy's lane. But, on the other hand, some have felt that an excessive use of such methods has often resulted in a caricature rather than a character.

From the title one would naturally expect that the author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" was a writer of Hoosier dialect. As a matter of fact, Tarkington is not to be so classed. "The Gentleman From Indiana," in the first place, is not a dialect story; and further, so far as the individuality of the dialect it does contain is concerned, the scene of the story might just as well have been laid in Illinois, or Ohio, or even Kansas. The book has numerous excellent qualities, but they are not such as come from a skilful use of dialect. Certainly if the author possesses a tithe of the knowledge of folk-speech possessed by Riley or Eggleston, he has not displayed it. To a genuine Hoosier, "The Gentleman From Indiana" is unreal. Such an one much prefers the author's less labored and really delightful story, "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Before closing, we quote the substance of some very pertinent remarks bearing on the subject of Hoosier dialect in literature, recently made to one of the writers by Dr. Weatherly, of the State University. "A few months ago," said he, "I met a

typical Hoosier in New York city. He was perfectly natural, perfectly individual; but you will not find him in any of the books, for, the truth is, no one has yet succeeded in getting a real, live Hoosier into a book. Eggleston has given us his talk, and Riley has occasionally given us some delightful and promising mirror-like glimpses, but neither has quite succeeded. If we look long enough, we see that the man himself is not there. A certain indefinable something is wanting."

Doubtless many persons have had much the same feeling. Some moderately good Hoosier dialect stories there undoubtedly are, but the characters in them have too often been either caricatures or else mere automatons.

[Berry Sulgrove, speaking with authority on this subject (see *History of Indianapolis and Marion County*, p. 89), credits the young poet Riley (this was more than twenty years ago) with presenting the old patois "more fairly than any other delineator", but speaks of a distinguishing raciness and quaintness, with a tone and turn of humor similar to that of the Lowland Scotch dialect, that had measureably disappeared before Mr. Riley's day. Among other expressions he cites "stobbed" for stabbed, "daunsy" for stupid, and "hone," to long for, still retained in our slang. Another word once in vogue but now wholly forgotten, and not given by the above writers, was "gostrate." To gostrate, as nearly as we can learn, was to talk windily and superfluously, as, for example, a certain type of orator does. This style of talking not being yet obsolete, and no term in the received vocabulary quite fitting it, "gostrate" should have been preserved.

It should be noted that the so-called "Hoosier dialect," especially at the present day, is more or less in the imagination of writers who are seeking the picturesque. In a word, something more than 15,000 school teachers at work in 10,000 schools, and nearly a thousand local newspapers that reach almost every home, along with numerous other educational forces, such as institutes, societies and many kinds of meetings, have very decidedly modified speech as well as general intelligence. Furthermore, what passes as Hoosier speech is not only the rural language elsewhere, but it by no means has the distinctiveness and fixity of the Yankee or Southern speech. For example, a Yankee, particularly of the rural type, may be known anywhere and always, by his cyow or hyouse for cow or house; the Southerner by his antipathy to the letter r, but the Hoosier can not be identified by any such peculiarity—Ed.]

Reminiscences of James Shoemaker

[The following reminiscences were contained in a manuscript left by James Shoemaker, of Putnam county, now dead some years. In a somewhat altered form it was published in *The Indiana Farmer*, Dec. 10, 1898.]

MY parents, Evan and Eve Shoemaker, moved from East Tennessee about the year 1809, and settled in Salisbury, a small village midway between where Centerville and Richmond now are, in Wayne county. There I was born July 30, 1812. My parents remained in the vicinity of Salisbury until after the ratification of peace between the United States and Great Britain in 1815. In the fall of 1816 my father, in company with three or four other pioneer families, settled in what is now Randolph county. They pitched their tents in an almost impenetrable wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts and savage Indians. The nearest white man's cabin on the north was 60 or 70 miles (at Fort Wayne); the nearest settlement on the east was 15 or 20 miles. All west belonged to the Indians.

Our pioneer fathers had all their provisions (except meat) to procure in the old settlement, until they could raise the same at home, and that could not be done until they cleared, fenced and cultivated their ground. The roads over which they had to convey their provisions I will not describe, for they had none. The west line of my father's land was the dividing line between the old and the new purchase. Here (in the new purchase) the Indians were the bonafide owners of the soil, not having as yet ceded their lands to the United States. Notwithstanding the Indians professed friendship and came daily either to beg or exchange baskets, moccasins, leggings or different kinds of embroidery for salt, meat, tobacco, meal, flour, or anything you had to dispose of, yet they viewed each white person with jealousy and wished for an opportunity to do an injury. I recollect one day an Indian chief came to my father's house in his absence. He wanted some milk and butter. He had a deer skin keg to put his milk in. After getting his milk, he wanted a saucer to carry his butter in. Mother refused to let him have the saucer, whereupon he became very angry, brandished his tomahawk and swore he wished it would be war again, so that he could get to scalp my mother and a man named Jordan.

At that time (1816) the Indians had a stake or post, around which they burned their prisoners, in the adjoining county of Delaware. It was then near where Muncie now is. I saw this post in 1833. It was considerably burned and charred for several feet above the ground, and a rise or mound of 18 or 20 inches around the post was overgrown with blue grass. It was then a standing monument of savage cruelty.*

When I was a lad six or seven years old I would go to the Indian camps and play with the young Indians. Sometimes I would find them at their favorite sport—shooting with bows and arrows. At other times there would be a score or more young Indians lying in their camps, or in the shady grove, in a state of perfect nudity. In the morning the adult Indians would take guns, tomahawks and butcher knives, the younger class their bows and arrows, and start in pursuit of game, leaving the old squaws to perform the drudgery of the camp. They always went armed. From noon until dark the hunters would keep strolling in; one with a deer lashed on his back, another with a turkey, a third with a ham or shoulder of meat, or hog with the hair on, and still another with a raccoon, opossum, porcupine, ground-hog, etc.

The Indian men, women, and children, and the dogs would occupy the same tent. The dogs generally slept on the meal sacks as they made them a nice soft bed. I have seen them bake their bread in this manner. They would first burn a brush pile, then rake off the coals and ashes, then roll out their dough, lay it down on the hot ground and cover it up with hot embers and coals, and it would soon bake, and the dog hairs would keep it from crumbling or falling to pieces.

If I were to tell you how annoying the horseflies and mosquitoes were in the summer and fall seasons, you would not believe me, therefore I will not tell you. Wild animals such as the bear, panther, wolf, catamount and wild cat were numerous and annoying. The settlers had to pen their hogs and sheep in their door yards around their cabins every night, and even then the wolves and wild cats would often carry off the pigs and lambs, and even young calves, notwithstanding each settler was provided with a good rifle and from one to three dogs. The cows were belled and turned out to range, the horses were belled and hobbled

*See article on Torture Stake in Delaware County.

Each settler could identify the peculiar tinkle of his bells among 20 others. In the spring of the year we had different kinds of tea—tolbit, spicewood, sassafras, and the chips of the sycamore, all which made excellent tea for the spring of the year. While home-made sugar lasted, store tea, sugar and coffee were not in common use. From 1815 to 1823 there was many a young housewife who could spin, weave, cut out, and make her husband a decent suit of clothes that did not know how to make a cup of store tea or coffee. * * * * When I was a boy six or seven years old I heard my uncle say that after dancing with a large Dutch girl the night before, he took a seat on a three legged stool and invited her to take a seat on his knee. She did so. He gently laid his arm around her shoulder, when she turned her head and looked him full in the face. Half affrighted and half delighted she said: "You hug mine mamma; she is bigger as I." I will now give another instance where the lady thought she was big enough, but the change was lacking. One morning Esq. Jones saw a young gent ride up with a young lady behind him. They dismounted; he hitched his horse and they made for the house and were invited to be seated. After waiting a few minutes the young man asked if he was the 'squire. He informed him that he was. He then asked the 'squire what he charged for tying the knot. "You mean for marrying you?" "Yes sir." "One dollar," says the 'squire. "Will you take it in trade?" "What kind of trade?" "Beeswax." "Bring it in." The young man went to where the horse was tied and brought in the beeswax, but it lacked 40 cents of being enough to pay the bill. After sitting pensive for some minutes the young man went to the door and said, "Well, Sal, let's be going." Sal slowly followed to the door, when turning to the justice, with an entreating look, she said: "Well 'Squire, can't you tie the knot as far as the beeswax goes anyhow," and so he did, and they were married

I moved to Putnam county October 25, 1839. At that time Floyd township was as thickly settled, except in Groveland, as at present. There were then (1839) 240 taxpayers; now there are 262 in the township. * * * * When we commenced growing wheat it was sown in the corn among the standing trees

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THE FIRE IN SOUTHWEST COUNTY

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By inquiring through the columns of the *Indiana Farmer*, the present writer elicited three communications that contained considerable interesting information touching the all but forgotten tradition of the old torture post, and these we reproduce in the order in which they appeared in the *Farmer*.

MR. CARTWRIGHT.

At the suggestion of friend George S. Cottman, of Irvington, I would with your permission add my testimony in regard to that old Indian stake in Delaware county. Sometime in the summer of 1841 or '42 father, mother and myself visited relatives then living in Yorktown, a small village about five or six miles west of Muncie. On our return home, then in Union county, Indiana, we were accompanied by Israel Shoemaker, brother of the late James Shoemaker before referred to, who was well acquainted in the vicinity, and when about half way from Yorktown to Muncie he pointed out to us the historic place now under consideration. The surrounding grounds were to some extent grown up with timber and underbrush, leaving a space of some 25 or 30 feet in diameter destitute of any growth except a little grass. The stake or post had been about seven or eight feet high and about 16 or 18 inches in diameter, but had rotted off at the top of the ground and fallen down. A much used path led from the road to the post. There is no betrayal of memory in the above statement. Although many are the years that have come and gone, my recollection of the scene is as vivid as those of yesterday. As to how late this post was used I am unable to state.

ISAAC CARTWRIGHT.

Fillmore, Ind.

MR. EDDY.

At your request for information about the old Indiana torture stake in Delaware county, I will give you and your readers the facts as I saw them in the year 1842. In the fall of that year, in company with my father and uncle, I journeyed to Delaware county from Fayette county. As we arrived within three or four miles south from Muncie my father asked me if I wished to take a look at the torture stake where the Indians used to torture their prisoners. As I was anxious to do so we left the team in care of my uncle and walked a short distance south from the main road through a beautiful grove of wild plum trees and underbrush. No doubt this was the same path that friend Isaac Cartwright speaks of. We found the circle with a carpet of fine blue grass growing over the ground. The post was lying on the ground in the center of the circle on a heap of fine coals. The post I should suppose had been about eight feet high from the ground. About

Historic Houses and Personages of Centerville

BY MRS. HELEN V. AUSTIN

(From papers of the Wayne County Historical Society)

WHITEWATER COLLEGE.

THE history of Whitewater College, founded by the Methodist Episcopal church in 1853, might fill a volume, but it can only be given mere mention here. It was a great school, and many prominent men were teachers here, among them Dr. Cyrus Nutt, George B. Joslyn, Dr. Edwards, H. N. Barnes and Prof. A. C. Shortridge.

Previous to the establishment of the college, a county seminary occupied the ground. In 1827 the west wing was built and in 1842, when more room was needed, an east wing was added. The two buildings were connected by a covered passage way. Afterwards, when the college took the place of the seminary, the central part of the college occupied the passage way, with the former seminary buildings as west and east wings. Rev. Samuel K. Houshour taught in the old seminary in the west wing. Among the teachers in the east wing, were Miss Mary Thorp, Miss Sarah Dickenson and Rawson Vaile. Among the pupils of after fame was Lew Wallace, and there are those who remember how the future soldier, diplomat and author was once roundly flogged by Mr. Houshour. After the decline of the college, the building was sold, in 1870, to the school trustees and became the public school building. It was destroyed by fire in 1891 and was succeeded by the present fine public school house. At the foot of Main Cross Street stands the ruins of a brick school house where many of the older citizens received a part of their education.

CHURCHES.

The first church organization here was the Methodist Episcopal. When the county seat was pulled up by the roots at Salisbury and transplanted at Centerville, the Methodist church came with it. There had been no church building at Salisbury, the congregation having met in the court house, and prior to the building of a meeting house here the congregation met at the houses of members.

In 1828 a frame church was built. It was situated east of where the Christian church now stands and fronted on the east. Mr. N. Parrott's stable now occupies the spot where the church stood. There was a street north of the county buildings, where there is now an alley, which led to the church from the west. The parsonage was on the church grounds, west of the church, and stood there after the church was torn away. It was moved to Walnut street and is now the home of Mr. Dearth. In 1834 the conference, then comprising the entire State, was held in this church, the venerable Bishop Roberts presiding. In the year 1842 the present brick church was completed. It was at that time not only the finest Methodist church in the State, but the finest one in the State belonging to any church organization. Upon the completion of the new church in 1842 conference was again held here. Bishop Simpson dedicated the church and presided at the conference. In 1882 the building underwent repairs and was re-dedicated by the Rev. A. Marine.

It must be remembered that although the Friends were not the first to form a society in the town, they were the first religious society in the township and organized the West Grove meeting in 1813, three miles north west of Centerville, and built a log meeting house. Thus the leaven of the old church at West Grove, has been leavening ever since.

The Cumberland Presbyterian church was organized in 1842, Rev. LeRoy Woods, officiating. Mr. Woods was the pastor for several years and was succeeded by Elam McCord. A Sunday-school was organized in connection with the church. For some time after the organization, meetings were held in the Methodist church. In 1849 the congregation built a church on the west side of north Main Cross Street, which is now the Knights of Pythias hall.

The Disciples or Christian church was organized about 1832. A Baptist church had existed earlier. The old meeting house was situated some distance north of where the railroad station now is. About 1837 the baptist organization disbanded and a greater part of the members united with the Christian church. The present Christian church was erected in 1878.

The Presbyterian church was organized in 1866. The first services were held in Snider Hall, the present town hall. In

1868 the congregation erected the brick church on south Main Cross street. Chief among the zealous members of the church was Mrs. Kate U. Johnson, wife of Judge Nemrod Johnson and the mother of Henry U. and Robert U. Johnson, and it was through her efforts as a solicitor and contributor that the church was built. After the removal of the county seat and the decline of the town, the church was purchased by the Friends and is now their house of worship.

PUBLIC HOUSES.

The early hotels or taverns were important institutions in their early days. Rachel Neal is said to have been the first inn-keeper. There are people now living who remember Mrs. Neal, but where her inn was situated I have not been able to learn.

The old Major Gay tavern opposite the public square, where there is now a livery stable, was fitted up in 1834, by Thomas G. Noble, and occupied by him for several years. General Samuel DeLong succeeded Mr. Noble for several years.

In 1830 William Elliott built the frame hotel on the southeast corner of the public square, and occupied it until 1835. John Hutchinson succeeded Mr. Elliott and kept an excellent house. In 1838 Daniel Lashley, with his mother and younger brother Alfred, purchased the tavern. Among all the hotel keepers of Wayne county none were more favorably known than the Lashleys. They continued in the business, in the same house, for many years. It was headquarters for many of the prominent men of the legal profession. Judge Perry, of Richmond, always made it his home when attending court. It was a home-like, well ordered, excellent hotel. Mr. Lashley was the best of hosts. The Lashley house was moved from the public square some years ago, to where it now stands, a few squares east of the old location. A fine brick residence occupies the site. This was built for the sheriff's house, and is now the residence of the Frazier brothers and Miss Frazier. The old Lashley house is now a private residence. John King was the last to keep it as a hotel. In 1833 John Dorsey fitted up the large frame building nearly opposite the bank, for a hotel and occupied it for some time. He was succeeded by John Allison, Abbott W. Bowers and John Winders. Solomon Brumfield bought the

property and occupied it. Under his management it was well kept.

In 1837 Henry Rowan fitted up a small tavern east of the public square and kept it several years. He afterwards erected a three-story hotel building adjoining, which is now the residence of Lloyd K. Hill.

Samuel Hannah kept the American house, on the south-west corner of Main street. He was a merchant, also, and had his store in the corner room. Later, the American House was kept by Emsley Hamm, T. L. Rowan and others. The building is now owned by Simon McConaha.

The Jones House is the last in the line of the old hostelryes. The south half was built by Emsley Hamm. The north half was built by Daniel Shank. Subsequently Mr. Hamm bought the north part from Mr. Shank, and kept a hotel for some years. He afterwards sold the house to Dr. C. J. Woods and moved to Economy, and upon his return to Centerville kept the American House for two years. Norris Jones who succeeded Mr. Hamm gave the name to the house and for several years kept an excellent, though small hotel.

Samuel Hannah, although at one time a hotel keeper and merchant filled many important places. He was a man of distinction. The young people who compiled a Who-When-What book,* had some trouble not to confuse him with the other Samuel Hanna of Indiana, who lived at Ft. Wayne. There is a difference in the spelling of the name. The Who-When-What book gives a brief sketch of our Samuel Hannah: "A pioneer of Wayne county; member of the Society of Friends; conspicuous for opposition to the collection of the fines from Quakers who refused to do military duty. A native of Delaware, born December 1, 1789, Mr. Hannah came Indiana as a young man; served as sheriff of Wayne county; amember of the Legislature; was Justice of the Peace and member of the county board; was appointed Post master of Centerville by John Quincy Adams and removed by Andrew Jackson, in pursuance of the Marcy proclamation, "To the victors belong the spoils." He was one of the commissioners appointed to locate the Michigan road, the great highway authorized from Lake Michigan to the Ohio

*A book of brief biographies compiled by the *Indianapolis Press* some years ago.

river; also a commissioner to select the lands to be ceded to the State by an Indian treaty. Afterward Mr. Hanna was a member of the Legislature and Treasurer of the State; removed to Indianapolis in 1847; became interested in railroad construction and improvements; was first treasurer of the Indiana Central Railroad Company. He died September 8, 1869. Mr. Hannah possessed the rugged elements of strength and manhood which qualify men for frontier life; for developing the material resources and building a commonwealth on justice and liberty."

The red brick school house opposite to Mr. Lashley's was the home of Judge John C. Kibbey, who was so well known here and at Richmond. The place is now the home of Mr. Andrew Dunbar.

The brick house on the corner west of the Trumbull residence was built by Rawson Vaile, a teacher in the old seminary and also a teacher in Richmond. He was a brother of Dr. Joel Vaile, of Richmond, a prominent physician and public school trustee, after whom one of the school houses of Richmond is named.

Judge Nimrod Johnson bought the Vaile property and this was the Johnson homestead for many years. Here Henry U. and Robert U. Johnson spent their boyhood. Judge Johnson was not only eminent in the legal profession, but he was a man of vast literary knowledge. Mrs. Johnson was Miss Kate Underwood and was a native of Washington D. C.

The quaint old house, now the home of Mrs. Jennie Savage, was in the old time, the Doughty home. Samuel Doughty was a merchant. His store was where Jacob Wolfe's is now. Mr. Doughty had his home in Richmond in later years, and died there about a year ago.

The house where Mrs. Gibson lives, on Walnut street, was the Dill home. It is an old-time place, with colonial pillars to the portico. Mr. Dill was a cabinet maker, and went to Richmond many years ago.

The large white brick house on north Main Cross street, known as the Pritchett property, was built by Judge Williams, or rather the south end was, Judge John S. Newman built the north end. This was a grand mansion in its day. Judge Newman was a Quaker lawyer and for ten years a partner of Jessie Siddall. He was of the Hoover stock. His wife was Eliza, daughter

of Samuel Hannah; his daughter, Gertrude, married Ingram Fletcher, of Indianapolis. He was the first president of the Indiana Central railroad and held many other responsible positions. He removed to Indianapolis in 1860. Dr. Pritchett bought the house of Judge Newman. It was the Pritchett homestead for many years. Here Dr. Pritchett and his estimable wife passed their declining years. The house was inherited by the daughter, Miss Mary Pritchett.

Opposite the Pritchett house, on the east, is a frame house where Jeremiah Wayne Swafford lived the last thirty years of his life, and where he peacefully died last summer, at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Swafford was a pioneer of Wayne county and Justice of the Peace nearly all his life and up to the time of his death. He was widely known as a business man in Wayne and adjoining counties.

In the early days, before this large house was built, there were two small frame dwellings on the lot. One was the home of Rev. Mr. Rupe the father of attorney John Rupe, of Richmond. The other frame building was the home for awhile of Dr. Rose. His wife Henrietta Rose was a lady of attainment and a writer of some note. She was the author of a small volume entitled "Nora Wilmot; a Tale of Temperance and Woman's Rights," published in 1858. The frontispiece is a quaint old wood cut—"The Ladies' Knitting Party at Tradewells Saloon." The thread of the story runs through that period when Indiana had a prohibitory liquor law, which was declared unconstitutional by Judge Perkins of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

James Rariden, one of the eminent men of his time, lived where Mrs. James M. Hill now lives. The grounds included the lot where the Chirstian Church now stands. A summer house covered with vines and flowers and shubbery gave the spot an air of rural retreat. But this lovely spot was too much retired and Mr. Rariden moved into a brick house on west Main street. It was in this house that Mr. Rariden entertained Henry Clay when he made his tour through Indiana. A reception was held in the evening for the great Kentuckian. The children as well as the older people attended. Mr. Clay was very fond of children and kissed them all. Mrs. Ensley was then little Sarah Hamm and remembers being kissed. Mr. Clay said to little Gertrude

Newman, now Mrs. Ingram Fletcher: "My dear, you have a very pretty name, but it ought to be pronounced Jertrude." And to a boy he said: "You have a very large mouth, but that does not matter in a boy." As Mr. Clay had a large mouth this remark caused a hearty laugh all round. It was in this house that Mr. Clay authorized a committee to offer freedom to his body servant, the petted slave Charlie, who declined to leave his master. The house has changed owners several times in recent years and it is at present the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Eliason. After Mr. Rariden left the rural retreat Rosswell Elmer and wife occupied it. They were the parents of Charles N. Elmer and Mrs. James Forkner.

John Finley, the poet, and for many years the Mayor of Richmond, when clerk of Wayne county court resided in a small house on Plum street, near the Elmer home. The cottage and extensive gardens of Mr. E. Y. Teas, the well known florist, was for years the home of Henry Noble, who now lives in Indianapolis. Two houses on an elevation north of the railroad, always attracting attention of travelers, are notable mansions of the olden time. The one on the west was built by Samuel Hannnah. James Forkner improved it and occupied it until he removed to Richmond. It is now the property of C. L. Porter, and the home of Thomas Clark. On the east of this is the mansion built by Daniel Strattan. He was a tanner by trade and a prominent citizen. Beautiful for situation is the fine old mansion south of the railroad, built by Jacob B. Julian. It was the family residence previous to his removal to Irvington. On the west of Mr. Seaton was the home of Jesse Stevens, a pioneer of Centerville. Mrs. John Paige, of Richmond, and Mrs. Henry Noble, of Indianapolis, were daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. The house is now the home of Mrs. Nichols. A large brick house on the south side of Main street, the home of Jesse Brumfield, was built by Martin Hornish, a shoe-maker and a prosperous citizen. Judge Stitt lived where H. H. Peelle now lives, and next, on the east, was the home of Judge Jesse Siddall. Farther east on Main street is a substantial brick house built by George W. Julian, which was the family residence for many years previous to removal to Irvington. Dr. Silas H. Kersey bought the property, and made it his family residence for several years. It was in this

house that Dr. Kersey died. It is now the residence of I. L. Houck. Opposite, on the north, on the site of the residence of George Sanders, stood one of the oldest houses of Centerville. Mrs. Rebecca Julian lived there at one time. Her husband, Isaac Julian, died and left her a widow with a family of children. She was a sister of Judge David Hoover, a pioneer of Wayne county, and the mother of George W. Julian. Across the street to the east is the brick house that was long the home of Dr. William F. King, deceased. He was an eminent physician and prominent citizen. The house is now the residence of his daughter, Miss Emilie King. North east, on the same square is an old frame house, one of the oldest now standing in Centerville. It was the residence of James B. Ray, afterwards Governor of Indiana. C. Cooney now resides there.

On west Main street, where H. C. Means now lives, was the residence of Martin M. Ray, a brother to Governor Ray. He was a lawyer and a merchant as well. His store was in the corner building occupied now by Tillson's drug store. Frederick Snider, a merchant, had his store where Mr. King now has a restaurant. On west Main street where Bert Horner now lives, is the house built by Thomas Gentry, a tanner and one of the substantial citizens. Lot Bloomfield built the house where Isaac Jenkins now lives. He was a merchant of the place. His wife was Elizabeth Talbot, a sister to Mrs. Hamm and Mrs. Dr. Pritchett. The Simon McConaha home was built by Dr. Pritchett, who occupied it before he bought the Judge Newman place. The old house with dormer windows, now the residence of Alfred Lashley, in the old time was the residence of Henry Beitzell. The old Burbank home was on the south side of Main street opposite the court house. The house was partially destroyed by fire in later years. Mr. Burbank was a merchant. The parlors and family apartments were up stairs over the store. The Burbank young people were well educated and were prominent in social circles. It was in this home that Oliver P. Morton was married to Lucinda Burbank.

Ambrose Burnside, afterwards a lawyer at Liberty, Union County, and a General of renown in the Union army, worked at the tailor trade in a building adjoining, and on the site of Dr. Gable's residence and office once stood a large hatter's shop

where the boy, Oliver P. Morton, learned his trade. Morton was born at Salisbury. He was left an orphan and brought by his aunts to Centerville when a child, where he learned the trade with an older brother. Early in life he attended the seminary here and Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and was always a profound student. The early years of Morton's married life were passed in a frame house on the north-east corner of south Main Cross street. The homestead known as the Morton mansion, on west Main street, was built by Jacob B. Julian. Mr. Julian was a tree planter, and his lawn was a landscape garden, where nature was permitted to rule. When Mr. Julian built his stately home near the railroad he sold this Eden spot to Oliver P. Morton. Here a liberal and unostentatious hospitality was dispensed by Morton and his amiable wife. It was while living in this house that Morton was elected Lieutenant Governor on the ticket with Henry S. Lane. Judge William A. Peelle bought the Morton mansion after his term as Secretary of State expired. Judge Peelle died there on July 1, 1902. The house is now the home of his daughter, Miss Martha L. Peelle.

Judge Charles H. Test lived on Main street where the town hall now stands. Mrs. James Rariden was his sister. It was considered that Judge Test, while eminent as a lawyer, was by nature preeminent and unequalled. He bore off the palm as the homeliest man in Indiana. Adjoining the school-house campus on the east is the old homestead of Stephen Crowe, one of the early blacksmiths of the place. Mr. Crowe sold the house to John Peele, an old settler, and Samuel Boyd, a retired farmer, bought the place from Mr. Peele and passed the remainder of his days there. The property is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lashley. The house on the east, now the residence of J. A. Commons, was the home of Sylvester Johnson, now of Irvington, and a well-known horticulturist.

Many do not know that the substantial brick building on the north-east corner of Main street was, in the palmy days of Centerville, the court-house of Wayne county. It is now the business house of T. G. Dunbar, while the extension to the north, where Mr. Dunbar resides, was once the sheriff's house and jail. The extension on the east was the county offices.

The Richmond and Brookville Canal

By JAMES M. MILLER

[As one travels the highway between Richmond and Brookville he may find at intervals almost obliterated evidences of an old canal ditch upon which no small labor was once expended. The history of this ditch is sunk in oblivion—is a chapter lost from the story of internal improvements in Indiana. It is not included among the works provided for by the internal improvement law of 1836, and seems to have been taken up by the State as a sort of side work in connection with the more prominent "Whitewater Canal," for in the subjoined sketch we are told that the Board of Internal Improvements was "to use the local engineers then employed on the Whitewater Canal, and to incur no extra expense for the State." It should be understood that the said Whitewater Canal, which was completed and used, followed the West Fork of the Whitewater river, contributing materially to the development of the valley, while the Richmond and Brookville Canal was to do the same service for the East Fork.

So far as we know there is nowhere else any published account of this forgotten enterprise, and no record of the men who promoted it. At our suggestion some years ago Mr. James M. Miller, of Brookville, now deceased, undertook to rescue from various sources the information that he has embodied in his article. In this connection Mr. Miller himself is deserving of a brief sketch. An invalid for the greater part of his life from ossified joints of the lower limbs, helpless, and dependent almost entirely upon the services of a devoted sister, his work of getting at obscure facts was sadly handicapped. It was a long and arduous process for him, and that he gathered together so much is a monument to his perseverance and patience—*Ed.*]

AMONG the first settlements in south-east Indiana were those along the fertile valley of the East Fork of Whitewater River and its tributaries. The settlers were a thrifty, energetic people, and their industry soon produced a surplus. At quite an early day flatboats were built at Dunlapville and Quakertown and loaded with the products of the farms, and when a rise in the river occurred were run out into the current and floated to New Orleans. I remember hearing my mother tell of seeing a flatboat, in the spring of 1819 or 1820, shoot Bassett's mill dam at Fairfield on its way to New Orleans, that had been built and loaded with provisions at Dunlapville by George Newland, father of the blind musician of that name, long known in Indianapolis.

Possessing the push and energy that they did it is no wonder that these people were among the first to advocate internal

improvements. Such improvement was very early agitated and by 1834 the scheme for a canal down the East Fork began to assume form. On August 4 of that year, a meeting was held at Richmond to consider the practicability of constructing a canal from that city to intersect the proposed Whitewater Canal at or near Brookville. This was followed by a meeting in Brookville to consider the propriety of constructing a canal down the East Fork of the Whitewater river from a point in Darke county, Ohio, to connect with the Miami Canal at or near Dayton, Ohio. On September 12, 1836, a convention of delegates from Wayne and Franklin counties assembled at Dunlapville in the interest of the proposed canal. On calling the roll the following delegates answered: Robert Morrison, John Finley, Warner M. Leeds, John Ervin, Irwin Reed, Daniel P. Wiggins, James W. Borden, Wm. R. Foulke, Alexander Stakes, Basil Brightwell, Achilles Williams, Mark Reeves and W. B. Smith, of Richmond; Smith Hunt, Frederick Black, W. J. Matchett, Col. E. Rialsback, Jacob Hender, Thomas J. Larsh and William Clerick, of Abington; William Watt, James Lamb, William Youse, Jesse Starr, T. H. Harding, J. F. Chapman, Ladis Walling, Jacob Imel and Greenbury Beels, of Brownville; George Newland, John Templeton, J. W. Scott, Matthew Hughes, Hugh McCollough, Israel Kirk and Bennett Osborn, of Dunlapville; Redin Osborn and James Wright, of Fairfield; Abner McCarty, Samuel Goodwin, William T. Beeks, George Kimble, John Ryman, John M. Johnson and George Holland, of Brookville. A permanent organization was effected. Committees of three from each delegation were appointed to correspond with parties residing on the line of the proposed canal and notify them of future meetings, and give any other information in regard to the enterprise.

January 27, 1837, the legislature of Indiana directed the Board of Internal Improvements to survey and locate early the ensuing summer a canal from Richmond to Brookville, to intersect the Whitewater Canal at or near the latter place. They were to use the local engineers then employed on the Whitewater Canal, and to incur no extra expense for the State. Accordingly Colonel Simpson Torbet was employed as engineer-in-chief and Colonel John H. Farquhar, Thomas Noell, Elisha Long, J. C. Moore and M. Dewey, who had been employed on the Whitewater, I presume,

formed the engineering corps of the Richmond and Brookville Canal. December 2, 1837, Colonel Torbet made his report to the State Board of Internal Improvements, stating that he had completed the "survey and location of a canal down the East Fork of the Whitewater river, beginning at Richmond, in Wayne county, and terminating at Brookville, in Franklin county."

The canal was to be $33\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, 26 feet wide on the bottom, and 40 feet at the surface, and to have a depth of 4 feet of water. There would be $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles of slack water and 3 miles of bluff, requiring riprapping or loose stone protection. There was a fall of $273\frac{1}{2}$ feet, requiring the following mechanical structures: 2 guard locks, 2 aqueducts, 7 culverts, 2 water weirs with gates, 16 road bridges, 2 towpath bridges over the East Fork, 5 dams, and 31 lift locks. The dams were to be located at the following points: Dam No. 1, one-half mile from Richmond, at the National road, 160 feet long; Dam No. 2, 160 feet long, $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Richmond, near Larsh's mill; Dam No. 3, 170 feet long, $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Richmond, near Ottis' mills; Dam No. 4, 180 feet long, above Fairfield, and $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Richmond; Dam No. 5, 200 feet long, above Brookville and 32 miles from Richmond. The locks, each 90 feet long by 15 feet wide, were to be located at the following places: No. 1, one-half mile from Richmond, at the National road bridge; No. 2, at Bancroft's factory; No. 3, at Siddle's mills; No. 4, McFadden's saw mill; No. 5, Rue's mill; No. 6, Henderson's farm; No. 7, Henderson's saw mill; No. 8, Colonel Hunt's lands; No. 9, at Shroyer's farm; No. 10, at Abington; No. 11, at Schwisher's house; No. 12, guard lock where the canal crossed the river; Nos. 13 and 14, in Brownsville; No. 15, at Aschenbury's saw mill; Nos. 16 and 17, at Adney's lands; No. 18, at Silver creek; No. 19, at Newland's, near Dunlapville; No. 20, at J. F. Templeton's lands; No. 21, at Hanna's creek; No. 22, above Fairfield; Nos. 23 and 24, at Wolf creek; No. 25, at Robert Templeton's farm; No. 26, at John Logan's lands; No. 27, at McCarty's farm; No. 28, on school section; No. 29, at Butler's land; Nos. 30 and 31, in Brookville.

The line of the canal followed down the right (east) bank of the river for a distance of $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles, when it crossed over to the left (west) bank at Dam No. 3, and followed that side of the

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of a company was approved, and two committees were appointed, one to correspond with our representatives in the legislature, requesting their influence in behalf of the charter, and the other to communicate with towns along the line of the proposed canal. In the same month a meeting was also held at Fairfield, of which James Osborn was chairman, and Messrs. James L. Andrews, James McManus, George W. Thompson and Nathaniel Bassett were appointed commissioners, as required in the charter. In February of 1839 Warner M. Leeds, secretary of the company, published the following notice:

"Richmond and Brookville Canal Stock Subscription. Books for subscription of stock in the Richmond and Brookville Canal will be opened by the commissioners on the first day of April, 1839, and kept open twenty-one days, agreeable to the charter, at the following places, viz: Richmond, Abington, Brownsville, Dunlapville, Fairfield and Brookville. The following commissioners were authorized to have special charge of said books, one of whom will attend to each of the following places for the purpose of receiving subscriptions:—Robert Morrison, Richmond; Col. Smith Hunt, Abington; John Rider, Brownsville; James Osborn and James Andrews, Fairfield, and Samuel Goodwin, Brookville."

The *Richmond Palladium* of April 27, 1839, states that Franklin, Union and Wayne counties had taken \$215,000 worth of stock, of which \$50,000 was taken by Richmond, the following citizens of that place taking stock: William Dewey, Warner M. Leeds, Benjamin Fulgum, James King, Andress S. Wiggins, Charles Paulson, John Ogan, Dennis McMullen, Henry Moorman, Caleb Sheren, Irwin Reed, Joseph M. Gilbert, Benjamin Strattan, William Owen, Cornelius Ratliff, William Kenworthy, John Sufferin, Benjamin Mason, Basil Brightwell, Benjamin Pierce, Isaac Jones, Benjamin Strawbridge, Armstrong Grimes, Solomon Horney, jr., Jacob J. Keefer, Reuben M. Worth, William Meek, William S. Watt, John M. Laws, Isaac Beeson, Kasson Brookins, Henry Hollingsworth, James W. Salter, Hugh S. Hamilton, Thomas Newman, William B. Smith, Oliver Kinsey, Clayton Hunt and Samuel E. Perkins. For the names of the stockholders I am indebted to Joseph C. Ratliff, of Richmond.

Undoubtedly Brookville and Franklin county did their duty

and were as generous as Wayne and Union counties or any of the towns along the line of the canal, but after great exertion I have learned of but two in the county who took stock in the canal. These were Graham Hanna and James Wright.

In September of 1839 Richmond and Brookville papers contained advertisements calling for bids for constructing sections 1, 2 and 3, near Richmond; 13, near Abington; 20, near Brownsville; 40, near Fairfield, and 52, near Brookville. The advertisement states that the sections to be let "embrace a number of mechanical structures, consisting principally of dams and locks, with some heavy bluff excavations." Specifications of the work were to be posted at Dr. Matchett's tavern in Abington, Dr. Mulford's tavern in Brownsville, Abijah DuBois' tavern in Fairfield, D. Hoffman's tavern in Brookville, and at the company's office in Richmond. The lettings took place as advertised, except section 52, near Brookville, which, owing to the heavy excavations, was not let. I cannot learn of any work done near Brookville, but on section 40, near Fairfield, the contractors, Henry and Harvey Pierce, excavated about one-and-a-half miles of the canal down the east side of the river to the farm now owned by Misses Sallie and Missouri Hanna. Traces of excavation can also be plainly seen on the farm of James Blew. Sections 1, 2 and 3, near Richmond, were let, and from a mile and a half to two miles of excavation made. No use of these excavated portions was ever made until 1860, when Leroy Larsh erected a grist mill on the portion near Richmond, which is yet in operation.

At the "breaking of ground" for the Whitewater Canal John Finley, editor of the *Richmond Palladium*, quoting Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," with changes to suit the occasion, said: "The last picayune shall depart from my fob ere the East and the West Forks relinquish the job." Whether the last picayune departed from the editor's fob or not the present writer can not say, but undoubtedly the East Fork relinquished the job, and Richmond failed to become the "Pittsburg of Indiana."

Recollections of Early Brookville

MS. of John M. Johnson

[These interesting reminiscences of early Brookville and notable personages residing there three-quarters of a century ago are from a manuscript submitted to us by Mr. John Johnson, of Irvington, Indianapolis, who found it among the papers of his father, John M. Johnson, now deceased. The latter was for many years a resident of Brookville, and long in public life in that city. The manuscript seems to have been written about a quarter of a century ago.]

IT has been fifty years since I crossed the beautiful Ohio river and stood upon the soil of Indiana. I pass over my peregrinations until I arrived at the then famed town of Brookville—the great town of the State and the residence of its great men.

The first residence I stopped at in Brookville was that of James Noble, then U. S. Senator. His residence was on the street west of the public square. It was an humble-looking one-and-a-half story log house weather boarded and painted white. Before the parlor room door was a portico. The parlor floor was covered with a red Turkey carpet (the only imported carpet then in town except perhaps at Judge Test's). Before the hearth was a handsome rug with the figure of a deer lying down on it. When you entered the parlor you met a fine-looking lady above the medium size, with a ruffled cap, who attended to the receptions at the senatorial mansion—a worthy partner of Senator Noble. Mary Noble, Hannah Gallion and Betsy McCarty were among the excellent ladies who then resided in Brookville, and who, in the exercise of "women's rights," milked their own cows, churned their own butter and made their own brooms.

The old brick court house (which occupied the site of the present one) was a square building in the center of which ran up a cupola. On the top of the steeple was the carved representation of an eagle with spreading wings. Through the court-room below ran the bar, made tight, with two gates to enter. The inside was for the lawyers, and the outside, paved with brick, was the lobby for the people who came to hear the lawyers plead. On the inside were the Grand and Petit Jury boxes. On the west side was the judge's bench, raised nearly up to the ceiling.

A winding stairs ran up in one corner to the upper story, where were the Grand and Petit Jury rooms. In the cupola was then placed a triangle, put up by William Hoyt, an ingenious mechanic, to perform the office of a bell by means of hammers striking on the base of the triangle. It gave forth a clear, sharp sound which could be heard farther than the sound of a bell.

A little east of the south-east corner of the court house stood the old log jail. This necessary edifice encroached near the residence of one of the citizens; hence, upon a dark night a number of his friends and "divers other persons to the Grand Jurors unknown" concluded they would abate it as a nuisance; hence, in the morning not one log was left upon another. Another log jail, however, was built near where now stands your "Burnett House," and which afterward performed the office of Grassmuck's stable. This jail was celebrated for having been the residence of Fields, an old Revolutionary soldier, who was convicted of murder and pardoned under the gallows by Governor Ray, to the great disappointment of a large concourse of people who had assembled to witness his execution. No man was ever hung in Franklin county. An amusing occurrence of "jail delivery" took place whilst Robert John was sheriff and jailor. A man was confined in jail on a charge of horse stealing. His wife visited him and remained with him over night. In the morning the prisoner, dressed in his wife's clothes, mounted her horse and made his escape. It was afterward found, to the amusement of the people, that it was the man who rode away and the woman who was left imprisoned.

The public square was not fenced in except the "stray pen," on the south-east corner. The public well was a little south of the south-east corner of the court house. It was over ninety feet deep. The water was drawn by means of a windlass. An old man whom the people called Death drew water for the public. He was, indeed, the picture of death.

On the south-east corner of the square, on Main Burgess street, stood the "Brookville Hotel," the leading tavern for many years. Mine host, Robert John then and there catered to the way-worn traveler, and if any man could cheer his guests by conversation, he was the man. On the corner south of the public square was standing the "Yellow Tavern," which

had been built at an early day by James Knight. It was then kept by William Campbell, a tall, portly man. The tavern, while kept by him, was a place of great resort. He was a hospitable man, generous to a fault, and never turned off a traveler because he was destitute of money. In the upper part of town was J. Adder's tavern, with the sign of the green tree, which was a familiar object to the vision of the passers-by for many years. This tavern was a great stopping place for wagoners and drivers. John Adder was a tall, dark-complected man, and universally esteemed. He was once recorder of the county. This tavern, when I first came to town, was kept by Dr. Haynes, who also taught school in it.

The newspaper then published in the town was, I believe, called the *Brookville Inquirer*. Robert John was the editor, and subsequently there was associated with him I. N. Hanna, a sprightly and talented young man. The editors, however, soon got at loggerheads. During the ensuing presidential canvass Robert John was for John Quincy Adams, and I. N. Hanna for Henry Clay. An editorial would therefore come out for Adams followed by another, signed "Junior Editor," for Clay; which created considerable sensation among the politicians of Brookville—and, indeed, all the citizens were politicians.

The old M. E. church was a brick building standing on the bluff in the northern part of town, and was the only meeting-house in town. It was once partly blown down and repaired, and is still standing as a monument of olden times. The Rev. Augustus Jocelyn, a Methodist preacher, ministered to the people in godly things at this church. He was a man of no ordinary talents. He was a tall man, about six feet high, bald-headed, but wore a wig. He had cultivated oratory and had graceful gestures, with distinct articulation. His figures were grand, and he illustrated his sermons by philosophy, politics and history as well as from the Bible. He had generally among his auditors the most enlightened citizens of Brookville. He preached the sermon at the time Fields wasn't hung. He was also a school-teacher and an editor.

The college at which I graduated was an humble frame building in the east bottom, which had been a residence and is still standing. Dr. Isaac G. John was then the teacher. The old

teachers that the citizens still talked of and whose memory they revered were Judge Laughlin and Solomon Allen. Dr. John afterwards became a promising physician, but died in the morning of life.

The land office at that time was at Brookville for the sale of the U. S. lands in the New Purchase, and the land sales were then going on. Gen. Robert Hanna was register. He resided in the large brick house in the northern part of town (called "Tinker Town") in which Dr. Berry now resides. His office was immediately opposite him on the west side of the street. Gen. Hanna in stature was a little below medium size; was a man of talents and a good electioneerer; dressed plain, frequently on election day appearing with moccasins and hunting-shirt. He was a delegate to the convention that framed the Constitution in 1816, and was the first sheriff under the Territorial and State governments.* When the land office was taken to Indianapolis he removed there, and afterward held several official stations with credit. He continued to reside at or near Indianapolis until he met with his melancholy death by a railroad car.

Lazarus Noble was the receiver of public monies. His office was in the large brick building immediately east of the court house, which belonged to the Masonic lodge. He was a tall, handsome man, with agreeable manners, and a brother of Senator James Noble. He married Margaret Vance, the accomplished daughter of Capt. Samuel Vance, of Lawrenceburg. When the land office was removed he died, on his way to Indianapolis, at Judge Mount's, about ten miles from Brookville.†

MILES EGGLESTON.

When you entered the old brick court house which I have described the first objects that struck your attention were three men on the elevated judges' bench. In the center you beheld a good-looking gentleman, rather below the middle size, with a good head, leaning a little to one side; with ruffles protruding out of his bosom; well-dressed but a little disposed to slovenliness. This was Miles C. Eggleston, President Judge of the Third Judicial Circuit. He was appointed President Judge at the organi-

*The first sheriff of Franklin county, Mr. Johnson doubtless means.

†At the town of Metamora.

zation of the State government, and held the office for over twenty-one years. He was a Virginian, and migrated to Brookville during the territorial government. He had a liberal education, was a good Latin scholar, and indulged the habit of quoting Latin among the bar. He was admitted to the bar under the territorial government. He was not a great advocate before a jury but was eminently qualified for a judge.

On either side of the President sat a plain-looking farmer (we then had two associate judges)—on his right hand David Mount, and on his left John Hanna. They had such implicit confidence in the legal abilities of Judge Eggleston that they scarcely ever differed with him in opinion. Judge Hanna, however, sometimes took the responsibility of differing with him. When he did so he always cited Judge Grimke, of South Carolina (Judge Hanna being from that State). Judge Eggleston was justly regarded as one of the best judges of the State. His charges to the jury were clear and clothed in fine language, and were listened to with the utmost attention by them. He was as pure and upright a judge as Lord Hale. The people of the county had such confidence in him that they would quote his decisions before those of the Supreme Court. He was looked to in those days with the same veneration as the late Judge McDonald during the present. He presided in a number of prosecutions for murder in which were engaged the most eminent counsel of the day, and his decisions were regarded with the highest respect.

Judge Eggleston was a man of fine literary attainments. He wrote well. He once delivered a Fourth-of-July oration at Brookville which was published and considered by the literary men of the day as a fine specimen of eloquence. He never engaged in politics. When off the bench he enjoyed himself among his friends, was excellent company and enjoyed a good joke. He was kind and indulgent to the young members of the bar, and seemed to court their society, and they would try a case with great confidence before him, even when opposed by old attorneys. He observed the utmost decorum and impartiality in court. He made the lawyers keep their places. There was no slipping to the judge and holding a private conversation—no leading lawyers leaning on the judges' seat. The attorneys had to address the

judges publicly from their places at the bar.

ENOCH M'CARTY.

In front of the judges' bench stood a large table, and at this table sat Enoch McCarty, clerk of the Franklin Circuit Court. He had been clerk under the territorial government, was re-elected upon the organization of the State government, and continued to serve for three successive terms of seven years each. He was regarded as the best clerk in the State. I was his deputy for several years. He was in stature about the medium size; a plain man; dressed plain; was easily approached, and was popular with the masses. He was familiarly called "'Nuch" McCarty. He was a man of good information, had read Blackstone, understood the general principles of the law, and was well versed in the statutes. The people, consequently, called on him for advice. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1816. After retiring from the clerk's office he served as associate (judge?), and senator and representative to the State legislature. He died at a good old age, beloved by the people of the county, on his farm below Brookville.

NOAH NOBLE.

At the right of the clerk, below the "judgment seat," sat at a stand a tall, fine-looking man, dressed in black cloth, with a white neckerchief tied behind, rising gracefully, occasionally, to call Richard Roe and dispense orders to his bailiffs, Alex. Gardner, Jo. Gentry and others. He was fascinating in his manners, had a talismanic shake of the hand and was personally one of the best electioneers in the county. Indeed, it was a common saying that whenever he shook hands with a man he had him—I might say a woman too. He would be a great electioneer if he were living when the women vote. He wrote such an illegible hand that he couldn't read it himself when it got dry. A man once brought in a letter he had written to him for him to read. He couldn't read it till he found out what subject it was on. The man I have described was Noah Noble, sheriff of Franklin county afterward Governor of the State of Indiana. He also filled the offices of Representative to the State Legislature, Receiver of Public Moneys at Indianapolis, and Canal Commissioner. He died in the city of Indianapolis, much beloved.

An Early Criminal Case—Samuel Fields

BY JAMES M. MILLER

[In the article immediately preceding reference is made to "Fields, an old Revolutionary soldier," who was condemned to death for murder but was pardoned on the gallows by Governor James B. Ray. The case was once a well-known one in south-eastern Indiana. The following account of it, and the graphic description of the scene at the gallows was written, at our instance, by James M. Miller of Brookville (see introductory note to "The Richmond and Brookville Canal.") It affords glimpses of early-day customs and of local personages. The crime, trial and pardon on the gallows occurred between November of 1824 and May of 1825—*Ed.*]

IN November of 1824, an affidavit was filed against one Samuel Fields, an old Revolutionary soldier residing in Bath township, charging him with assault, and the warrant was placed in the hands of a young constable named Robert Murphy. When Murphy went to serve the warrant Fields refused to accompany him, but said he would appear the next morning, and on returning home without making the arrest Robert was criticised by his father, 'Squire Samuel Murphy, who urged that this was his first official act, and the failure to do his duty would at once lay him open to the charge of cowardice and inefficiency. Influenced by this argument Robert returned to Field's home, accompanied by several neighbors. Meanwhile Fields, apparently expecting that he would return, whetted a large butcherknife and stuck it in a crack of the log wall just inside the door. When he saw Murphy and his companions coming, he appeared at the door, warning them to keep away. The constable, however, continued to advance, talking persuasively to the old man, who still warned him off. Just as he set his foot on the puncheon, which formed the doorstep, Fields snatched the knife from the logs where it was sticking and plunged it into Murphy's left side, after which he slammed the door to. Murphy fell, mortally hurt. Ten days later he died, to the universal sorrow of his neighbors, who esteemed him highly.

The Grand Jury, consisting of James Osborn, David Watson, Joseph Schoonover, Henry Fay, Andrew Jackson, James Jones, Nathan Springer, Henry Slater, John Blue, Matthew Karr, Allen Simpson, John Ewing, John Halberstadt, Charles Collett and Thomas Herndon met and found the following indictment:

"We find that the said Samuel Fields, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigations of the devil, did then and there, on the third day of November, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, with a butcher-knife, worth the sum of twenty-five cents, in his own right hand, thrust, stab, etc., the said Robert Murphy, causing the death of same."

Field's trial came off in March of 1825, in the Franklin County Circuit Court, of the judicial district, Judge Miles C. Eggleston presiding, with John Hanna and David Mount as associate judges. Oliver H. Smith was prosecutor, and William T. Morris and John T. McKinney attorneys for the defense. The jury consisted of Thomas G. Noble, Abraham Hollingsworth, John Caldwell, Elijah Carben, Bradberry Cottrell, (?) David Moore, Solomon Allen, Enoch Abraham, John Davis, Lemuel Snow, Matthew Gray and Henry Berry—some of the best men in the county. The most damaging testimony against the defendant was by his own daughter, a Mrs. Thompson, who testified with tears running down her cheeks. The verdict brought in was "Murder in the first degree," and Judge Eggleston sentenced Fields to be hanged, appointing Friday, May 27, as the date. There was a remarkable division of sentiment about Fields. No one denied his criminality, and the community where Murphy had lived, made up of settlers from New Jersey, who were bound closely together in their sympathies, were very bitter toward the murderer; but the fact that he was a soldier of the Revolution made a strong feeling in his favor, and many wished for his pardon by the Governor.

On the day of the hanging Brookville was full of people to witness the execution. My mother, then thirteen years old, was in this crowd, and she has described to me the incidents of the day. The gallows was a large sycamore tree, that stood on the river bank at the foot of Main street, and from which all obstructing branches had been lopped away, leaving one large horizontal limb for the rope. One other feature was the running-gears of a wagon, mounted with a kind of platform. This was to be drawn from under the prisoner at the proper time. The grave was dug a short distance from this tree. Robert John, father of the well-known Dr. J. P. D. John, was the sheriff. With twenty-five

deputies armed with flint-lock muskets, and with bands of red flannel on their right arms as insignia of authority, he marched to the old log jail that stood east of the town hall, brought out Fields, placed him on a chair on the platform of the wagon, with his coffin beside him, and so conducted him to the place of execution, the deputies forming a guard around the wagon. As they took their place beneath the tree the crowd closed in, and my mother, who was in the heart of it, was forced up against the hind wheel of the wagon, and, though she turned deathly sick at the thought of what she was about witness, she could not stir from the spot.

The minister, John Boffman,* preached the funeral sermon, and one of the hymns sung was "Show Pity, Lord! Oh, Forgive!". Then the sheriff pinioned the arms of the prisoner, placed the noose around his neck and the black cap on, ready to be drawn down, and, with tears running down his cheeks, ascended a ladder to the limb above and fastened the rope. When he came down he took his station beside Fields, with his watch in his hand, and solemnly proclaimed that the condemned man had twenty-three minutes to live. A man named Walter Rolf had charge of the horses that were hitched to the wagon. At the expiration of the time he arose, drew the lines and cracked his whip, and the horses surged forward, causing the wagon to move a little, which tightened the rope, drawing the prisoner up until he sat erect.

Just then there was a shout that a man was coming down the hill, and all attention was drawn in that direction. It proved to be Governor Ray who, dressed in the uniform of a general of the Indiana militia, had ridden on horseback all the way from Indianapolis. Making his way through the crowd he ascended the platform and placed a roll of paper in Fields' hand, saying: "Here, I give you your life."

Amid shouts of approval from some and execrations from others Fields descended from the wagon and was taken in charge by his friends. He left the county, going first to a place near Hamilton, O., and finally to Crawfordsville, Ind., where he died a few years later.

*John M. Johnson, on p. 197, says Augustus Jocelyn preached this sermon. Elsewhere, we believe, Mr. Miller speaks more circumstantially of Boffman as the preacher.

The Whitewater Valley

THE Whitewater region, with which the four preceding articles are concerned, comprising the valley of the Whitewater river with its two branches, extends from the Ohio river northward for nearly half the length of the State, with a width varying from twelve to twenty-five miles. In pioneer times it was familiarly known as "The Whitewater," and the frequency with which it is alluded to in the local literature of those days reveals its then importance.

This territory has, indeed, claims to distinction. There, it may be said, Indiana practically had her beginnings. There lay the first strip of land that marked, in Indiana, the oncoming tide of the white man's progress westward—the first overlap from Ohio, which grew, cession by cession, west and north. There sprang up some of our most important early centers of population—Lawrenceburg, Brookville, Connersville, Richmond, and others; there resided, at one time or another, a remarkable number of men who have made their impress upon the State's history or on the world at large, and thence came waves of migration that have spread over the State. This immigration has supplied an important element of the population in not a few localities. Indianapolis, for example, in her first days was so nearly made up of people from Whitewater and Kentucky that a political division, it is said, sprang up along the sectional line, and these two classes were arrayed against each other in the first local campaign, with Whitewater leading. Long after that they continued to come from the cities mentioned above and intervening localities, and the number at the capital to-day who look back to the Whitewater as their old home is surprisingly large. Madison, also, in her growing, hopeful days, drew good blood from this center, and over the State generally, and beyond its borders, the same is true.

Of the men of mark who have hailed from the Whitewater Brookville and Franklin county alone lay claim to perhaps half-a-hundred, the most notable of whom I find named and classified as follows in the columns of a Brookville paper:

GOVERNORS—James B. Ray, Noah Noble, William Wallace

and Abraham Hammond, Governors of Indiana; Will Cumbback, Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana; Lew Wallace, Governor of New Mexico; John P. St. John, Governor of Kansas; Stephen S. Harding, Governor of Utah; J. Wallace, Governor of Wyoming. Nominated for Governor of Indiana, but defeated: J. A. Matson, Whig, and C. C. Matson, Democrat, father and son.

UNITED STATES SENATORS—Jesse B. Thomas, from Illinois; James Noble and Robert Hanna, from Indiana; John Henderson, from Mississippi.

CABINET OFFICERS AND FOREIGN MINISTERS, ETC.—James N. Tyner, Postmaster General; James S. Clarkson, Assistant Postmaster General; Lew Wallace, Minister to Turkey; Edwin Terrell, Minister to Belgium; George Hitt, Vice-Consul to London; L. T. Mitchener, Attorney-General of Indiana.

SUPREME JUDGES—Isaac Blackford, John T. McKinney and Stephen C. Stephens. It is cited as the most remarkable instance on record that in these three men Brookville had at one time the entire Supreme Bench of Indiana.

WRITERS EDUCATORS AND MINISTERS—Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson (born in the county), Joaquin Miller (born in the county), and a dozen or more of local fame; J. P. D. John, (formerly) President DePauw University, Wm. M. Dailey, President Indiana University, L. D. Potter, President Glendale College, R. B. Abbott, President Albert Lea College, Charles N. Sims, Chancellor Syracuse University, S. A. Lattimore, Professor Chemistry Rochester University, E. A. Barber, Professor in University of Nebraska, C. W. Hargitt, Professor in Syracuse University, Francis A. Shoup, Professor in University of Mississippi, J. H. Martin, President Moore's Hill College; Rev. T. A. Goodwin, Rev. Charles N. Sims, and Rev. Francis A. Shoup.

ART—William M. Chase, painter; Hiram Powers, sculptor.

SCIENCE—James B. Eads, civil engineer, constructor of the great bridge at St. Louis, and of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi river; Amos W. Butler, ornithologist and ethnologist, now Secretary of the State Board of Charities.

MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS—Gen. Lew Wallace, Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, Gen. Francis A. Shoup, Gen. Jos. E. Johnson, Gen. P. A. Hackleman; Oliver H. Glisson, rear admiral, and William L. Herndon, commander, U. S. N.

A few of the above, perhaps, had but slight relations with this region, but allowing for this the output of able men is still remarkably large. If, from Franklin county, we look northward to Connersville, Centerville and Richmond, we find other men whose services and fame are well known within the State, and, in not a few instances, far beyond its borders. In this galaxy are Oliver P. Morton, George W. Julian, Oliver H. Smith, Caleb B. Smith, Charles H. Test, James Rariden, Samuel W. Parker, Samuel K. Hoshour, and other men notable for calibre. Many of these were gathered at Centerville during the time it was the seat of justice of Wayne county, but with the removal of the courts to Richmond they dispersed, a goodly proportion of them finding their way to Indianapolis, beckoned thither, doubtless, by the promise of a larger field for their talents.

The shiftings of the prominent men to and from the White-water are, indeed, something of an index to its fluctuating fortunes. Thus, many of the more notable names of Brookville were identified with it only during brief eras of prosperity induced by extraneous causes, and when these lapsed those who were on the track of opportunities sought pastures new. For example, one of the most flourishing periods in the history of the town began in 1820, when the lands in the interior of the State as far north as the Wabash were thrown open and the land office established at Brookville. As all purchasers of lands in this vast new tract visited the land office not only with their purchase money but with the presumable surplus of travelers, the great impetus to the town's prosperity and growth may easily be conceived. For five years, fed by the visiting thousands, the place thrived, and the men who were drawn thither made it a political and intellectual center. Then the question of removing the office to Indianapolis, as a more central location, was agitated. It was bitterly opposed by Brookville citizens, who had an unconcealed contempt for the little, insignificant "capital in the woods," buried in miasmatic solitude and surrounded, as James Brown Ray said in one of his pompous speeches, by "a boundless contiguity of shade." Nevertheless, the despised and agueridden capital got the land office; the fortune-seekers of Brookville betook themselves elsewhere like migrating birds, and then followed a period of sorry decadence, during which houses over

town stood vacant and dilapidated; all business languished; money became all but extinct, and there was a reversion to the communistic method of exchanging goods for goods, or goods for labor.

This paralysis lay on Brookville and the surrounding country until the schemes for internal improvement, agitated throughout the twenties and for one-half of the third decade, began to take definite and practical shape. About 1833, according to Mr. T. A. Goodwin, there was a revival of life in the Whitewater; people began to paint their houses and mend their fences, and deserted houses began to fill up. The internal improvement act of 1836 provided for the construction of "the Whitewater Canal, commencing on the west branch of the Whitewater river, at the crossing of the National road, thence passing down the valley of the same to the Ohio river, at Lawrenceburg, and extending up the said west branch of the Whitewater above the National road as far as may be practicable." This was a promise of commercial prosperity and a new lease of life to the Whitewater region. The day that the contracts were let at Brookville for building the various sections of the canal there was a grand jollification--speechmaking, dinner, toasts and all the rest; and a like enthusiasm prevailed in all the valley. Towns sprang up along the proposed route and lay in wait, and as the canal, crawling northward, reached them successively, making one and then another the head of navigation, each flourished and had its day, drawing to itself the wheat and hogs and other agricultural exports from the inlying country for many miles east, north and west. This great trade, of course, always sought the nearest point of shipment, and so Brookville, Metamora, Laurel, Connersville and Cambridge City were, in turn, receiving ports and reaped the benefits of traffic. The people on the east branch, not to be outdone by their neighbors on the west, also strove energetically for a canal between Brookville and Richmond that should promote the development of this valley, and, though the work was never completed, much labor and money was expended upon it.*

The old canal days are a distinct era in the history of our State. The younger generation knows little about them, but many a reminiscence might be picked up of the merchant fleets of the Whitewater and the idyllic journeyings up and down the

*See article in this number on the Richmond and Brookville Canal.

beautiful valley by packet. This order of things, which continued for about thirty years, was maintained in the face of serious discouragements, for the Whitewater river, one of the swiftest streams in the State, is subject to violent freshets, and these have repeatedly damaged the canal, effectually stopping traffic and entailing heavy expenses in repairs. The great flood of 1847 all but ruined the ditch, and scarcely was this recovered from when another proved almost as disastrous. Besides these checks on traffic untold thousands of dollars have been lost by the sweeping away of mills and other property, and, in the opinion of many old citizens, these disheartening losses has caused much of the exodus away from the valley.

The lower part of the Whitewater valley, with Brookville as its center, lies today aloof from the trunk railway lines that have been the great determining factor in the development of the country. But if it lacks the bustle and growth of some other, newer sections of the State, it has another and a different attraction that is rare in Indiana—the attraction of great natural beauty of landscape combined with quiet idyllic charm and pleasing reminders of the past. The disused bed of the old Whitewater Canal and its crumbling stone locks are grown with grass. Grass grows in the peaceful thoroughfares in and about the villages of Laurel and Metamora, and in these villages and in Brookville quaint and weather-worn houses speak of a past generation of builders. Our artists have already discovered the picturesqueness of the region, and some of Indiana's abundant literary talent might well find inspiration here before it is too late. Before it is too late, we say, for in the new era that is coming in, when the power of swift rivers is to be transformed into the mechanical powers of progress, is it not possible that history may repeat itself along the rushing Whitewater, and that the electric-driven mill and factory and electric transportation may restore to the valley much of its old-time standing?

G. S. C.

The Beginning of Brookville

[In the many newspaper articles about Brookville (a kind of history that is far from reliable, but which, unfortunately, is almost the only kind we have of this famous town), there are various and discrepant statements as to the founding of the place. The following, written for us by Mr. Amos W. Butler, grandson of the principal founder, we submit as the most reliable account procurable—*Ed.*]

AMOS Butler, a young Quaker from Chester county, Pennsylvania, came to Lawrenceburg in 1803. He selected some land in the "Big Bottoms," near Elizabethtown. The next spring, upon his return from Pennsylvania, he found his chosen homestead under water. In the course of his prospecting in the summer of 1804 he made his way along the Indian trail up the Whitewater river to the site of the present town of Brookville. Greatly pleased with the beautiful region at the forks of the river he selected the southeast quarter of section 20, being influenced by the fact that it had little large timber on it. The second growth was doubtless that which occupied an old Indian clearing. This land was entered at the land office at Cincinnati, December 4, 1804, being the first entry of land within the limits of the future town of Brookville, and Amos Butler was the first settler of that town. That winter he busied himself with plans for developing the new region. He and Jesse B. Thomas, of Lawrenceburg, afterwards a U. S. Senator from Illinois, and the author of the historic "Missouri Compromise," were associated together in the plan to form a new town. July 3, 1805, they entered the north-west quarter of section 29. For this Mr. Butler paid the greater part of the purchase money, but Thomas succeeded in having the patent issued in his name. On this land the original plat of the town of Brookville was laid out August 8, 1808. The sale of the lots was deferred through legal proceedings taken by Amos Butler. He later agreed to a compromise settlement by which he was deeded part of the land in consideration of the payments he had made. The first lot in this addition was sold March 7, 1811. In the meantime John Allen, on July 6, 1805, entered the quarter-section east, and Amos Butler, on March 18, 1806, entered the quarter-section north of the original plat. Both these settlers laid out additions to the town, and both these additions are dated May 26, 1812.

Mr. Butler remained at Brookville until 1818, when he removed to Hanover, Jefferson county, and there, in a little old graveyard, is buried Brookville's first settler.

AMOS W. BUTLER.

Beecher's Indianapolis Church

THIS building, which stood until recent years on the northwest corner of Circle and Market streets, Indianapolis, was the last of the earlier church buildings of the city. In its latter days it was given over to diverse and secular uses, the varied small industries in its dingy cubby-hole rooms sharing the partitioned interior with an art school and a school of music. To the younger generation it was familiarly known as "Circle Hall," and most of the heedless multitude did not know that the old relic had been intimately identified with the pastorate of the most brilliant and famous preacher connected with the history of the town—that for seven years those venerable walls had echoed to the ringing messages of the most eloquent of modern divines.

Henry Ward Beecher came to Indianapolis from Lawrenceburg in 1839, in response to the call of a newly-formed congregation that had withdrawn from the First Presbyterian church of this city.* The young pastor preached in the county seminary for something more than a year, or until the new church built a home for itself. This was the building we are speaking of, which, on October 4, 1840, was dedicated as the Second Presbyterian church of Indianapolis. Here Mr. Beecher preached until September of 1847, when he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y.

According to a newspaper sketch written when the building was razed, the cost of the church and ground was \$10,000. The church was built by Ephriam Colestock for \$8,800—a structure of some pretensions at that day, when the population of the city numbered only 2,692. It is described as having, originally, lofty pillars in the front and a cupola—features that were removed when it ceased to be a church.

After Mr. Beecher's day the pulpit was occupied by the following pastors: The Rev. Clement E. Babb, May 7, 1848 until January 1, 1853; the Rev. Thornton A. Mills, January 1, 1854 until February 9, 1857; the Rev. George P. Tindall, August 6, 1857 until September 27, 1863; the Rev. Hanford A. Edson, January 17, 1864 until removal, in 1867.

*The founders of the Second Presbyterian church, fifteen in number, are given as Bethuel F. Morris, Daniel Yandes, Luke Munsell, Lawrence M. Vance, Mary J. Vance, Sidney Bates, William Eckert, Alexander H. Davidson, Robert Mitchell, J. F. Holt, M. R. Holt, John L. Ketcham, Jane Ketcham, Wm. S. Hubbard and Catherine Merrill.

After the removal of the church to its new edifice on the corner of Vermont and Pennsylvania streets the old building was used for the housing of the city's high school, then in its first days, and it thus served for about three years, or until the new high school building was erected on Pennsylvania street.

Mr. William S. Hubbard, one of the first members of Mr. Beecher's congregation gives the following reminiscences of the famous pastor and the old church. "I was one of the organizers of the church," he says, "and I boarded with Mr. Beecher in 1840, when he lived in a one-story brick cottage at the southeast corner of New York and Pennsylvania streets, the site afterward known as Governor Morton's residence. More than that, in the early days of the church, I lived next door to it, and carried the key to the belfry, for there was a bell in the old pepper-box steeple, which was not only rung to call people to church, but to sound the alarm of fire. That was in the days of the volunteer fire department, and the Marion engine company, of which I was a member, had its engine-house, within the Circle, across from the church. During the Morgan raid, persons came to my house to get the keys to ring the old bell and alarm the citizens as to the approaching raiders, but it was then badly cracked, and it was not rung. I remember the baptism of Gen. T. A. Morris. It was in 1842, and took place in White river. Several others were baptized at the time, and Mr. Beecher gave choice of three modes—immersion, sprinkling or pouring."

The late Simon Yandes said of Beecher: "He was admirably adapted to western life, entering into all the social life and engagements of the little town. He had a special talent for conversation, was full of wit and fun, and always had his faculties in immediate command. It was but a little while after his coming until he knew everybody here. It is greatly to be doubted if he improved in his oratorical style when he became older—he was probably at his best here in Indianapolis. My recollection is that among his varied accomplishments he included that of being a good shot with the rifle.

A Word from the Publisher

THIS number completes the first volume of the INDIANA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF HISTORY. It was launched one year ago as an experiment, and was prefaced by an article setting forth good reasons why the experiment should be made. The need of a publication which should preserve material and aim to promote interest in local history was unquestionable, but whether such a publication would meet a "felt want" was a thing to be determined at some risk and sacrifice. The undersigned, encouraged by the friendly and disinterested co-operation of Mr. W. E. Henry, the State Librarian, assumed that risk.

The magazine has been maintained thus far at no financial profit and in the face of difficulties that made impossible the editorial care that should have been bestowed upon it; hence it has been, mainly, an omnium gatherum of scattered matter that seemed worthy of preservation. On the other hand it has started as auspiciously, perhaps as could have been expected. It has gained some warm friends who think, with the publisher, that its existence is amply justified, and that its possibilities warrant its maintenance, even though it gain recognition slowly. Hence, it will be continued. Its usefulness and the enlargement of its sphere will be in proportion to the support that is necessary to all service that requires labor and application. The publisher asks your co-operation to the extent of one or more subscriptions. With a variety of interesting unpublished matter in the way of old documents and special historical studies promised him he feels safe in saying that Volume II will be well worth the dollar asked for it. As the expenses of publication have to be met promptly, prompt remittance from subscribers will be greatly appreciated.

Mr. Henry's name will no longer be connected with the magazine and all communications, both business and editorial, may be addressed as below.

GEORGE S. COTTMAN.

336 North Ritter Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

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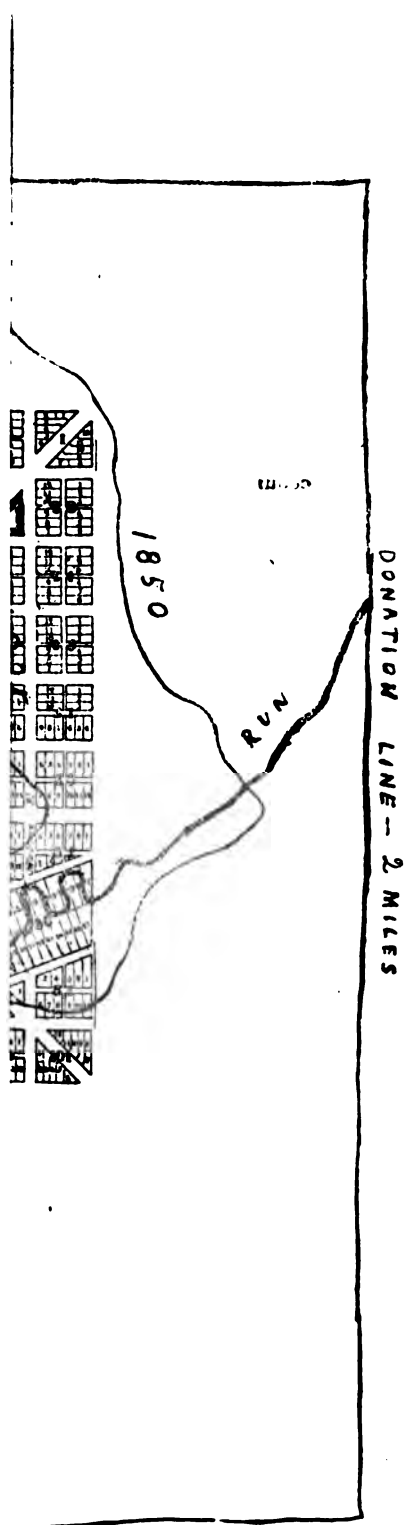
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THE INDIANA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

VOLUME II

1906

**GEO. S. COTTMAN
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
INDIANAPOLIS**



ed by the late Ignatius Brown.

THE INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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No. 1

THE OLD INDIAN TRADERS OF INDIANA

BY CHARLES B. LASSELLE

[This account of the early traders of Indiana was written nearly fifty years ago by Charles B. Lasselle, of Logansport, now eighty-five years old. He is of a French family of traders that has been identified with the Wabash valley for more than one hundred and twenty-five years, and has himself been a life-long student of the earlier history of the valley and a collector of documents bearing upon the same; hence he speaks as an authority upon this all-but-forgotten early trade.—*Editor.*]

OF the early pioneers of our State, there is no class whose history, if known, would be more interesting than that of the old Indian traders. Far in advance of the progress, changes and improvements of civilization, they beheld our country in all the wildness, grandeur and solitude in which the God of nature placed it; and they commingled freely and familiarly with the aboriginal owners who have forever disappeared from its face. In point of time, they were among the first, if not themselves the first, of the explorers of the country, and are known to have visited and traded with the Indians within our borders about a century previous to our Revolutionary War. They have always occupied a prominent position in the early historical events of the country, as a controlling medium in the relations between the whites and Indians. But although—whether French, English or Americans—they have generally been men of education and general intelligence, yet such have been the peculiar nature and vicissitudes of their calling, that they have left us very few records of their experience.

The earliest traders were French, and came mostly from Montreal, in Canada. From this place they transported their merchandise up the St. Lawrence and across the shores of the Lakes, to their posts in the West, by means of the simple canoe. At first, and before the introduction of horses, the difficulties of passing Niagara Falls and the portage between the head waters

of the streams running into the Lakes and the Mississippi were surmounted by carrying the canoes and merchandise by means of the men employed in the voyage. The Normandy horse, whose descendents have long been known as the Canadian and Indian ponies, having been introduced into Canada, was afterwards, and probably about 1720, brought to the West, and made to serve as pack-horses for all land transportation. And such were the principal modes of transportation in the West, at least in Indiana, from about 1680 to about 1812. The Canadian cart, samples of which are yet to be seen about the old French settlements, had indeed been used about the villages in the early day; but there being no roads of any length, other than the narrow Indian trail, they could not be used for distant transportation.

We can scarcely realize, at this day, the extent to which the Indian trade was carried on, both in the amount of goods sold, and the furs and the peltries received in exchange. When the country was first visited by the traders, the animals affording these commodities were found in great abundance. The Buffalo ranged in large numbers over the prairies of Illinois and those of our own State bordering on the Wabash, as well as in the forests in the vicinity of the salt springs. The Beaver, the remains of whose dams are yet to be found in many parts of the State, especially in the northern portion, was to be found in many of the northern streams. The Bear, Elk, Deer, Panther, Otter, Wolf, Wildcat, Fox and Raccoon, were also to be found in considerable numbers in various portions of the State. The Indians not having any weapons with which to take these animals but the simple stone-headed arrow, nor any clothing but the rude elk or deer skin, the introduction of the gun and merchandise by the traders, soon afforded both parties a rich harvest. And although the amount of furs produced was afterwards very much diminished by the destruction of game, yet it still continued large for a long time; and the trade yet yielded the traders large gains so late as about the year 1838, when the principal body of the Pottawattamie tribe of Indians emigrated west of the Mississippi.

It is perhaps impossible to state, at this distance of time, who was the first trader within the limits of our State, or when or where he traded. It is quite probable, however, that the northern

portion was traversed by some of their clerks, called "*couriers des bois*" (woods rangers,) between the years 1660-70; and it is certain that some of La Salle's men traded in the vicinity of the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan, in the year 1680. But the first of whom we have any definite account was the Sieur Juchereau, Lieutenant General of Montreal, who, we are told, established a trading post "on the Wabash," in the name of a company, for the collection of buffalo skins. There has indeed been some doubt as to the locality of this spot; but, coinciding with Judge Law in his address to the Vincennes Historical Society, 1839, for the reasons therein given, together with others, and especially the coincidence of its date of settlement with that of Vincennes, as given by its ancient inhabitants,* the writer deems it conclusive that the town of Vincennes is the site of this trading post.

The Sieur Juchereau arrived at this spot, at the head of thirty-four Canadians, on the 28th of October, 1702, for the purpose, as mentioned, of trafficking for buffalo skins, and such was his success in the trade that in a little over two years afterwards there were collected at the post, at one time, upwards of thirteen thousand of those skins.† How many had been collected in the meantime and shipped off, is unknown. The establishment, however, soon met with disasters. Juchereau died; and, although he was succeeded by another, a Mr. Lambert, yet the hostilities of the Indians forced them to abandon it as a trading post, and Lambert with forty men descended to Mobile—then the headquarters of Louisiana—in the winter of 1705. The above mentioned number of skins having been left at that post, they were neglected by the agents of that company, and were eventually lost.‡

For a long while after Juchereau's settlement at Vincennes, we have no particular account of any other; although there must have been traders soon afterwards—at least by 1721—at the village of St. Joseph,§ Ke-ki-ong-a, We-ah-ta-non and Vincennes; as the three former places were well known to

*Dillon's Historical Notes, p. 100.

†Certainly a very interesting statement, in view of our meager knowledge of the buffalo in Indiana.—*Editor*.

‡La Harpe's Historical Journal, pp. 75, 86-89.

§Near the present town of South Bend.

the early French writers,* and the latter had also become a military post in 1716.†

Of those who traded at the above named and other points, from Juchereau's time until the date of Governor Harrison's list of 1801-2, the following only are known to the writer:—

At VINCENNES, Antoine Drouet de Richardville traded previous to the year 1764; but how long before is unknown. He had also traded, many years before, at Kaskaskia; and a promissory note, in the possession of the writer, which was given to him in the manner of those times, might be produced here as an ancient writing, and as the earliest specimen of the *commercial paper* of the West, known, it is believed, to the public. It reads thus:

"I, the undersigned, under my ordinary mark, owe to Sir de Drouet Richardville the sum of thirteen livres in beaver or other peltries, which I promise to pay in the course of the year seventeen hundred and thirty-nine. At Kaskaskia, April 21, 1738.

Witness:

M. P. Beaubien."

his

DELA ✕ VIGOIER.

mark.

John Bt. Bosseron traded at the same place (Vincennes) about 1760 to 1780; Francis Bosseron and Ambrose Dagenet from about 1775 to about 1790, and John M. P. Legralle, Adhemer St. Martin and Lawrence Bazadone, at times embraced in the latter periods. Two of these traders, Major Francis Bosseron and Col. J. M. P. Legralle (usually spelled Legras), also took a prominent part in the Revolutionary scenes about Vincennes in 1778-9, and rendered very valuable services in the American cause. There was a Piankashaw village adjoining this place, but the trade also extended to other tribes.

At Kε-KI-ONG-A,‡ Joseph Drouet de Richardville, the father of the late Chief of the tribe, traded from about 1750 to about 1770; Peter F. La Fontain traded from about 1775 to 1795; John Beaubien traded during the same period; James Lasselle traded from 1776 to 1780. This individual having been an officer in the Canadian militia, was appointed to the superintendency of this "post" as an agent of Indian affairs, and re-

*Charlevoix. p. 189.

†La Harpe. p. 123.

‡Where Ft. Wayne stands

sided here with his family; but he was forced to abandon it precipitately on La Balme's expedition in the fall of 1780. David Gray, as one of a company, also traded here about the year 1786.

At WE-AH-TA-NON, Francis, Peter and Nicholas Berthelet, three brothers, traded from about 1776 to 1780. A Mr. Piett also traded here at an early period, but the precise time is unknown. This place is said to have been a very early trading point, and Captain Croghan, who visited it in 1765, says of it in his journal, that "the great plenty of furs taken in this country, induced the French to establish this post, which was the first on the Wabash; and by a very advantageous trade, they have been richly recompensed for their labor."

At KE-NA-PE-KA-ME-KONG-A, or Eel River town, an old Miami village on Eel River, about six miles above the present town of Logansport, there were also traders at an early period. But the only one now known was James Godfrey (father of the late War Chief of the tribe), who traded from about 1775 to 1791, when the village was destroyed by General Wilkinson.

Besides those above mentioned there were many other traders at these and other places, and at other periods of time; but perhaps the above meager list is all that can now be furnished of the individuals.

TRADERS LICENSED BY GOVERNOR HARRISON.

I have in my possession a list of Indian traders that were licensed by Governor Harrison in 1801-2. The original document is in the handwriting of John Rice Jones, who acted as amanuensis for John Gibson, then Secretary of the Territory.

Nearly all in this list had traded with the Indians previous to this date and continued to do so afterwards. They are as follows, as given in the original:

Licenses granted by the Governor to Indian traders:

1801—November —. One to — Todd to trade with the Delawares on Blue River, where the road to Louisville crosses that river, (Note 1).

20th. One to Ambrose Dagenet to trade with the Miami nation at their town of Terrehaute, (2).

26th. One to — L'Espanjol to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Packangahelis, (3).

27th. One to Henry Mayrans to trade with the Miami nation at their town of Terrehaute.

27th. One to — Le Claire to trade with the Kickapoo nation of Indians at their town, (4).

27th. One to Francis Bonins to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Quinquiqui, (5).

27th. One to Thos. Lusby to trade with the Kikapoes at their town.

27th. One to Jno. Bt. Petrimean to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Mississippi, (6).

27th. One to Francis Lafantazie to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Chipaille, (7).

28th. One to William Morrison to trade with the Indians in the neighborhood of Kaskaskia, (8).

30th. One to Etienne Bisayon to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Telipockshy, (9).

30th. One to Antoine Lasselle to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Nantico, (10).

30th. One to Antoine Lasselle to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Grand Marias, (10).

30th. One to Louis Boure to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Coeur de Serf, (11).

30th. One to Hyacinth Lasselle to trade with the Miami nation at their town of Massissinou, (12).

30th. One to Baptiste Boismier to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Chatagnier, (13).

30th. One to Benoit Besayon to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Eel Creek, (14).

30th. One to John and William Conner to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Petchepencues, (15).

30th. One to John and William Conner to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Buckengelaus, (15).

December 4th. One to Baptiste Bino to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Tippiconon, (16).

4th. One to Baptiste Toupin to trade with the Kikapoe nation at their town.

4th. One to Francis Meilleur to trade with the Kikapoe nation at their town of Vermillion.

5th. One to Charles Johnson to trade with the Miami nation at their town of Terrehaute.

8th. One to Peter Thorn to trade with the Delaware nation at their town on the Ohio river, opposite the town of Henderson, in the State of Kentucky.

12th. One to Frederick Fisher to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of Buckengelis.

12th. One to Frederick Fisher to trade with the Shawnee nation at their Old Town, (17).

12th. One to Samuel Harrison to trade with the Cherokee nation at their town of Massac, (18).

12th. One to Michael Brouillet to trade with the Miami nation at their town of Renaud, (19).

12th. One to Louis Severs to trade with the Miami nation at their town of Little Wabash, (20).

12th. One with Jos. Dumay to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of White River Ferry.

15th. One to Germain Charbonneau to trade with the Miami nation at their town of Chipaille.

15th. One to Jannet Pillet to trade with the Delaware nation at their town of White River.

1802—January 7th. One to Joseph Numonville to trade with the Ottawa nation at their town of Machekigon, (21).

7th. One to Joseph Bailey, to trade with the Ottawa nation at their town on the Grand River, (22).

7th. One to Joseph Pirigaure, to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Kiakiki, (23).

7th. One to Joseph Machard, to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Kiakiki, (24).

7th. One to Joseph Ricard, to trade with the Ottawa nation at their town of Grand River, (24).

7th. One to Etienne Lamorandiere to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town Kickalimazo, (24).

7th. One to Peter Prejan, to trade with the Potawatimie and Ottawa nations at their town on the River St. Joseph, (25).

7th. One to John Griffin to trade with the Potawatimie nation at their town of Kiakiki, (25).

The above list comprises the most of those who traded within the present limits of the State, for some years previous to its territorial date and until the commencement of hostilities in 1811; although there were some others afterwards licensed by Governor

Harrison and by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Detroit. The war of course put a stop to the trade during its continuance; but on its close in 1815, it was resumed—generally by new traders—to a much less extent. The old traders, as before remarked, having with great unanimity taken up arms for the protection of the frontiers against the Indians, the survivors had too much lost the confidence of the Indians to make it pleasant or profitable to resume the business.

At Fort Harrison it was resumed in 1815, mostly with the Delawares, Pottawattamies, Shawnees and Kickapoos, and was continued at that point until about 1820. The principal traders here at that period were Pierre La Plante, Etienne Bisayon, — Wallace, Anthony Lafons, — Gilbert, — Rollon and Michael Brouillet. About this period the Shawnees, Kickapoos and Delawares removed from the limits of the State, except a few of the latter near the eastern boundary, leaving only the Pottawattamies and Miamis, with whom the trade was continued in the northern portion of the State—the former mostly inhabiting the country on the Tippecanoe, the Kankakee and the St. Joseph rivers; the latter that on the Wabash, Eel, the little St. Joseph and the St. Mary rivers.

John B. Richardville, the late Chief of the Miamis, traded with that tribe, at Fort Wayne, from about 1815 to 1836.

David Conner traded mostly with the same tribe, at the village on the Mississinnewa, from about 1815 to 1846.

Alexis Coquillard and John E. Swartz traded with the Miamis and Pottawattamies, on the Little St. Joseph, about forty miles from Ft. Wayne, from 1817 to 1821.

Coquillard and Francis Comparet traded—the former at South Bend with the Pottawattamies; the latter at Ft. Wayne with the Miamis—from 1821 to 1835.

John B. Duret, as agent of the American Fur Company, traded, mostly with the Pottawattamies, at a spot on the southern bank of the Wabash, a short distance above the mouth of Rock Creek, in Carroll county, from 1820 to 1823.

George Cicott traded with the Pottawattamies, at a village of that tribe on the north bank of the Wabash, nearly opposite the last named place, from 1820 to 1823, and then till 1827 on his reserve near Georgetown.

Edward McCartney traded with both tribes, on the north and south banks of the Wabash, about a mile below the present town of Logansport, from about 1820 to 1828.

Hollister and Hunt traded, mostly with the Miamis, at Ft. Wayne, from about 1820 to 1828.

John B. Godfrey and James Peltier traded at the same place, during about the same period, as the last named.

William G. and George W. Ewing, brothers, traded at the same place, from 1822 to 1828, and continued the trade afterwards—the former at Fort Wayne till 1845, and the latter at Logansport till 1838.

John D. Doure traded at Fort Wayne from 1822 to 1838.

Barnet and Hanna traded at the same place from 1824 to 1828.

Hanna and Hamilton traded at the same place from 1825 to 1830.

John B. Jutrace traded with the Pottawattamies at a spot about three miles southwardly of the present town of Plymouth, from about 1825 to about 1835.

David Burr traded, mostly with the Miamis, at the site of the present town of Wabash, from 1826 to 1839.

John McGregor, with the same tribe, at Miamisport, near the present town of Peru, from 1827 to 1834.

Jesse Vermilya, with the same tribe, at the river Aboite, in Allen county, from 1827 to 1844.

Hugh B. McKeen, with both tribes, at the present town of Logansport, from 1827 to 1828.

Antoine Gamelin and Richard Chabert, mostly with the Pottawattamies, about a mile below the same place, on the north bank of the Wabash, during about the same period.

Joseph Barron, mostly with the same tribe, a short distance below Logansport, from 1827 to 1838. This trader had commenced life among the Indians on the Wabash, mostly as a clerk for the traders at an early day, and acted as an able interpreter for the Government for a period of more than forty years. He was one of the interpreters at the celebrated council at Vincennes, in 1810, between Tecumseh and Governor Harrison, and is said to have contributed much to their reconciliation by correctly giving the language of Tecumseh, which had been misinterpreted by another. His biography alone, if fully written, would

furnish a very interesting chapter in the history of the country, as would indeed many of those already named; but a brief reference, only, can be made of them in this short sketch.

Chauncy Carter traded with both tribes at Logansport from 1828 to 1830.

Francis D. Lasselle traded with the Miamis on White River, and at Ft. Wayne, from 1828 to 1836.

Allen Hamilton and Cyrus Taber—the former at Fort Wayne, the latter at Logansport—traded with both tribes from about 1828 to 1838. This firm, and that of W. G. & G. W. Ewing, above mentioned, carried on the trade much more extensively than any other of the modern traders, and by means of its profits and dealings in lands amassed much wealth.

Charles Conway traded with the Miamis, at Miamisport, near the present site of Peru, from 1829 to 1832.

Henry Ossem and Richard Chabret traded with the Pottawattamies at Turkey-creek Prairie, in Kosciusko county, from 1830 to 1835.

William S. Edsall, with the Miamis, at Huntington, from 1834 to 1837.

Alexander Wilson with the same tribe, at Peru, from 1834 to 1845.

Daniel R. Bearss, with the same tribe, at the same place, from 1834 to 1857.

Moses Folk, with the same tribe, at the same place, from 1839 to 1857.

James T. Miller, with the same tribe, at the same place, from 1836 to 1857.

The Pottawattamies having been removed to the west of the Mississippi, in the year 1838, and the main part of the Miamis in 1845, the trade has been gradually diminishing since the former period, so that now it is confined in a limited extent to the Miamis, who inhabit their reservations in the country lying south of the Wabash, between the towns of Peru and Fort Wayne. Indeed it may be said that the *Indian trade* proper, that is, the traffic with them for furs and peltries, has ceased to exist since the part removal of the Miamis,—a tribe which, as they were the first known inhabitants of the country embraced within the limits of the State, are the latest survivors of all

their red cotemporaries, and which, by their general good character and condition, bear testimony that they have not materially degenerated by a long intercourse with their ancient friends and patrons, the old Indian Traders.

NOTES.

1. Nothing known of this trader. The locality of his trading place would be in Washington county, near the town of Fredericksburg.

2. This Terrehaute was inhabited by the Weah branch of the Miamis, and was situated near the present town of Terre Haute, which was named after it.

3. Properly Buck-ong-a-he-las, so called after the chief of the Delawares, on the head waters of White river, and probably near the present town of Muncietown. The true name of this trader is believed to be — Simon; that of L'Espanjol [Spaniard] being a nickname.

4. Nothing known of this trader. The Kickapoos had several villages on and near the Vermillion rivers in Vermillion county. This was probably the principal one, in which the Chief resided, who was called by the traders Jose Renard [Joe the Fox], the same who led the attack on Ft. Harrison in 1812.

5. Kankakee, on the river of that name; but its location unknown.

6. This place is supposed to have been on the Mississippi, in Lower Illinois, as the Delawares also inhabited that part of the country. This trader afterwards traded at Chepaille.

7. This trader continued to trade here until his death in 1806. This place, pronounced Shepoy, was on the Wabash river, in Warren county, about a mile above the present town of Independence.

8. Kaskaskia, Illinois.

9. The locality of this place is unknown. He afterwards traded at Fort Harrison in 1815-20.

10. An old trader on the Miami of the Lake. These places were in Ohio.

11. This trader afterwards (from about 1803 to 1809) traded at Ft. Wayne, and kept pack horses and a warehouse for the deposit and transportation of merchandise and peltries in transit at the portage between the Miami and the Wabash. The local-

ity of Cœur de Serf, properly Cœur de Cerf [elk's heart], was on the Elkhart river.

12. This trader (late Gen. H. L., of Logansport), was born at the village of Ke-ki-ong-a in 1777, from which, as before mentioned, his father was obliged to flee on La Balme's expedition in 1780. He returned to the Wabash in 1795, and traded at Chepaille, at the mouth of the Little Vermillion, at Mississinnewa, and at Vincennes. This trading place (Mississinnewa) was at the settlement or village of the late Chief Godfrey, a few miles above Peru.

13. This trader and his trading place are both unknown to the writer.

14. An old trader; he also traded with the Miamis in 1807. When the hostilities commenced with the Indians in 1811, nearly all the traders offered their valuable services as scouts or soldiers in the defense of the country. Mr. Besayon, having with others joined Colonel Hopkin's expedition up the Wabash in 1812, was in the detachment of about seventy mounted men which fell into the ambuscade of about 500 Indians in the ravines of the Wild Cat, called by the survivors "Spur's Defeat" (about seven miles northeastwardly from the present town of Lafayette). He was captured in the retreat by the Indians, who, well knowing him, and regarding him as a kind of traitor to them, condemned him at once to the most cruel of deaths—the faggot and stake. They bound him to a tree, piled combustible material about him, to which they set fire, and were proceeding to enact the scenes of triumph and torture usual upon such occasions; but a young warrior who yet regarded him with affection, and desiring to relieve him from so horrid a fate, hastily snatched up a rifle and shot him dead. Eel creek, on which he traded, is now the Eel *river* which empties into White river, but the locality of his trading place is unknown.

15. John and William Conner, brothers, were old traders, and were prominent men in their day. William, especially, rendered much service as interpreter and otherwise at several treaties with the Indians. Petchepencues was probably intended for Ponceaupichou, or, as sometimes called, Ponce-passu, the old name of Wild Cat creek, on the head waters of which some of

the Delawares lived.* The other village is, properly, Buck-ong-a-he-las, before mentioned.

16. This village of Tippecanoe was on the Wabash, a few miles below the mouth of the Tippecanoe river.

17. The site of the present Shawneetown, on the Ohio, in Illinois.

18. In Massac county, Illinois.

19. This trader traded in 1804 with the Kickapoos on the Vermillion, and at Fort Harrison after the war. It is suggested that the name of this trading place thus given is a mistake, and should read Renard, a Kickapoo village, so called after their Chief, [Note 4.]

20. Nothing known of this trader. His trading place was on what is now called Little river, a head stream of the Wabash.

21. In the present State of Michigan.

22. Also in Michigan.

23. Kankakee.

24. In Michigan.

25. The St. Joseph of Lake Michigan.

WILD ANIMALS OF INDIANA.

Apropos to Mr. Lasselle's article on the old fur traders, the editor recalls a small account book and a number of other papers that came to his notice some time since. These records, dated 1859, were left by A. B. Cole, of Noblesville, an agent who purchased of local trappers and transferred his peltries to the Ewing fur company, of Fort Wayne. What animals contributed to this branch of commerce, together with their comparative numbers and values, is shown by these old leaflets, of which the following is a sample:

Invoice of furs and peltries sold Ewing, Walker & Co., by Conner, Stevenson & Cole:

*Mr. Lasselle errs here. The Conner trading post was on White river, four miles below the present site of Noblesville.—*Editor*.

2795	First lot raccoon skins.....	\$1,871 00
184	Second lot raccoon skins.....	89 00
259	Third lot raccoon skins	46 62
102	First lot fox skins	76 50
18	Second lot fox skins	7 00
48	First lot wildcat skins	36 00
3	First lot wolf skins.....	1 50
943	First lot deer skins.....	707 25
112	Winter and towhead skins.....	35 00
75	Spotted fawn skins.....	15 00
802	First lot mink skins.....	601 50
182	Second lot mink skins.....	68 25
142	Third lot mink skins	17 75
1	Cub bear skin.....	2 50
1	Second quality fisher skin	1 00
13	Otter (best) skins.....	104 00
Total		\$3,679 87

According to this invoice, raccoon, deer and mink skins were considerably in excess of any other kind. The deer hair was of little use, the value being in the skin, which was extensively utilized for wearing apparel and other purposes. The raccoon and similar furs were largely made into felt and used for a species of hat which went by the name of beaver.

How abundantly our forests teemed with fur-bearing animals will be apparent when we reflect that for nearly a century and a half the fur trade, with its insatiable demands, invaded the territory and carried on the process of extermination. During the French occupancy pirogues of the Canadian wood-rangers carried hence untold thousands of bales of skins. After them the Mackinaw Company, the American Fur Company and John Jacob Astor extended their traffic into this region, drawing to Detroit and Canada, by way of the Wabash, vast quantities of beaver, otter and other less valuable peltries. Yet later (in the twenties) the houses of G. W. and W. G. Ewing were established at Fort Wayne and Logansport, and these houses, extending their agencies through the State, assumed considerable proportions. These two brothers are said to have amassed fortunes that aggregated about two million dollars.

The persistency with which many of the native fauna clung to their once wild haunts long after civilization supplanted the

wilderness is worthy of note. In Indiana wolves have been reported from various localities within the last few years; the Canadian lynx has been killed in Tippecanoe and Montgomery counties within the last twenty years; wildcats were occasionally seen in Franklin county as late as 1869, and doubtless much later in some parts of the State; a bear was found in LaGrange county in 1876, and deer have been seen much later. The same is true of the otter and the badger. The red fox is still hunted.

The late George W. Pitts, of Indianapolis, who during the thirties and forties trapped and hunted extensively along White river, has stated to the writer that the larger and rarer animals were driven out of Marion county and the adjoining territory at a comparatively early date. Wolves, he said, had disappeared by 1835; the latest bear he knew of was seen in 1838; his father shot a catamount about 1828. The latter animal was very rare at that date, but wildcats remained until the early forties. Deer were shot as late as 1847; porcupines he remembered seeing in 1835; beavers, once plentiful here, according to him, were extinct by 1830. Beaver at that time led all other pelts in value, being worth from \$6 to \$10. Otter came next, bringing \$2.50 to \$3; but a decade or so later otter rose to \$10 or \$12, by reason of the Russian demand for our best furs.

An odd and somewhat ludicrous wolf trap was described to the writer by Mr. Pitts. A hollow shell of a tree was selected and a hole large enough to admit a wolf's head cut three or four feet from the ground. From the hole downward a slot was made wide enough for the animal's neck to slip down. By way of bait, blood was smeared about the opening and a piece of meat placed in the hollow of the tree. The wolf, in his efforts to get at the meat, thrust his head in at the hole, and, his neck slipping down the slot, was held as if in a stanchion. The rearing up again with his head in the tree was a difficult if not impossible feat.

Another trap, much used by the Indians, was made of such materials as the woods afforded, and was at once simple and effective. A number of sticks were driven in the ground to form a semi-circular pen, at the open end of which were placed two forks or crotches, one on either side. A pole was laid on these forks and another on the ground directly beneath, forming a kind of sill across the entrance to the pen. The next feature

was a heavy pole, or small log, for a deadfall. This was suspended from a piece of grapevine or strip of linden bark, which, passing up over the pole in the forks, was looped over a trigger. This trigger was simply a light stick, which reached down to a third small pole placed against the sides of the forked posts near the ground, which, preventing the weights from pulling the trigger over the top pole, was in turn held in place by the pressure of the trigger. The bait was placed in the pen. The game, venturing in at the entrance, his foot or body pressed down the small pole over which he must step; the trigger was released and the deadfall quickly pinned him to the sill on the ground. These traps would be made of any dimensions, and for all sizes of game, from rabbits to bears.

SQUIRREL "BURGOO."

THE following description of an old-time squirrel "burgoo" was gleaned by a newspaper reporter some years since from Samuel Corbaley, of Indianapolis:

"I was born in Wayne township in 1834, and can remember when, in the early forties, the squirrels (black and gray) were so plentiful they almost destroyed the young corn. I think it was the spring of '43 that my father's neighbors proposed to kill all the squirrels around his farm if he would furnish the bread for a burgoo. A day was appointed, and corn bread enough for a small army baked by my mother and the neighbor women. Three large iron sugar kettles, filled with water, were hung up near a spring. Beverly Ballard, a Kentuckian, was appointed chief cook. The neighbors, with rifles, approached the farm from every direction, and there was a continuous fusillade until 10 o'clock, when, by agreement, the hunters met, and threw down not less than two hundred squirrels. As they were skinned and washed, they were handed over to the cook for boiling. Then followed a feast. Soup was served in tin cups; squirrels were taken out whole with pointed sticks, and corn pone was served with soup made hot with home-raised pepper.

"After dinner the targets were set up and there was a test as to the best shot; and many times the center was hit at a distance of twenty, forty and fifty yards."

MEMOIR OF DAVID HOOVER.

[David Hoover was one of the first and best known of the pioneers of the upper Whitewater. As is related below, he penetrated to the spot where Richmond now stands and settled there in 1806; was the original surveyor of the town when it was founded, and gave the place its name. It may be added that he was a citizen of the county for sixty years, and occupied various public trusts, being successively justice of the peace, associate judge of the Wayne County Circuit Court, and clerk of that court. The latter office he held nearly fourteen years. His memoir, not intended for publication originally, was printed in pamphlet form in 1857, by Mr. Isaac H. Julian. Very few of these pamphlets are now in existence and a special interest may attach to the reprinting of the memoir by reason of the centennial anniversary of the settlement of Wayne county, which occurs this spring.—*Editor.*]

I THINK it is Lawrence Sterne who says that—among other things which he mentions—every person should write a book; and as I have not yet done that, I am now going to write one. As it has always been interesting to me to read biographical sketches, and historical reminiscences of bygone days, I have concluded that some information concerning myself and family, might, perhaps, amuse some of my descendants, at least. The name is pretty extensively scattered throughout this country; such information may therefore be of some interest to them, as it may enable them to trace back their genealogy to the original stock.

I was born on a small water-course, called Huwaree, a branch of the Yadkin river, in Randolph county, North Carolina, on the 14th day of April, 1781; and am now in the seventy-third year of my age. It is customary, in personal sketches of this kind, to say something of one's parents and education. I can only say, that my parents were always considered very exemplary in all their walk through life. As to education, my opportunities were exceedingly limited; and had it not been for my inclination and perseverance, I should, in all probability, at this day be numbered among those who can scarcely write their names, or perhaps should only be able to make a "X," in placing my signature to a written instrument. In order to show the state of society in my early youth, as an evidence of the intelligence of the

circle in which I was raised, I can say of a truth, that I never had an opportunity of reading a newspaper, nor did I ever see a bank-note, until after I was a man grown.

As to my ancestors, I know but little. If my information is correct, my grandfather, Andrew Hoover, left Germany when a boy; married Margaret Fouts, in Pennsylvania; and settled on Pipe creek in Maryland. There my father was born; and from thence, now about one hundred years ago, he removed to North Carolina, then a new country. He left eight sons and five daughters, all of whom had large families. Their descendants are mostly scattered through what we call the Western country. Rudolph Waymire, my grandfather on my mother's side, emigrated from Hanover in Germany, after he had several children. He used to brag that he was a soldier under His Britannic Majesty, and that he was at the head of the battle of Dettingen in 1743. He left one son and seven daughters by his first wife. Their descendants are also mostly to be found in this country.

My father had a family of ten children, four sons and six daughters. In order to better our circumstances, he came to the conclusion of moving to a new country, and sold his possessions accordingly. He was then worth rising of two thousand dollars; which at that time, and in that country, was considered very considerably over an average in point of wealth. On the 19th of September, 1802, we loaded our wagon, and wended our way toward that portion of what was then called the Northwestern Territory which constitutes the present State of Ohio.

Here permit me to make a passing remark. I was then in the twenty-second year of my age. I had formed an acquaintance and brought myself into notice perhaps rather more extensively than falls to the lot of most country boys. Did language afford terms adequate to describe my sensations on shaking hands with my youthful compeers, and giving them a final farewell, I would gladly do so. Suffice it to say, that those only who have been placed in like circumstances, can appreciate my feelings on that occasion. And although I have lived to be an old man, and experienced the various vicissitudes attendant on a journey through life thus far, I yet look back to that time as the most interesting scene through which I have passed. My mind at this day is carried back to my early associations and school-boy days,

to my native hills and pine forests; and I can say that there is a kind of indescribable charm in the very name of my natal spot, very different from aught that pertains to any other place on the globe.

After about five weeks' journeying, we crossed the Ohio river at Cincinnati, then a mere village, composed mostly of log houses. I think it was the day after an election had been held at that place for delegates to the convention to form a Constitution; at any rate a Constitution was formed the following winter, which was amended only within the last few years. After crossing the river, we pushed on to Stillwater, about twelve miles north of Dayton, in what is now the county of Montgomery. A number of our acquaintances had located themselves there the previous spring. There we encamped in the woods the first winter. The place had proved so unhealthy that we felt discouraged and much dissatisfied, and concluded not to locate there. My father then purchased two hundred acres of land, not far from Lebanon, in Warren county, as a home, until we could make further examinations. John Smith, afterward one of the proprietors of Richmond, purchased one hundred acres in the same neighborhood, with similar views. Our object was to find a suitable place for making a settlement, and where but few or no entries had been made. But a small portion of the land lying west of the Great Miami, or east of the Little Miami, was settled at that time. We were hard to please. We Carolinians would scarcely look at the best land where spring water was lacking. Among other considerations, we wished to get further south. We examined divers sections of the unsettled parts of Ohio, without finding any location that would please us. John Smith, Robert Hill and myself partially examined the country between the Falls of the Ohio and Vincennes, before there was a line run in that part of the Territory; and returned much discouraged, as we found nothing inviting in that quarter.

Thus time passed on until the spring of 1806, when myself and four others, rather accidentally, took a section line some eight or ten miles north of Dayton, and traced it a distance of more than thirty miles, through an unbroken forest, to where I am now writing. It was the last of February, or the first of March, when I first saw Whitewater. On my return to my father's, I

informed him that I thought I had found the country we had been in search of. Spring water, timber, and building rock appeared to be abundant, and the face of the country looked delightful. In about three weeks after this, my father, with several others, accompanied me to this "land of promise." As a military man would say, we made a *reconnaissance*, but returned rather discouraged, as it appeared at that time too far from home. Were it necessary, I might here state some of our views at that time, which would show up our extreme ignorance of what has since taken place. On returning from this trip, we saw stakes sticking among the beech trees where Eaton now stands, which was among the nearest approaches of the white man to this place. With the exception of George Holman and a few others, who settled some miles south of this, in the spring of 1805, there were but few families within twenty miles of this place.

It was not until the last of May or the first of June that the first entries were made. John Smith then entered south of Main street, where Richmond now stands, and several other tracts. My father entered the land upon which I now live, I having selected it on my first trip, and several other quarter sections. About harvest of this same year, Jeremiah Cox reached here from good old North Carolina, and purchased where the north part of Richmond now stands. If I mistake not, it had been previously entered by John Meek, the father of Jesse Meek, and had been transferred to Joseph Woodkirk, of whom J. Cox made the purchase. Said Cox also entered several other tracts. Jeremiah Cox, John Smith, and my father, were then looked upon as rather leaders in the Society of Friends. Their location here had a tendency of drawing others, and soon caused a great rush to Whitewater; and land that I thought would never be settled was rapidly taken up and improved. Had I a little more vanity, I might almost claim the credit (if credit it be) of having been the pioneer of the great body of Friends now to be found in this region; as I think it very doubtful whether three Yearly Meetings would convene in this county, had I not traced the line before mentioned.

I was now in the twenty-fifth year of my age, and thus far had been rather a wayfaring disciple, not doing much for my-

self or any other person. Having now selected a spot for a home, I thought the time had come to be up and doing. I therefore married a girl named Catharine Yount, near the Great Miami; and on the last day of March, 1807, reached with our little plunder the hill where I am now living. It may not be uninteresting here to name some of the first settlers in the different neighborhoods. On the East Fork were the Flemings, Irelands, Hills, Wassons, Maxwells, etc. At the mouth of Elkhorn were the Hunts, Whiteheads and Endsleys. In this neighborhood were the Smiths, Coxes, Wrights and Hoovers, several of whom commenced operations in the woods in the spring and summer of 1806. This may emphatically be said to have been the day of "log-cabins" and log-rollings; and, although we were in an unbroken forest, without even a blazed pathway from one settlement to another, we yet enjoyed a friendship, and a neighborly interchange of kind offices, which are unknown at this time. Although we had to step on puncheon floors, and eat our corn-bread and venison, or turkey, off of broad pieces of split timber, and drive forks in one corner of our cabins, with cross timbers driven into the walls, for bedsteads, there was no grumbling or complaining of low markets and hard times. The questions of Tariff and National Bank were truly "obsolete ideas" in those days. It was the first week in April before some of us commenced operations in the woods; but we mostly raised corn enough to do us. There was, however, no mill to grind it, and for some weeks we grated all the meal we made use of. About Christmas, Charles Hunt started a mill, on a cheap scale, near the mouth of Elkhorn, which did our grinding until J. Cox established one near to where Richmond now stands, and which now belongs to Basil Brightwell.

The Indian boundary was at this time about three miles west of us. The Indians lived on White river, and were frequently among us. They at one time packed off 400 bushels of shelled corn, which they purchased of John Smith. In 1809 a purchase was made, called the "Twelve Mile Purchase," and a goodly number settled on it before it was surveyed; but the war of 1812 coming on, the settlers mostly left their locations, and removed to places of more security. Those who remained built forts and "block houses." The settlers in this neighborhood mostly stood

their ground, but suffered considerably with fear. George Shugart then lived where Newport now stands, some miles from any other inhabitant. In the language of the Friends, he "did not feel clear" in leaving his home, and he manfully stood his ground unmolested, except by those whom we then styled the "Rangers," from whom he received some abuse for his boldness. The Indians took three scalps out of this county, and stole a number of horses. Candor, however, compels me to say that, as is usually the case, we Christians were the aggressors. After peace was made, in 1814, the twelve mile purchase settled very rapidly.

It will not be amiss, at this stage of our narrative, to state that when we first settled here, the now State of Indiana was called Indiana Territory, and we belonged to Dearborn county, which embraced all the territory purchased from the Indians at the treaty of Greenville, extending from the mouth of the Kentucky river to Fort Recovery. The counties of Wayne and Franklin were afterwards formed out of the northern part of this territory. Although Governor Harrison had the appointing power, he gave the people the privilege of choosing their own officers. An election was accordingly held, when it was found that Peter Fleming, Jeremiah Meek and Aaron Martin were elected Judges, George Hunt, Clerk, and John Turner, Sheriff. County courts were then held by three associate judges, and county business was done before them. One of the first courts held in this county, under the Territorial government, convened under the shade of a tree, on the premises then belonging to Richard Rue, Esq., Judge Park presiding and James Noble prosecutor. In order to show the legal knowledge we backwoodsmen were then in possession of, I will relate the following case. A boy was indicted for stealing a knife, a traverse jury was empaneled, and took their seats upon a log. The indictment was read, and, as usual, set out that the offender, with *force and arms*, did feloniously steal, take, and carry away, etc. After hearing the case, the jury retired to another log to make up their verdict. Jeremiah Cox, one of the jurors, and afterwards a member of the convention to frame a Constitution, and of the Legislature, concluded they must find the defendant guilty, but he thought the indictment "was rather too bad for so small an offense." I suppose he

thought the words "with force and arms" uncalled for, and thought rightly enough, too.

Some further illustration of our legal knowledge and the spirit of our legislation at this time may be interesting. Although the Friends constituted a large portion of the inhabitants in this quarter, there were in other parts of the county men in whose craniums the military spirit was pretty strongly developed, before the war of 1812 was declared. When that came on, this spirit manifested itself in all its rigor. The Friends were much harassed on account of their refusal to do military duty. Some were drafted, and had their property sacrificed, and at the next call were again drafted, and fined. Four young men were thrown into the county jail during the most inclement cold weather; fire was denied them until they should comply; and had it not been for the humane feeling of David F. Sackett, who handed them hot bricks through the grates, they must have suffered severely. Suits were subsequently brought against the officers for false imprisonment. The trials were had at Brookville, in Franklin county. They all recovered damages, but I have every reason to believe that the whole of the damages and costs was paid out of the moneys extorted from others of the Friends. To cap the climax of absurdity and outrage, the gentlemen officers arrested an old man named Jacob Elliott, and tried him by a court-martial, for treason, found him guilty, and sentenced him to be shot! but gave him a chance to run away in the dark, they firing off their guns at the same time. It would fill a considerable volume to give a detailed history of the *noble patriots* of those days, and of their wisdom and valorous exploits; but this must suffice.

Connected with this subject, permit me a word respecting my own course. I think it is well known that from first to last I stood by the Friends like a brother (as I would again do under similar circumstances), and used my influence in their favor; yet from some cause, best known to themselves, I have apparently lost the confidence and friendship of a good number of them. The most serious charge which has yet reached me, is that I have not got "the true faith," and not that I have done anything wrong. Of this I do not complain; but must be permitted to say that their course towards me was rather gratuitous.

I feel confident that they can not in truth say that they have at any time received aught but disinterested friendship from me; and if some of them can reconcile their course toward me with a sense of duty, and of doing by me as I have at all times done by them, I shall therewith be content. -

In 1816 we elected delegates to the convention which formed our late Constitution, and named the State Indiana. On the third day of February following, I was elected Clerk of Wayne Circuit Court, and by favor of the voters of the county, held the office nearly fourteen years. I was prevented from serving out my full constitutional term of office, by a deceptive ruling of the Court, which I have no fears will ever be hunted up as a precedent in a similar or any other case.

I was almost the first man who set foot in this part of Wayne county, and have been an actor in it for more than forty years. It may not be out of place here for me to say, that I feel conscious I often erred through ignorance, and perhaps through wilfulness. Yet (and with gratitude be it spoken), it has fallen to the lot of few men to retain so long the standing which I think I still have among all classes of my fellow citizens. I believe it is a privilege conceded to old men to boast of what they have been, and what they have done. I shall therefore take the liberty of saying, that I have now seven commissions by me, for offices which I have held, besides having had a seat in the Senate of this State for six years.

I will add, that in the employ and under the direction of John Smith and Jeremiah Cox, I laid off the city of Richmond, did all their clerking, wrote their deeds, etc. If I recollect rightly, it was first named Smithville, after one of the proprietors; but that name did not give general satisfaction. Thomas Robbards, James Pegg, and myself, were then chosen to select a name for the place. Robbards proposed Waterford, Pegg, Plainfield, and I made choice of Richmond, which latter name received the preference of the lot-holders.

I have some fears that the preceding remarks may be looked upon as betraying the vanity of an old man; but I wish it distinctly understood, that I ascribe the little favors which I have received, more to surrounding circumstances, and the partiality of my friends, than to any qualification or merits in myself.

There are several other subjects connected with the early history of Wayne county, on which I could dwell at some length. I could refer to the first dominant party, their arbitrary proceeding in fixing the county seat at Salisbury, the seven years' war and contention which followed, ending with the final location of the shiretown at Centreville.² But as the rival parties in that contest have mostly left the stage, and the subject is almost forgotten, I think it unnecessary to disturb it.

A lengthy chapter might be written on the improvements which have been made within the last fifty years in Wayne county (to say nothing of the rest of the world), in the arts and sciences generally, but as I do not feel myself competent to the task, I shall not attempt it.

And now, in bringing this crude and undigested account of my experience to a close, short as it is, it gives rise to many serious reflections. When I look back upon the number of those who set out in life with me, full of hope, and who have fallen by the way, and gone to that bourne from whence there is no returning, with not even a rude stone to mark the spot where their mortal remains are deposited, language fails me, and indeed there is no language adequate to the expression of my feelings. I shall therefore drop the subject, leaving the reader to fill up the blank in his own way.

In conclusion, let me say a word about my politics and religion. In politics, I profess to belong to the Jeffersonian school. I view Thomas Jefferson as decidedly the greatest statesman that America has yet produced. He was the chief apostle of both Political and Religious Liberty. My motto is taken from his first Inaugural: "Equal and exact justice to all men"—and I will add—without calling in question their political or religious faith, country, or color.

And here I wish it distinctly understood, and remembered, that I stood almost alone in this section of the State, in opposition to our ruinous system of internal improvements, concocted and brought about at the sessions of the Legislature in the years 1835 to 1836; which resulted in the creation of a State debt which the present generation will not see paid; and which has verified the text in the old Book to the very letter, which says that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon their children to the third and fourth generations.

As to religion:

Happy is he, the only happy man,
Who, from *choice*, does all the good he can.

"The world is my country, and my religion is to do right." I am a firm believer in the Christian religion, though not as lived up to by most of its professors of the present day. In the language of Jefferson, I look upon the "Christian philosophy as the most sublime and benevolent, but most perverted system that ever shone on man." I have no use for the priesthood, nor can I abide the shackles of sectarian dogmas. I see no necessity for confessions of faith, creeds, forms and ceremonies. In the most comprehensive sense of the word, I am opposed to all wars, and to slavery; and trust the time is not far distant when they will be numbered among the things that were, and viewed as we now look back upon some of the doings of what we are pleased to style the dark ages.

Note 1.—Among the first settlers of the twelve mile purchase, rather in the vicinity of Centreville, were Danial Noland, Henry Bryan, Isaac Julian, William Harvey, Nathan Overman, George Grimes, etc. Other pioneers, whose names I can not now recall, were thinly scattered over other portions of the "purchase."—I. H. J.

Note 2.—The county seat was finally established at Centreville in April, 1820. The first court held in Wayne county, as appears from the records, met at the home of Richard Rue, February, 1811. Wayne county was organized in November, 1810.

JUDGE HOOVER'S RECORD AS TO LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, PEACE
AND FREEDOM.

Appended to his Memoir, Judge Hoover copied the following Memorial and postscript, prepared and subscribed by him at an early period of our history, which he seemed to think should go with it, as showing more positively his position in regard to the matters referred to in the same. It may with propriety be added, that at an early day in this county, Anti-Slavery and Peace Societies were formed, of which Judge Hoover, Elder David Purviance, and other prominent citizens in various parts of the county, were leading members:

To William Henry Harrison, Governor of the Indiana Territory, the Legislative Council, and House of Representatives, at Vincennes met:

The Memorial of the Society of Friends of the said Territory respectfully represents:

That few if any of the present members of the Legislature, we presume, are altogether unacquainted with the conscientious scruples of Friends against bearing arms, or acting in any manner as military men, ever since they became a religious society. And considering the penalties and sufferings they have heretofore been subject to on that account, there is no room left to suppose that their declining to act in that capacity proceeded from obstinacy, or a disregard to the laws of their country. They conceive that, notwithstanding they have always declined the use of the sword, they have not been useless citizens; and that the indulgence which has been granted to conscientious people in other governments, has not in any manner been prejudicial to the real interest of those countries, but rather that it has been a means of inducing useful citizens to settle and improve various parts thereof. Nor does it admit of a doubt, that penal laws, designed to force people to act in violation of what they believe to be their duty to their Maker, never did and never will promote the true interest and safety of any country. And although heavy fines have heretofore in some cases been impressed for non-attendance of musters, and often doubled by unreasonable seizures, to the great distress of some poor families; yet it seems hardly probable that the public have been much, if at all, benefited by these extortions. Your memorialists, therefore, can not suppose that it can be a desirable object with a free and enlightened people, to subject any denomination of Christians to penalties and sufferings, either in their persons or property, on account of their religious opinions, which can never be injurious to the country at large, or to any individual. All of which we submit to the Legislature, that they may make such amendment of the present militia laws as to them may seem reasonable and just.

And your Memorialists, etc.

P. S.—The laws subjecting the Quakers to fines for not mustering were repealed; but after the battle of Tippecanoe, they were re-enacted with a vengeance.

"I am now situated on block 70, lot No. 2, in a little cabin, 16 x 17 feet, belonging to a Mr. Cap, of Cincinnati."

It was here that my mother began the brief diary referred to. The persons most frequently mentioned in the diary are Mr. James Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Paxton, Dr. Coe, Mr. and Mrs. Nowland, Mrs. Bates, the Hawkins's, B. F. Morris, Dr. Dunlap, the Bradleys, the Yandes's, and Judge and Mrs. Wick.

These are the religious data I have spoken of:

"Sunday, Nov. 18, 1821. I attended prayer-meeting at Mr. Stevens'.

"Sunday, Nov. 25. I attended preaching at Mr. Hawkins', where I heard a very good sermon by a Newlight minister. The text was: 'See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.'

"Sunday, Dec. 30. I heard a sermon delivered by a Newlight minister which I did not think commendable, but we must allow for it, as it has not been but about three months since he began to speak in public.

"Sunday, May 12, 1822. I attended preaching in the Governor's Circle. It was the first sermon ever delivered at that place. Rev. Mr. Proctor took his text from the 30th chapter of Proverbs, and 17th verse: 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' In the afternoon he delivered another sermon from Luke XV:7: 'I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner who repenteth.' The preacher is a Presbyterian and a very good orator.

"Tuesday, 14th. In the morning it rained and in the afternoon it was clear but muddy. Mr. Fletcher attended preaching at the schoolhouse. The sermon was delivered by Mr. Proctor, who took for his text Ps. 42, 1st verse: 'As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!'

"Monday, the 20th of May. Rainy and disagreeable. Rev. Mr. Proctor, Dr. Coe, Mr. Linton, Mr. Fletcher and myself all dined at Mr. Nowland's.

"Tuesday, 21st. I rode (horseback) out in the country about two miles to Mr. Burton's with Mr. Paxton and Mrs. Nowland.

May 28th. This day we moved into Mr. Blake's house* and took possession for one year.

*On Washington street west of Illinois.

"Friday, 31st. This day Mr. Fletcher started on the circuit.* We arose early in the morning. It was quite pleasing to hear the birds. How cheerfully they sung! Their notes were so mingled that a person could not distinguish one bird from another. This day Mr. Rice, a Presbyterian preacher, and Dr. Coe dined with Mr. Blake and myself.

"Sunday, 9th June. Mrs. Wick and I attended Methodist preaching.

"Sunday, 16th June. In the morning Mr. Blake went to Sabbath school.†

"Sunday, 12th July. This day attended Baptist preaching at the schoolhouse. * * * Camp meeting commenced the 13th day of September and held four days.‡

"Sunday, April 15th, 1823. Our school commenced, which, I hope, will be of great benefit to the children of our town."§

I find three funerals recorded in my mother's journal, as follows:

"Sunday, March 24, 1822. Attended a funeral and a burial.|| I did not see a single tear shed in the whole assemblage, except by Mrs. Nowland, when she showed me where her child was buried.

"Sunday, 12th of July, 1822. This day Mr. Jones departed this life, about 8 o'clock in the morning. * * * He is to be buried this afternoon.

"Monday, November 11, ('22). About two o'clock p. m. Mr. Nowland departed this life, and, it was said, very happily. He said he 'had made his peace with God, and was willing to go.'

"Tuesday, November 12. Rev. Mr. Proctor delivered a very pathetic sermon on the occasion [of Mr. Nowland's burial]. His text was: 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' "

*Under the old constitution, the president circuit judge held courts over an extensive territory, and it was a custom of the lawyers to travel with him throughout the judicial circuit.—*Editor*.

†The first mention of a Sabbath school in Indianapolis.—*J. C. F.*

‡Was not this the first camp meeting held in Marion county?—*J. C. F.*

§This doubtless refers to the re-commencing of the Sunday-school begun June 26, 1822.—*J. C. F.*

||Who the person buried was I have no means of knowing.—*J. C. F.*

From the News of April 4.

On the 8th of October, 1821, Indianapolis was to have her first great gathering. It was on that day that the sale of lots of the newly laid out capital took place. Carter's and Hawkins' tavern, Nowland's and other boarding houses were crowded. In her journal Mrs. Calvin Fletcher wrote:

"October 8, 1821. The sale of lots commenced near our house. A large concourse of people were present."

This could not have been far from Washington and Missouri streets, as block 70, lot 2, is west of Missouri, on the south side of Washington. The sale, as my father once informed me, began upon a day that was overcast and gloomy. The wind was high, and while the auctioneer was urging the bidding a limb was wrenched from its place in the trees overhead, and one of the bystanders came near being killed. The sales continued for a week, and no less than 313 lots were disposed of. The total which these slices of Indianapolis amounted to was \$35,596.25, but the cash payment received at the time by the agent was only 20 per cent., the remaining four-fifths to be paid in four annual instalments. The average price of lots was about \$113. The highest priced one was that on the northwest corner of Washington and Delaware streets, which brought \$500. It is probable that the price paid was owing to the fact that the court house was to be built on the opposite square and it would be valuable as a tavern or dram shop site.*

In his journal, date of October 1, 1821, my father says: "I found the place very sickly," but it appears that after the week of the sale everything put on a better face. My mother speaks of the beauty of the Indian summer. Much of the bright foliage, however, was not to be stripped by the blasts, for the woods were resounding with the stroke of the ax and the crash of falling trees.

The favorite ax of those days was the "Collins ax," manufactured at Hartford, Conn. It seemed to me very strange in after years to find in the great valley of the Amazon that there was one American manufacture which Sheffield and Birmingham could not drive out. The Indian of the Amazon cleaves his way through matted jungles with a "machete" made by Collins & Co.,

*Ignatius Brown says \$500 for this lot. The site has been for years and is now occupied by a saloon.—*Editor.*

while the knife and hatchet, and the instrument with which he grubs up the ipecacuanha, are all manufactured by the same house which, more than a half-century ago, furnished the axes that chopped down the trees in the streets of Indianapolis.

Cabins arose as if by magic, and one man, Colonel Paxton, had the audacity to begin a frame house on the south side of Washington street (near Illinois). This building, before it was finished, was sold to Mr. James Blake. My father and mother were to be the first occupants, and here my brothers, Elijah and Miles, and myself were born. The main body of this magnificent residence was one story high, and consisted of two rooms, neither of which could have been more than fifteen feet square, connected by a covered space with a kitchen. My mother in her journal speaks of moving from their smoky cabin to this frame house in May, 1822, while my father has left in his diary a copy of the agreement by which he rented the house from Mr. Blake. As it illustrates the prices of board and rent at that day I copy the contract. It sets forth that:

"The said Blake convenants and agrees to give to the said Fletcher possession of the frame house standing on block 67, lot 12, as soon as it shall be fixed convenient for a family to dwell therein, together with the said lot, which the said Fletcher is to have and enjoy for the term of one year from and after the time he takes possession. In consideration of the above premises he, the said Fletcher, is to board the said Blake during the year, * * * and the said Blake is to give the said Fletcher ten bushels of corn as a further consideration of board; and the said Blake is to have the privilege of the east room of said house in common with said Fletcher, together with the stable and said lot."

Colonel Blake was the first in Indianapolis to have a non-professional collection of miscellaneous works that might be called a library. My father and Mr. Merrill were next in the list with literary works, Mr. Merrill's collection being the larger. Goldsmith's "Animated Nature" and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" were the first books, except the Bible, read to me by my mother, that made an impression upon me.

From the News of April 12.

In October, 1821, there were three weeks of beautiful weather, and my mother says in her journal, under the date of October 27:

"This day is very pleasant and rather smoky. It appears like Indian summer. We have had very little rain in this place for about three weeks. This has made it very favorable for those who have moved in and are building."

Under such circumstances Indianapolis may be said to have begun her existence. The sale of more than three hundred lots, but few of which were purchased on speculation, brought hither those who were to be permanent settlers. There seemed to be a most kindly disposition on the part of the people toward each other. Visits were the order of the day and mutual aid was never withheld. There was not a capitalist in Indianapolis—but few were even with the world—and there was not a man or woman, however exalted their social position in the land whence they came, but put his or her hand to work in the frontier life of the New Purchase. In her journal I find my mother writing on the 1st day of November, as follows.

"This day I was spinning wool at Mr. McIlvain's."

This Mr. McIlvain was the earliest justice of the peace in Indianapolis. He was an upright, Christian man, who had been associate justice in Ohio and was afterward elected one of the associate judges for Marion county. His log cabin stood not far from the present site of the Second Presbyterian Church. One of my earliest recollections is that of a visit to Judge McIlvain's. He cultivated the ground that is around the church, and produced the usual crop of corn and potatoes. He also was the first to raise poultry on an extended scale. There was one crop that was unusual, and which, I presume, he was the first and the last to raise in Indianapolis. My father informed me that when he first came here, in the summer of 1821, he found Judge James McIlvain living at the place I have indicated, and that, amongst other things he had planted, was quite a large patch of cotton. This cotton came to maturity in the autumn, and served the purpose, when spun, of candle wicking.

I spoke of the alacrity with which new Indianapolitans aided each other and turned their hands to everything. I give a few instances, quoting from my mother's journal:

"November 5, 1821. Mr. Fletcher has been helping Mr. Blake husk corn." Again: "Friday, December 7. We killed a beef. Mr. Paxton and Mr. Blake helped to butcher it." Again, under the date of November 24: "Mrs. Nowland was making a

bonnet. She came to me to know whether I could make it. I did not understand it, but gave her all the instruction I possibly could." Other entries are: "I was very much engaged in trying out my tallow;" "To-day I dipped candles;" "To-day I finished the 'Vicar of Wakefield';" and, "I commenced to read the Life of Washington." There was also an inkling of a singing-school in "I borrowed of Mr. Blake a singing book." There are afterwards notices of the singing-school, where all that could sing joined for mutual improvement. One of the leading singers was Henry Bradley, who was one of the early pillars of the Baptist church in Indianapolis.

The reference in this journal to dinner parties, teas, quiltings, etc., are exceedingly numerous. Good feeling pervaded the whole community. While there was genuine western hospitality, there were some other motives at the bottom for such constant courtesy on the part of many of the new-comers toward the rank and file. There was to be an election of county officers in the spring and hence the endeavor on the side of certain gentlemen to win over by politeness and attention every voter and his wife.

The first mention of any musical instrument in the journal is in an entry of December 27, 1821:

"I was sitting by the fire and Mr. Fletcher was reading Robertson's history of America when the news came that Mr. Blake had returned from Corydon. Mr. F. has gone to see him, and when I write a few more lines I will go also, although I feel very much fatigued, for it is a long time since I have heard the fiddle played. I think it will seem very melodious, and I am just about to start to hear it."

But while there were plenty of calls, visits, etc., the great social events of the winter were the Christmas and New Year's parties. The former was a "stag" party, and the latter was a ball. My father's journal is more full in regard to Christmas, 1821:

"This day I got up at sunrise. I visited several of my neighbors, who all appeared friendly. About ten o'clock I went to the river" [on the banks of which there were then more cabins than elsewhere]. "I found at Mr. McGeorge's a large collection of men, principally the candidates for the new county offices. The

county is just being laid off. McGeorge had the only barrel of cider in town. I suppose it to have cost him about seven dollars. In the liberality of the candidates the barrel was unheaded, and all promiscuously drank. But as the cider was frozen, the dog-irons were put red-hot into the barrel. After having drank heartily of the cider they took brandy, which soon produced intoxication. A friend of mine, having in some way made a mistake as to its inebriating qualities, took too much. I therefore left the company and came home with him. I found a great degree of accommodation and courtesy used among all classes. The candidates led the concourse from one place to another till sundown."

The ladies on that Christmas appeared to have had a very unostentatious time of it, for they spent the day in much quiet visiting.

"Tuesday, Christmas," writes my mother, "Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Paxton came and spent the day with me. They dined with me. Then Mrs. B. and I went to Mrs. Paxton's, where we both took tea. After remaining a while I returned home, and then went to the Nowland's. I then came home again and read a chapter in the Bible, etc."

The crowning social occasion of the season was a New Year's party given at Mr. Wyant's cabin, of which occasion Colonel Blake was the master, as he was of most public assemblies. I have now before me the invitation to that first party of a ceremonious kind ever given in the New Purchase. This is the first invitation of a formal nature ever penned here. There was no printing press at that time in Indianapolis, and there was evidently but very little writing paper. The paper is four by two and three-quarter inches, and the invitation, written in a clear hand, reads:

"The company of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher is requested to a party at J. Wyant's, Tuesday, the first day of January, 1822, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Managers, A. W. RUSSELL,
K. A. SCUDDER."

"Indianapolis, December 28, 1821."

We can see how democratic were the hours in those primitive days. This party or ball began at three p. m. and concluded at midnight.

[To be continued.]

SOME OLD INDIANAPOLIS DOCUMENTS.

MR. ALBERT JOHNSON, of Irvington, has in his possession a mass of papers dating back to the early twenties, and belonging originally to his father and grandfather, who came to Indianapolis soon after its founding. These are legal documents, receipts, orders and miscellaneous scraps, which, besides the many autographs, have an interest because of little sidelights they throw on the transactions and primitive business methods of our earlier days when money was scarce and a system of payment in commodities more or less necessary. The following are samples:

"On demand, I promise to make for Jeremiah Johnson, or order, four pair of good shoes, two pair of coarse, strong shoes, two pair, if wished, fine shoes—(?) and bound. Witness my hand and seal, this 21st day of September, 1824.

"SAMUEL JOHNS."

"Mr. James Cooley please pay to Jeremiah Johnson, the bearer of this, ten pairs of coarse shoes agreeable to our agreement. * * *

WILLIAM KENNARD."

"June 21, 1822."

"Mr. William Bay—Sir: You will please to pay to Jeremiah Johnson 157 bushels of sound corn on my account.

"JOHN E. BARY."

"Ten days after date I promise to pay to Jeremiah Johnson 100 pounds of good merchantable wheat flour.

"ISAAC COOL."

The following itemized bill gives an idea of the then market prices of various commodities:

4 lbs. coffee.....	\$1 00
¼ lb. tea.....	0 31½
4 lbs. sugar.....	0 50
1 lb. wrought nails.....	0 31½
200 segars	0 50
50 lbs. biscuit.....	2 50
1 bushel meal.....	0 25
3 lbs. butter.....	0 18½
1 peck salt.....	0 25
1 augur.....	0 50
2 lbs. nail.....	0 25
Cable (boat rope).....	1 32

The legal instruments and forms were pretty nearly as crude as those used in private business. The official reports of the county officers were written on ordinary sheets of writing paper, distinguished only by a faint, half-legible seal, and the tax receipts were on ragged scraps of sheets, printed, when printed at all, in a style that would, at the present day, excite the derision of an apprentice in a country office. A manuscript tax notice written by Jeremiah Johnson when he was collector for Marion county states that "I will receive taxes at my house on Pennsylvania street, in Indianapolis, until the first day of July next," after which date "two per centum commission will be added to the amount of each person's tax." An interesting glimpse of the county revenue from taxables is given by a document which is worth giving in full:

"The State of Indiana, Marion County.

"This certifies to the treasurer of Marion county that Asa B. Strong, collector of the revenue of said county for the year 1833, is chargeable for county purposes with—

1,740 polls at 37½ cents each.....	\$ 652 50
1,839 horses at 12½ cents each.....	229 87.5
564 oxen at 6¼ cents each.....	35 25
86 silver watches.....	21 50
4 gold watches.....	2 00
25 brass clocks.....	12 50
1 two-wheeled pleasure carriage.....	1 00
4 four-wheeled pleasure carriages.....	6 00
Stud horses.....	51 00
Resident town lots.....	165 65.5
Non-resident town lots.....	57 83
6,325 82-100 acres first-rate (resident) land at (40)...	25 30.3
80,132 80-100 acres second-rate (resident) land at (30)	204 39.8
10,814 .06-100 acres third-rate (resident) land at (20)	21 62.8
1,538 95-100 acres first-rate (non-resident) land at (40).....	6 15.5
26,694 78-100 acres second-rate (non-resident) land at (30).....	80 08.02
782 acres third-rate (non-resident) land at (20).....	1 56.4
Road tax on non-resident land.....	87 80.1
Total.....	<u>\$1,689 94.1</u>

"In testimony whereof, I, James M. Ray, clerk of the Marion Circuit Court, do hereunto set my hand and seal of office this May 15, A. D. 1833.

JAMES M. RAY, *Clerk.*"

An amusing sample from the collection is an invitation to a social function sent out by Governor Noah Noble. Typography as an esthetic art seems to have been unknown in the West in those days, and this, set up in big body type, is printed haphazard somewhere near the middle of a generous sheet out of all proportion as to size and margin. It evidently was an established form with the Governor, for his name is affixed in type instead of chirography and the blanks left for date and hour are filled in by his hand. It reads:

"INDIANAPOLIS, December 16, 1834.

"Sir—You are requested to unite with gentlemen of the Legislature and others in a social party at my house on Wednesday evening, 5 o'clock.

N. NOBLE."

REMINISCENCES OF AMOS HANWAY.

From Paper read before the Indiana Centennial Association, July 4, 1900.

I CAME to Indianapolis with my father's family on the 21st of June, 1821, being then a boy in my fifth year. The family had lived in Vincennes several years before that time. Our voyage here was in an Olean Point flatboat. We went down the Wabash to the mouth of White river and came up to Indianapolis, the boat being poled along up the stream the entire way. I think, from what I have heard, that as much as three weeks were occupied in the journey from Vincennes. My father and Mr. Burke pushed the boat up-stream.

There were eighteen houses here at that time, all cabins. They were built along the bank of White river, extending about from the place of our landing to a point near where the Vandalia railroad bridge is situated. Among these eighteen families I remember John and Michael and David Van Blaricum, Daniel Yandes, Dr. Isaac Coe, John McCormick, Isaac Wilson, a Mr. Concord, Bethuel Dunning, the ferryman, Obadiah Harris, a Mr. Frazier, Jeremiah Collins and a Mr. Keeler.

The White river bridge was built in 1832 and 1833. The fine poplar timbers of this bridge were whip-sawed on the bank

where the bridge was to be, on a frame, reaching out from the bank there. The timber was got up the river eight miles and hewed about square, from a foot to three feet square, in the woods, and I rafted it down to the place where it was whipsawed into proper shapes.

I saw the Delaware and Miami tribes of Indians pass through, going West. They camped by the river, and in the morning all of them went in swimming. They said they never swam in the evening or at night. There was a large tribe of them, over a thousand, I think, all friendly.

Camp meetings were held by the Methodists every year. The first one was south of town, on the Three-notch Line (now South Meridian street). It was on Kelly's farm, and a great crowd attended. The Methodist preachers were great enthusiasts, men of power, eloquence and earnestness. They did important work in bringing the people to the support of good government, morality and religion. Among the great men who preached there were John Strange, Edwin Ray, James Havens, Edwin Ames and James Armstrong. The next camp meetings were held for years on the Military Park ground, near the canal. Afterward the meeting was on the land occupied by the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and next it was in the grove on the land at the then north end of Illinois street, at old First street.

The National road was graded through Indianapolis in the year 1832, I believe, and some years after the grading the road from East street to Big Eagle creek, west of town, was macadamized. The broken stone was put on in strata of three inches at a time, three times, nine inches in all. Each layer was settled by use for a time, and then the next was put on. After this little patch of macadam stone was put on, Jackson and Van Buren vetoed all the National road bills, so it was a very bad road till the State gave it to a plank-road company, and the people soon rode on a plank floor, which was good till it rotted or wore out.

THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF INDIANA.

FROM THE PAPERS OF D. D. BANTA.

[The most ambitious and best known work on education in Indiana is that by Prof. Richard G. Boone, which appeared in 1892. The same year, but prior to the printing of Mr. Boone's book, Judge D. D. Banta, then of the Indiana University Law School, an old-time resident of Johnson county, and author of a history of that county, published in *The Indianapolis News* a series of papers on this important subject. Judge Banta's style of treatment and the ground he covers are so widely different from those of Professor Boone that it is so much new matter to one familiar with Boone. The articles, largely anecdotal and revealing an intimate knowledge of pioneer life and early happenings, give a graphic view of conditions not to be gleaned from a more formal work based wholly upon scholarship. They have a value all their own, and should be of interest to all educators. The series contains too much matter to be reprinted entire in this magazine, but I have taken the liberty to preserve the substance of them and those parts that seem to me most valuable as real contributions to our school history. By the references given the reader who wishes can consult the original, to be found in files in either the State Library or the City Library in Indianapolis. There are ten of the articles, which appear in *The News* of 1892, under date of January 6, 13, 20, 27; February 3, 10, 17, 24; March 16, 23. The articles will run in these pages throughout the year.—Editor.]

Educational Status of the Pioneers—First Schools in the State—Distances to the School—Private Houses, Barns, Mills, etc., as School-houses—Rudeness of the First Houses Built—Curious Styles of Building.

THERE is a class which entertains the belief that the early settlers of Indiana were not as well educated as were the early settlers of her sister States. I think this belief was quite generally entertained a half century ago, and, perhaps, even later by the people of these sister States. I do not know why this belief should be held by any one to-day. I know of no reason why the Indiana pioneers should not be considered as the equals in every respect of the pioneer settlers of any of the other States at that period.

It is stated by Gilmore, in "The Advance Guard of Western Civilization," that of the 256 settlers who moved in 1779-'80 to the after site of Nashville, all but one could write his name. Of thirty-six settlers on the north side of the Ohio, within the present boundaries of the State of Ohio, who signed the petition directed to Lieutenant-Colonel Harmer, in 1765, one only signed by his mark. Mr. Roosevelt, in writing "The Winning of the West," had occasion to examine a great many documents written and signed by the pioneer Tennesseans and Kentuckians, and he gives testimony as following:

"In examining original drafts of petitions and the like, signed by the hundreds of original settlers of Tennessee and Kentucky, I have been struck by the small proportion—not much over three or four per cent. at the outside—of men who made their mark instead of signing."

I have no doubt that the same fact would appear from an examination on as large a scale of original documents signed by the Indiana pioneers. I have done a little of that kind of work myself and have found the same result that Mr. Roosevelt did.

Of course, all the schools of the pioneering period were inferior to the schools of to-day. In methods and appliances the schools of the two periods were as wide asunder as the poles, but in results, take it school for school and month for month, I am inclined to think the difference was not so very marked. Dr. Boone, in his "History of Education in Indiana,"* does not, as I remember, discuss this question, but if he did he would hardly agree with me. Nevertheless, the evidence is abundant that the pioneer schoolmasters were, in general, fairly efficient workers in the schoolroom.

However much or little of school training the Indiana pioneers had, of two facts, I think, we may be assured: 1. They differed, as a class, in no respect as to their education, from the pioneer settlers of any other State of that period. 2. The sentiment quite generally prevailed among them, as it did with the people of all other States, of an earnest desire that their children should enjoy far more excellent educational privileges than

*This allusion is to Dr. Boone's MS.

had fallen to their own lot. Or, in other words, they entertained, in common with all the United States people of their day, the American idea of the great value of school training. Of the truth of these two propositions I think there can be no doubt. Dr. Boone, in his history, makes it quite plain that later on in Indiana there came a time when there was a seeming indifference in educational affairs that was not at all creditable to the people of the State, but that charge can not in justice be laid to the door of the first comers. The truth is, that long before any steps had been taken in Massachusetts or New York, or anywhere else in the western world, looking to a free-school system to be supported by the State, Indiana, in her organic law, had made provision for a system of free education, commencing in the township schools and ending in the State University, and but for the great poverty of the people, which rendered the scheme absolutely impracticable, there can be no doubt that there would have been a free-school system in active operation in this State twenty years or more before the first blundering steps were taken toward it in any other State.

If one would take the time for it he might secure quite a varied and extensive assortment of "first schools" in the State. Mr. Randall Yarbrow, who came to Clark county in 1810, said: "What was probably the first school in Indiana was opened in 1811 in Jeffersonville, near the river bank." From a work entitled "Indiana Methodism" I quote: "The first school of any kind in the territory of Indiana was taught one and a half miles south of Charlestown, in 1803." In the summer of 1796 Volney visited Vincennes, and declared that nobody ever opened a school among the French there till it was done by the Abbe R. [Rivet], a missionary banished hither by the French Revolution; and he adds the further statement that "out of nine of the French scarcely six could read or write, whereas nine-tenths of the American emigrants from the east could do both." From the testimony of John Tipton, a capital-site commissioner, we are warranted in believing that a Frenchman taught school in an Indian village, situated on what is now the northwest corner of Johnson county, before M. Rivet's day.*

*For what Tipton says, see Vol. I, No. 1, p. 13, of this magazine.

The first school within the present borders of the State was a French school, probably at Vincennes, and the first Anglo-American school was taught in Clarksville, whose settlement was begun not later than 1785, and probably two or three years before that. At any rate, the place was a "small town" in 1789, and although it was never a place of more than a few log houses, we might safely assume that schools of some sort were provided for the children of the settlement, for this would accord with what I believe to have been the unvarying American practice. After the peace of Greenville, in 1795, the Clark's Grant settlement naturally grew faster than it did before, and in 1800 its population numbered 929. Surely there must have been schools maintained by this time. But we are not left to conjecture merely. From the old records of Clarksville, kept from the first, there are frequent entries relating to the schoolhouses and schoolmasters almost from the very first.

The presumption is next to conclusive that a school was opened in Dearborn county prior to 1802. In the spring of 1796 sixteen families moved across the Big Miami and became the first settlers of Dearborn county. They had settled on the Ohio side of the Miami three years before, and during their three years' sojourn there they organized a school and brought in the first schoolmaster known to that part of the country, one Isaac Polk, who "was known far and near as Master Polk." What these sixteen families who moved on southeastern Indiana soil in the spring of 1796, and who were joined by four or five of the families of the Ohio neighborhood the same year, did in the matter of schools, the muse of history, unfortunately, has not seen fit to say. We are left to conjecture, but with the record made during the three years of their residence in Ohio, we may feel very confident that the year of their moving, or at farthest the following one, marked the advent of the schoolhouse in southern Indiana.

From The News of January 20, 1892.

Without further discussion, we may accept that in general, whenever and wherever a neighborhood contained enough children to warrant the enterprise, a schoolmaster was secured and a school was opened. But it must be remembered that neighbor-

hoods in the early days covered far wider reaches of country than is generally the case now. To that schoolhouse south of Charlestown referred to in the "History of Methodism in Indiana," D. W. Daily, of Clark county, went when a small boy, walking a distance of three miles through the woods. Young Daily's school path, like thousands of others, was not very plain, and was sometimes crossed by wild and savage beasts. His devoted mother, realizing the dangers that beset her boy, went with him part of the way every morning, carrying her youngest born in her arms, and every evening she met him on the way as he returned to his home. One of the first schools taught in Spencer county drew children to it from a distance of four miles in every direction; and it was by no means uncommon for school children to trudge, morning and evening, three and four and even more miles to attend their schools.

In the beginning, houses were not built exclusively for school uses, if an unoccupied cabin or other place was found available for the purpose. The first school taught in Martinsville, certain chroniclers say, was a summer school on a gentleman's porch, by Dr. John Morrison. There are others, however, who insist that the first school was taught in a barn by James Conway. Barns were not infrequently turned into summer schoolhouses during the pioneer educational period. The first school taught in Newburg, Warrick county, was in John Sprinkle's barn, and many other barns were given up during part of the temperate season to the pedagogue and his pupils. Mills were also utilized on occasions. The first school ever taught in the English language in the town of Vevay was by John Wilson, a Baptist minister, in a horse mill. An early school in Waynesville, Bartholomew county, was taught by a retired distiller in a blacksmith shop, which school, for reasons not stated, was attended by young men and boys only. In Spencer county a deserted tannery was utilized. In Knox, in Jackson, and perhaps elsewhere, the old forts, after the close of the Indian wars, were turned into schoolhouses. In the towns of Franklin, Brownstown, and some others, the log court-houses were occupied between courts. In Dubois county Simon Morgan, the county recorder, kept school for many years in the recorder's office. John Godlove,

of Delaware county, taught one of the first schools in the precincts of his own kitchen, while in every county south of the Wabash, and, doubtless, north of it also, abandoned cabins of one kind or another, were quite frequently used for school purposes.*

The appropriating of the mills and the forts, of the barns and old cabins for schools was, however, the exception and not the rule. The rule was that if a house of some kind was not found ready-made when the time for organizing a school came around, those expecting to be its patrons usually made short work of building one. The first were the plainest and cheapest form of log cabin. The neighbors of the Stotts settlement on White river, in Morgan county, began and finished ready for occupancy their schoolhouse in one day. Of course, it was the rudest of log cabins, but it may well be supposed that there were hundreds of not much if any better in Indiana from first to last. I have been told of one such that was built and occupied in White River township, in Jackson county, at a very early day. It was a pole cabin without window, floor or chimney. The fire was kindled on a raised clay platform or hearth in the center, and the sparks and smoke escaped through a large opening in the roof. The children sat on benches next the walls, facing the center, and studied their lessons by the light that came whence the smoke escaped. The house was modeled, evidently, after a hunters' camp. In another part of the same county, a first temple of learning was erected and finished without windows or openings for the light to come in save at the door and the wide throat of the enormous chimney. A similar one was a schoolhouse in Nashville, this State. We usually associate with the primitive schoolhouses the "greased paper windows," but the truth is, "paper glass" marked a step in the process of the evolution of these structures. In the history of Spencer county the statement is made that the first schoolhouses had uncovered openings through which the light entered. There were first schoolhouses elsewhere in the State that were without windows. The paper covering, made translucent by a free use of hog's lard or bear's

*Apropos, it may be mentioned that Hanover College had its beginning in the little three-room residence of Dr. John Finley Crowe. When Mrs. Crowe's domestic duties made it necessary, the class of six boys repaired to the loom-house, a log structure of one room devoted to the family weaving.—*Editor.*

oil, had not yet been thought of, but was to come as an improvement and mark an era in the improvement of schoolhouse architecture. The settlement of Spencer county was begun as early as about 1812, and the statement may well be true, for its earliest-built schoolhouse belonged to the first of the Territory. In Blue River township, Hancock county, the first one was built of logs and had five corners. It was not chinked and daubed, had no windows, and but one door. This must have been as late as 1830. The uncovered openings of the Spencer county houses are suggestive of the portholes in the blockhouses built during the early days as a protection against the Indians. It is a well-known fact that after the final cessation of Indian hostilities the old forts were in some instances converted into schoolhouses, and I find it recorded that a school was taught in 1808 in the dwelling house of John Widner, "which house was almost a fort," having been constructed with special reference to making resistance against attacks of Indians. Indeed, there is direct authority for the statement that schoolhouses were constructed in Washington county with portholes for shooting at the Indians, and if in Washington county, we have good reason to suppose that they were likewise so constructed elsewhere at the same time. I have not come across any record or tradition to show that a cabin full of school children was ever beleaguered in Indiana, or even that the schoolmasters of the State ever at any time carried rifles to their schools with which to defend their scholars in case of attack; but when we remember how very few of the specific acts of a man or of men, which belong to every-day life and are not required by some law to be entered of record, find their way into history books, we can see that schoolmasters may have gone armed to their schools here in Indiana, and the fact remain unknown; and I have no doubt they did.

While the old schoolhouses were, whatever their dimensions, generally rectangular in shape, this was not always true. I find an account of two in Orange county, in Northwest and Southeast townships respectively, that seem to have been five-sided, one end being built "in the shape of a fence corner for a fireplace." This unique style of architecture may have been practiced elsewhere. In fact, a five-cornered schoolhouse was erected in Hancock county as late as 1830.

Can those who attended the old cabin schoolhouses ever forget the total want of everything connected with them that was calculated to cheer and comfort the youngster in his ascent of the hill of knowledge? No attempt, whatever, was ever made by the men who constructed these houses toward beautifying them in any degree, and, judged by the standards of to-day, not much was done with a view to securing the comfort of the children.

The following description of an old time schoolhouse and its furnishings is taken from "Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley," by Sanford C. Cox:

"The schoolhouse was generally a log cabin with puncheon floor, 'cat and clay' chimney, and a part of two logs chopped away on each side of the house for windows, over which greased newspapers or foolscap was pasted to admit the light and keep out the cold. The house was generally furnished with a split [splint] bottom chair for the teacher, and rude benches made out of slabs or puncheons for the children to sit upon, so arranged as to get the benefit of the huge log fire in the winter time, and the light from the windows. To these add a broom, a water-bucket, and a tin cup or gourd, and the furniture list will be complete."

The writer omits one important adjunct, viz., the writing-table or bench, as it was in some schoolhouses not inappropriately called. This usually consisted of a broad board, sawed or sometimes rived, nailed to stout pins driven into holes bored in the logs at a proper slant upward beneath the long window. In the absence of a suitable board, a puncheon hewn to a smooth face, or even a half-log so hewn and mounted upon pins driven into the wall or upon stakes driven into the earth, was made to serve the purpose of a lighter writing table.

It would be a waste of words to point out the squalor and discomfort of the old cabin schoolhouses. Most of us, however, who caught glimpses of learning within their portals in our younger days, think we treasure very tender recollections of them, but I suspect the tender recollections are of the youthful friendships we then formed, and of the surrounding woods and streams that witnessed indulgence in all manner of lawful sports, without a shadow of fear of trespassing on the rights of others.

[To be continued.]

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GEORGE S. COTTMAN, *Editor and Proprietor.*

EDITORIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RICHMOND CENTENNIAL.

Just now there is, perhaps, more local history interest in Richmond and Wayne county than in any other part of the State, because of the centennial anniversary of the settlement of that locality. The following brief statement from Mr. Cyrus W. Hodgin, president of the Centennial Association, will give an idea of the movement:

"The first white settlers on the site of Richmond came there in 1806. This year, 1906, is therefore the one hundredth anniversary of the event. At its meeting in November, 1905, the Wayne County Historical Society appointed a committee to consult with the City Council and a number of other organizations concerning an appropriate celebration of the centennial of the beginning of the town. The Council approved, and appointed a cooperating committee. A Centennial Association has been organized, consisting of representatives chosen by nearly one hundred fraternal societies, churches, and literary, charitable and business organizations. A number of standing committees have been appointed to promote various phases of the plan, and the work of preparation for the event is now well under way.

"There will be six days devoted to the celebration, beginning September 11, and closing on Sunday, the 16th. It will be a time of home-coming for former residents, and a program of excellent variety and high character will be presented for the enjoyment of all. Old Richmondites are invited to send for announcements."

From this it will be seen that there is promise of a general awakening in Richmond along this line. Indeed, the editor will personally testify to this, for in a recent visit to "The Queen of all the Hoosier Plain" he found not a few citizens deeply engrossed in the past story of their community, and all available sources are being drawn upon. Old newspaper files are being

hunted up, and the people are urged to ransack their chests and attics in search of papers and relics. The first Richmond directory, published in 1857, contains a history of the place, by John T. Plummer, which, like Ignatius Brown's directory history of Indianapolis, is the one upon which all the subsequent histories have been based. If any one in or out of the county has one of those directories, now is the time to find a market for it. The press, particularly *The Sun-Telegram*, is pushing the movement along with enthusiasm, and will be an effective instrument in promoting popular interest by its publication through the summer of reminiscences and history papers gleaned from old residents and students of the earlier day.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING IN IOWA.

Iowa is one of the States younger than Indiana where they have come to perceive the value of their own history and have taken steps to preserve it. In connection with their State Library they have a Historical Department, and to these are devoted a handsome edifice of imposing proportions. Moreover, from this Historical Department is issued a quarterly historical magazine (*Annals of Iowa*), which is one of the best of its kind published in the country. With the State support back of it, it is enabled to add to its letter-press many illustrations and charts—a very desirable feature which, so far, this magazine has not been able to do, except in a very limited way. A letter to the editor of *Annals*, Mr. Charles Aldrich, relative to the local history interest there, has elicited the following reply:

"Your letter of the 28th ult., came yesterday. You asked me how I started this work. It was simply by giving a boy's autograph collection, and being obliged to come here and see that it was taken care of, where it would otherwise have been utterly wasted. In order to get a case for its reception, I had to 'hang around' the capitol some little time at my own expense. It did not seem that I could leave the collection unguarded without danger of its destruction, so I stayed and stayed. A little investigation showed me that the State was doing nothing at that time to preserve the materials of its history, so in a small way I began to 'beg' files of newspapers, books, pamphlets and public documents which were out of print, and which were not other-

wise much esteemed, but which contained some of the materials that a State historian would require. I found that Wisconsin had the histories of seventy Iowa counties, while our State Library contained but half that number, with only one dilapidated volume on North American Indians, and on several tribes that had made their homes in what is now Iowa.

"Gradually, these ideas forced themselves upon me, and before I was hardly aware of it, I became a collector. I soon began to receive prehistoric stone implements, arms which were in use in the civil war, specimens of birds and animals, minerals, fossils, ancient implements and furniture, etc., etc. Seeing what I was doing, the Legislature finally gave me the use of three vacant rooms in the basement of the capitol building. Looking back upon those days it seems an incomparably short time until the rooms were filled to overflowing. Then, gradually the idea of a building for this special purpose seemed to be evolved, and matters progressed in the usual way until June 17, 1899, when the cornerstone of the present edifice was laid by Governor Shaw. Since then, our progress has been quite rapid. Our museum has developed until it has become an object of State-wide attraction, not to the people of wealth and to those who travel widely, but to the common people of Iowa.

"If I can do anything further to assist you, it will afford me very great pleasure."

"P. S. I had almost forgotten to mention your admirable magazine. You are doing splendidly and it ought to command support. If you can continue it as you have started, it will be a great help to your other work. In fact, I am of the opinion that our *Annals of Iowa* has done more to develop and expand this work than almost any other instrumentality except the museum. It brings to us exchanges with more than three hundred newspapers and historical magazines, not only throughout the United States, but in foreign countries. It serves to preserve many of the materials of history, and we now have a constant demand for back numbers from schools, colleges and libraries, as well as individuals, all over the country. I have been compelled to reprint several numbers. I think I mentioned your magazine when it was first started, for I have a distinct recollection that it greatly pleased me."

WORK OF THE MONROE COUNTY SOCIETY.

The Monroe County Historical Society, organized but a year ago, has maintained the vigor with which it started out, and in a program recently issued for 1905-1906 we find an admirable showing. The meetings are held monthly throughout the year except August, and at present not less than fifteen papers have been prepared or are promised. Those that have been read are: "Reminiscences of Indiana University Forty Years Ago" (published in Vol. 1, No. 3, of this magazine); "Hon. James Hughes," by Henry C. Duncan; "The History of the Bloomington Water-Works," by Ira C. Batman; "James Parks, Pioneer," by Jonathan W. Ray; "Old Water Mills in Monroe County," by Williamson B. Seward; "My Grandmother Seward's Stories of Pioneer Times," by Miss Margaret McCullough; "Early Elections in Monroe County," by Frank C. Duncan; "Sketch of Dudley Chase Smith, of Vermont," by his son, Dudley F. Smith; "The Rogers Family in Monroe County," by Leonidas D. Rogers; "My Grandmother Elizabeth Grundy Dunn," by Mrs. Elizabeth Dunn Legg.

Those on the program yet to be read are, dates and subjects, as follows:

March 16, "The Bloomington Christian Church," by Amzi Atwater; April 20, "Notes from the Journal of Dr. Theophilus A. Wylie," by Mrs. Louise Wylie Boisen; May 18, "The University in the Later Fifties," by Judge John C. Robinson; June 15, "A Sketch of Austin Seward," by Henry C. Duncan; July 20, "Monroe County Stone Quarries," by Williamson B. Seward.

To quote from the program:

"A number of subjects are in contemplation from which the program for the year 1906-1907 will be made up. Among these are 'The Monon Railroad,' by Mr. Carter Perring; 'The Bloomington Public Schools from the Records of the School Board,' by Mr. W. A. Rawles; 'The Immigration of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians to Monroe County,' by Mr. J. A. Woodburn; 'The Old Monroe County Female Seminary,' by Mr. Amzi Atwater; 'The History of Organized Charities in Bloomington,' by Mrs. Minnie B. Waldron; 'Company K, 14th Indiana Volunteers in the Civil War,' by Miss Mary Kelly; 'The Beginnings of the City Hospital,' by Mrs. Maude Showers.

"The society hopes to secure in time, a history of each religious denomination in the county and of individual congregations. It seeks the cooperation of clerks of sessions and of congregational secretaries and pastors to this end.

"It is the intention of the society to preserve typewritten copies of all the papers read before the society, to be bound in annual volumes.

LOCAL HISTORY CONTRIBUTIONS.

POST VINCENNES—A SUMMARY OF THE EVIDENCE RELATING TO ITS ESTABLISHMENT.

A pamphlet of some fifteen or twenty thousand words bearing this title has recently been issued by F. A. Myers, of Evansville. As the sub-title implies, it is a study in the sources that touch upon the old post, and particularly upon the date of its establishment. There is ample evidence in the text that the study has been searching and painstaking, and it has much collateral information that is of interest. Just what it adds to the subject only an expert could tell. We frankly confess ourselves somewhat stupid in the attempt to get at the merits of this particular kind of a question. The date of the establishment of Vincennes is involved in much haze, and the probabilities are that it will never be less hazy. The evidence at best but affords grounds for surmise, and the surmising varies with the ingenuity of the investigator, just as, in the contentions that spring up, the most ingenious reasoner triumphs quite regardless, perhaps, of the actual facts in the case. Mr. Myers takes vigorous exceptions to certain conclusions of Mr. J. P. Dunn on this subject, but we think he might have presented a clearer summary of his own argument, the exact scope of which is uncertain on a casual reading. The pamphlet, nevertheless, we repeat, is a careful and lengthy study of the question from such data as exist, and as such should be in the collection of every one who is gathering Indiana material. The author's address is 724 Upper Third street, Evansville, Ind.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES. There is much, in fact, a surprising amount, of valuable history material being continually published by the local papers throughout the State. Very often this is

not preserved, even by the publishing papers, and in a short time passes into utter oblivion. We shall be glad to receive for notice in these pages any articles of note that have been so published, either recently or at any previous period. Some have been received and we here give them space.

The True Site of Fort Knox, by Dr. Hubbard M. Smith, in the *Sunday Commercial*, of Vincennes, January 7, 1906. In this article Dr. Smith proves by good documentary evidence that Fort Knox (the American fort in that locality that succeeded to Fort Sackville) was located at Vincennes, about two hundred yards below the present foot of Hart street. It has been generally believed that this fort stood at a point some three miles up the river, but Mr. Smith makes it tolerably clear that the establishment located there was not the fort, but a garrison, and that there has arisen a confusion respecting the two. He makes an appeal to the Daughters of the Revolution to place a marker at this site, as they have already marked old Fort Sackville.

The George Lay Raid, a series of ten papers by John T. Campbell, in the *Rockville Republican*, May 9 to July 11, 1894. This series makes an interesting chapter in our civil war history and recounts Mr. Campbell's experiences as an officer with the disaffected element in Parke county. The articles give a graphic idea of the spirit of the times and the serious proportions of organized rebellion in that locality. Some of these papers, we believe, may still be procured. Mr. Campbell's address is The Soldiers' Home, Lafayette.

The Unnamed Anti-Slavery Heroes of Old Newport, by Dr. O. N. Huff, in the *Richmond Sun-Telegram*, December 25, 1905. This rather lengthy paper is a valuable contribution to the anti-slavery history of Wayne county, in that it preserves a record of the names and services of active workers in that cause who have received little or no credit in the histories previously written. There is quite a list of these names, and the part some of them played makes an interesting story.

The New Harmony Papers. The *New Harmony Times* is doing a good work by giving to the public documentary material from the rich collection in the New Harmony Library. The journals of William Owen and William Pelham, from the original manuscripts, have been running for some months, and the reminis-

cences of the late Victor Duclos have been recently begun. All of these papers deal with the famous Rappite and Owen communities and have a far more than local interest. The Duclos articles will be followed by a diary of James Bennett, who went to California across the plains in 1849, and Mr. Wolfe, the editor, promises that it will offer "a rare addition to the information that has been left of the once unknown West."

The Genesis of Methodism in Richmond, by the Rev. O. S. Harrison, in the *Sun-Telegram*, February 14, 1906, is, as the title implies, a local contribution to the history of the State, and as such will be of interest to the student of that subject.

Edward Swanson, the romantic story of a strange character who was hanged for murder in Rushville, in 1829—a series of articles by Dr. John Arnold, in the *Rushville Graphic*, in August and September, 1897. These papers contain considerable lore of Rush county. Dr. Arnold also published a series of "Reminiscences" in the *Rushville Republican*, beginning January, 1875.

INDIAN MOUNDS IN DE KALB COUNTY.

Editor the Indiana Magazine of History:—

References in the December number of the INDIANA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, to the old Indiana Torture Stake near Muncie, have suggested to me an explanation of a discovery made by me while examining some of the mounds in DeKalb county. I examined a great many of these mounds. Most of them contained human bones, fragments of pottery, and an occasional arrow-head, stone hammer, or stone flesher.

Two of these mounds were on the bank of Cedar creek, about one-half mile northwest of Waterloo. Large trees were growing around them, and quite a large tree grew about in the center of one of them,—the smaller of the two. The large mound was about twelve feet in diameter, and about four and one-half or five feet in height. It contained the skeleton of one person, apparently buried in a sitting posture. The other contained the remains of a number of persons. The bodies had apparently been placed in a heap on the ground, and covered with earth. Fractures of some of the skulls indicated violent deaths. Above the earth covering the bodies was a layer of stone and over this more earth and a thick layer of charcoal mingled with charred

fragments of human bones. At that time, after a careful examination, I concluded that these mounds marked the site of a battle; that the victors of those left in possession of the field had made these mounds the burial place of their dead, and had burned the bodies of their dead enemies on the mound above them. The description of the old torture stake at Muncie suggests that instead of the bodies of their dead enemies, they may have burned living victims.

Very respectfully,
ROBERT W. McBRIDE.

Indianapolis, January 10, 1906.

STATE TEACHERS' HISTORY SECTION.

The ninth annual meeting of the History Section of the Indiana State Teachers' Association will meet at the Claypool Hotel, in Indianapolis, on Friday and Saturday, April 27 and 28, 1906. Following is the program:

FRIDAY, 2:00 P. M.—Report of committee on local history, C. W. Hodgin, chairman; discussion opened by Prof. W. S. Davis, Richmond High School (Professor Davis is chairman of the History Committee of the Richmond Centennial Association, and will show what may be done, by what Richmond is preparing for her Centennial next September); report of committee on history in the grades, Prof. E. W. Kemp, chairman; general discussion; appointment of committees.

6:00 P. M.—Dine together at the Claypool.

8:00 P. M.—Joint session of the History Section and the Indiana Historical Society; paper, "Making a Capital in the Wilderness," by Judge Daniel Waite Howe, president of the Historical Society; talk, "Work of the Historical Society," by Hon. J. P. Dunn, its secretary; talk, "Aims of the History Section, and Possible Ways of Cooperation Between the Two Societies," by Dr. James A. Woodburn; general discussion.

SATURDAY, 9:00 A. M. Address, "An Experiment with History in the Grades," by Prof. Henry Johnson, of the Eastern Illinois State Normal School; general discussion; address, "Evolution of the Present Wave of Reform," by Hon. L. B. Swift; election of officers; miscellaneous business.

Headquarters at the Claypool, which furnishes free Assembly Room, and offers a \$2.50 rate, two in a room; \$3.00, one in a room.

All teachers of history and related subjects are cordially invited to participate in the pleasure and profit of all the sessions.



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No. 2

GEORGE W. JULIAN: SOME IMPRESSIONS.

BY HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

"The dear and good paternal image."

—DANTE.

OF my father's political career I could have no knowledge at first hand, because it was mainly finished before I was old enough to remember. I knew him only as an old man and a semi-invalid; but these two facts, coupled with the sudden death of my mother in 1884, brought me into very close and intimate relations with him. And it is my conviction that his public services, valuable and disinterested as they were, were yet not so remarkable as was the man himself, which prompts me to give to his friends this little sketch of my father as he appeared to me, supplemented by a few facts gathered from him and from others.

Life was truly a boon to him, increasing in value with the years. It was, moreover, a momentous reality, an experience not to be idly or carelessly passed through, but a privilege into which should be crowded as much of useful achievement as possible. It was not mere existence that he loved. Activity was his delight, and he fretted under enforced idleness. He dreaded unspeakably the loss of his faculties, and during the last few years the words of John Quincy Adams about his "shaking hand, darkening eye and drowsy brain" seemed to possess new meaning for him. Ever on the alert for signs of failing mental power, he was a severe task-master to himself, for he believed that he could at least hinder the ravages of time by keeping his mind employed. It is probable that the final catastrophe was precipitated by the continuous strain, during excessively warm weather, occasioned in the preparation of a book review for *The Dial*. This meant double work for the brain grown sluggish with age and supported by an increasingly feeble body.

Although stunted in sleep for more than thirty years, and

bowed down by growing infirmities, my father manifested a certain pugnacity in facing distressing conditions that not only made them bearable, but lent a sort of color to life. It was not a part of his philosophy to ignore evil and unfortunate circumstances, as it has become fashionable nowadays to do, but rather to face them in all their might and ugliness, and then set to work to overcome them. Among the lines that he repeated oftenest were these from Browning's *Easter Day*:

"And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still striving to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,"

When attacked by the *grippe*, which occurred quite regularly during the last few years, he would keep his room at first with rather a bad grace, for he loved to be down among his books, where he could see people; but presently, having become adjusted to the situation, he would set himself to pointing out its pleasant features—the east and south windows, the open fire, the pictures on the walls,—pictures of the capitol and of the Thirty-first Congress, of Horace Greeley, Thaddeus Stevens and others. Sunshine was a perpetual delight to him, and the fleeting glory of the dawn was worth a great effort to behold. Once, when he was recovering from pneumonia, I was shocked and a bit provoked, on going into his room very early in the morning, to find him standing at the window gazing out, although it was quite cold and he was not dressed; but he won forgiveness by hurrying back to bed, saying gaily: "I *had* to get up to see 'jocund day standing tiptoe upon the misty mountain tops!'" The branches of the maples as they swayed to and fro outside his window spoke a language very sweet and quieting, and the birds were a constant source of pleasure to him. The sight of a storm seemed to fascinate him, and he would go from one room to another to get new views of it, his face wearing a look of mingled awe and delight. The twilight hour was a precious time; he liked then to have a loved one beside him, by the fire in winter and under the trees in summer, and to sit in

silent meditation, or repeating poetry, or talking of the day's doings and the morrow's plans. Always a great walker, he rather prided himself on his three miles a day at eighty, and his figure was a familiar one in all parts of the village. But although "the old perfections of the earth" appealed to him more and more with the passing years, they never took the place of human society. "What should we do without people?" he murmured, gazing out at neighbors passing by, on the day before he laid him down for the last time. Unfailing courage, and ever-fresh enjoyment of nature and of the varying phases of human experience, were among his most pronounced characteristics.

Children came very close to him, and he had the art of entertaining them without apparent effort. He had a fund of bear stories, and there was a favorite tale about Captain Scott and the Coons. General Putnam and the Wolf was another thrilling recital. In relating these there was more or less dramatic accessory, and when the gun went off, "she-bang!" was always the climax.

Whatever my father did he put his whole heart into. He worked impetuously and indefatigably, and he played as he worked. In his youth he had enjoyed the game of Town Ball, and his special delight always as a recreation from intellectual labor was to toss a rubber ball against the house, keeping it on the bound sometimes ten or fifteen hundred times. The games of Base, and Hide and Seek, and Blind Man's Buff were also favorites; but it was largely his own enthusiasm and the abandon with which he entered into them that made them fascinating. This it was that made his society so engaging,—the enthusiasm he felt for people and things, coupled with an air of wisdom, as of one having a horizon much wider than the average, every-day horizon.

His opinions were uttered with a freedom and spontaneity that were refreshing, and yet with a seriousness and tone of authority that were the fruit of deep thinking and long experience. It was Miss Catharine Merrill, for fifty years a teacher of English, who said that he talked in such complete sentences that they had the quality of literature. I believe he never spoke without previous thought.

In all his talk there was a deep religious vein, a spirit of faith

in the Eternal Goodness, that was tonic in effect. In his article entitled "A Search After Truth" he called himself a Theist, and expressed his belief in personal immortality on the strength of the human affections and because he could not think that "the unappeasable hunger of the soul for so priceless a blessing was implanted to be ungratified." He believed in the simple humanity of Jesus and in the renovating and ever-uplifting power of his life and teachings in raising the world to higher and yet higher conditions. The life and sufferings of the Nazarene were habitually in his thoughts, and the story of the crucifixion always brought tears to his eyes. Perhaps the most touching and terrible passage in literature, to him, was the sentence, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This picture of awful agony and utter loneliness was one not to be dwelt on, that yet laid hold of the heart and imagination.

Reverence was a marked characteristic of my father—reverence for God, and Truth, and Duty. He was a good deal of a hero-worshiper, too, and certain names were always spoken with tender regard and a glow of pride. Among these were Plato, Dante, Bruno, Milton, Mazzini. But all his heroes did not belong to the past. He had numerous idols among the men of his own time. Over the mantel in his library hung portraits of William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson, saint, reformer and seer, as he called them. It was not his privilege to have known John Quincy Adams, the latter having died the year before my father entered Congress. But Mr. Adams's character impressed him as few others did, and he was almost as familiar with his career as with the alphabet. Charles Sumner was another statesman of Abdiel-like proportions, whose greatness seemed to tower higher with the receding years.

Deference to old people was a trait always observed in my father,—so I am told by his surviving cousins. The loneliness of the aged, even in the most favored conditions, appealed to him; and the sight of age coupled with want caused him a pang only equaled perhaps by the spectacle of a mind in ruins. To see one whom he had known in the vigor of manhood fallen into a condition of mental decay was not only unspeakably sad, but it seemed to fill him with a sort of awe.

My father was fond of the theater, particularly in middle life, when he went as a relaxation from the work and worry connected with the war period. Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle he went to see annually, if possible, and he liked to repeat Rip's farewell as he departed in the storm, and his beseeching words to his new-made friends in the mountains: "Boys, do not leave me." The elder Sothorn as Lord Dundreary pleased him infinitely, and he imitated to perfection the puzzled look of Dundreary when the latter attempted to repeat proverbs. The funny little hop, or skip, that was also characteristic of Sothorn in this part, he could rehearse capitally, and did so during the last weeks of his life. The Booths, father and son, and Fanny Kemble, were favorites. Edwin Forrest as King Lear he never missed an opportunity of seeing, and I think he felt real pity for the man or woman who had never heard Forrest's tone when he called on the dead Cordelia to "stay a little." To the end of his life he spoke with enthusiastic delight of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. He had not what is called a cultivated ear, his taste being for simple things, especially for the Scotch ballads. His voice was sweet and melodious, and he sang almost every day. Sometimes it was a hymn that he had learned in childhood, but more often it was one of Burns's songs,—the Banks o' Doon, Auld Lang Syne, or Highland Mary; and his voice rang out with peculiar fervor to the thrilling strains of Bannockburn.

In his youth he had committed to memory a great deal of poetry, and this he retained in large measure to the last, while he regularly added to his stock from the good things that appeared from time to time. As he lay awake at night he would repeat page after page of *Paradise Lost*, and occasionally some fragment that he had learned some fifty or sixty years before would come floating across his memory, called from its hiding place none knew how. Until within the last fifteen years, if asked who was his favorite poet after Shakespeare and Milton, he would probably have said Tennyson; but about 1885 he became interested in the poetry of Robert Browning, from which he derived great pleasure, and he repeated more of Browning, I think, than of Tennyson thereafter. "In Memoriam" remained without a rival in his regard, but there was a certain strength, a tone of courage, about much of Browning's work that touched in him a responsive chord.

He had a peculiar regard for books. They almost seemed to possess sentient life, and he could not endure to see them tumbled about carelessly. In the primitive society of his young days books were very rare and precious, and he never ceased to regard them in that light. He cared greatly for philosophy, history, biography, and sermons of men like Martineau and Channing. Novels he knew little about, and he used to say that his early education along this line had been neglected; but I fancy he did not realize how vast and important was the field from which he was thus excluded. He had, of course, read certain classics, such as Tristram Shandy, Don Quixote, Les Misérables, Consuelo, and a number of George Eliot's, and he did not forget them, as habitual fiction readers do.

With his tall figure, which attracted attention wherever he went, there was a remarkable dignity of mein, and also a frankness of manner that, as was said of Uncle Toby, "let you at once into his soul." Like Uncle Toby, too, there was something about him, at least in later life, that seemed to make a special appeal to the unfortunate and unhappy. I often regretted this, because it added to the burdens on his heart. People used to come to him for counsel and advice on all sorts of topics, even those who did not know him well, feeling instinctively his friendly spirit. Perhaps one reason for this was his manifest sincerity and earnestness. He had no patience with vain, silly people, and when they endeavored to talk with him, it was apt to be a very one-sided affair, for his part of the conversation consisted largely of monosyllables and grunts. But he always sought to introduce higher and worthier themes than the ordinary chit-chat. He often read to a caller an extract from a book he was perusing, or something timely from a magazine or newspaper. He never made people feel small; he was too kindly and gracious for that. There was, however, a reserve about him that made him appear austere and unbending to those who did not really know him. This was chiefly due to a native shyness that he never outgrew,—a timidity against which he always struggled, but which was, in fact, one of his most winning qualities.

In his prime his hair and beard were black, but they began to whiten rather early. His eyes were hazel, remarkably clear, and they retained their *young* look to the very last. His smile

was the most unclouded I have ever seen, beginning with the eyes, and then all at once suffusing the whole face with sunshine.

A more agreeable household companion than my father it is impossible for me to imagine. There was a bird in his bosom whose song could not be quenched. Pain and sorrow did sometimes silence it, but not for long. He had that attribute commonly possessed by the young, the ability to lose himself in a ray of fancy at any moment. He took great delight in words, and the dictionary was consulted many times every day, up to the last three or four days of his life. He had a fashion of applying a great variety of proper names to me, and when I entered his room each morning I was playfully addressed by a different appellation,—almost any name, from "Pio Nono" down to that of the Washington printer who used to print his speeches and whose un-euphonious patronym was "Pokenhorn." The numerous little attentions which his weakness rendered necessary were always kept from being irksome by the relation of an amusing anecdote or reminiscence. Sometimes he would imitate the tone and manner of Henry Clay as he addressed the Senate, or of an old Virginia planter whom he had once known; again, he would be Hamlet, or Lear, or one of Milton's devils. It was something different each time, so that there was the temptation frequently to prolong the task for the sake of the entertainment.

His sense of humor was of the keenest, and his laugh was hearty and contagious. As he grew older, people became more and more attentive to him, and he was sometimes much entertained by the superlative exertions of street-car conductors and other kind persons who evidently thought him even more frail than he really was. The old gentleman up at Catawba Island who carefully lifted his foot for him when he was about to step aboard the boat was never forgotten, and the laugh occasioned by that performance betokened no lack of gratitude for the intended service.

He was everywhere a favorite with servants, because he endeavored to make as little trouble as possible and never omitted a "Thank you" or a word of appreciation where it was due. The maid who waited upon him at breakfast was as sure of a cheery "Good-morning" as was the guest who sat at table. His tastes in the matter of food were simple in the extreme, bread and

milk forming the basis of each meal. He never used tobacco, and while not pledged to total abstinence as to spirituous liquors, his use of them was almost wholly medicinal. Coming of a Quaker ancestry, all display of whatever sort was distasteful to him, and to be in debt was a condition he could not endure. I think he was peculiarly free from little eccentricities, such as characterize many old people, a sound common-sense being one of his chief endowments.

Laundresses were the objects of his particular consideration and pity, and although very fastidious about his wearing apparel, I believe he never threw aside a garment without a sigh at thought of the work he was making necessary. He liked to listen to the sound as the clothes were rubbed up and down in the tub; it carried him back to the days when his mother did the washing for her little family.

His father died when he was too young to have really known him, and with his strong affections he lavished a double love upon the parent who was left to bear the burden of life alone. His face glowed with filial pride when he spoke of her struggles and sacrifices, and I am sure that one of the chief pleasures of his life was the satisfaction she took in his success. His first great sorrow was on the occasion of the death of John M. Julian, the gifted brother whose early taking-off cast a shadow that never vanished from my father's path. His own immediate family was four times visited by death, in the loss of his first wife and two children and of my mother. I saw him in one of these bereavements, and the unselfish heroism of his attitude was a lesson for a lifetime. He liked sometimes to talk to a sympathetic listener of the loved ones gone, and so I came to know very well his brother so long lost, and the wife of his youth, as he called her; and it is hard to realize that I never actually saw "Louie," the little son who died when only nine years old, so habitually was he in my father's thoughts and conversation. With his large heart and sensitive nature he felt keenly the sorrows of others, and his words of condolence were always fitting and full of meaning.

It was his custom to take note of anniversaries. The 19th of April, the 17th of June, and such dates were always observed in some way. Anniversaries of events in his own life he would also

call attention to, as, for instance: "My child, sixty years ago to-day my brother John died," and then he would talk of his brother's character, or describe his appearance. Again he would say: "Fifty years ago to-day I was first married," and he would go on and tell about the wedding,—how "Father Hoshour" officiated, how his girl wife looked, in her white frock, and how, of the gay company then assembled, all but two or three had passed to the Great Beyond.

It has been said, and I think truly, that a man's relations to woman, how he regards her and how he acts toward her, are the most significant things about him. My father certainly drew to him good women wherever he went, and his "five hundred lovers" were the subject of inexhaustible raillery on the part of my mother, who thoroughly enjoyed this side of his make-up. It was no show of gallantry on his part that won the favor of the other sex; but there was about him a certain indefinable air of goodness, together with the artlessness of a child, and an ever-ready and boundless sympathy or fellow-feeling, that appealed at once to some men, but more often to the finer intuitions of women. One of these friends writes: "I can never forget the *culture tone* that characterized him as one met him in society and in his home,—the absolute lack of that coarseness that is so much a part of our modern politician. Without knowing his history, I could as easily have said that he was a poet or *litterateur*." His daughter's friends felt for him a genuine affection, and he was seldom too absorbed in any task to stop and chat with them. "He seemed so much more than father," said one of them; "no, not that, but *all* that a father could be—the fullness of fatherhood."

His ideal of womanhood was the highest; yet it was not sentimentally rose-colored. He was fortunate in being all his life associated with high-minded, self-reliant, gentle woman, and it was this association, reinforcing his own best judgment, that early convinced him of the right and duty of woman to share equally with man in the civil and political life of society. He carried on a most interesting correspondence with Lydia Maria Child, chiefly on political topics, during the years from 1862 to 1878. He was a great admirer of Lucretia Mott, seeking her council in early manhood and enjoying her friendship until her

death in 1880. Besides these well-known names, there was a long list of women friends with whom he was on terms of delightful intimacy and comradeship. He liked to make social calls, and this was a practice kept up till the last, especially in his own neighborhood.

A word in regard to the two women most closely associated with my father. He was first married at the age of twenty-eight to Miss Anne E. Finch, who was ten years younger. She is said to have been very beautiful, of the blond type, gay and impulsive in disposition, with a certain shy winsomeness that made for her friends wherever she went. She was thoroughly interested in public affairs, and accompanied him to Washington during his first term in Congress, where she enjoyed meeting and hearing the great men of the day. She died of consumption in 1860. It is interesting to note that the friend to whom my father turned most frequently in his sorrow was Mr. Giddings of Ohio (whose daughter was afterwards to become his wife)—"Father Giddings," as he always called him, between whom and himself there was a strong bond of sympathy dating from their first meeting, at the Buffalo Convention of 1848. Giddings was a believer in spiritualism, and he tried to enlist my father in this, to him, satisfying and comforting faith. He had known and admired Mrs. Julian, and hence he felt a certain near and personal interest in the case. But my father was so constituted that it was impossible for him to accept anything bordering on the mystical and supernatural, his practical mind instinctively turning away from the "twilights of thought" to the clear sunshine of reason, and resting in an abiding trust that steadily grew throughout the years. In regard to the various so-called demonstrations of spiritual mediums, I have heard him quote Emerson's words: "Shun them as you would the secrets of the undertaker and the butcher. * * * The whole world is an omen and a sign. Why look so wistfully in a corner? Man is the image of God. Why run after a ghost or a dream?"

His consolation had to come through the softening effect of time and by plunging with all his might into the duties of his public position. The war was coming on, and he gave his days and nights to Congressional labors. One thing he never learned,

call attention to his health in moderation. It was during these years to-day my father's condition for the sleeplessness and other malady. His health continued to the end of his days. From scrap-books go on and on of his papers began to note his break-down in 1865, fainted, however, as he entered upon those persistent and weary of the gay and hardy and robust constitution.

It was three years after the death of his first wife that he met Miss Laura A. Giddings, whom he met for the first time in 1862 in Washington. She was the youngest of a family of five children, and was twenty-two years my father's junior. She was very tall and had a marked dignity of bearing that once impressed everyone who met her,—a dignity as native to her as the air she breathed, but somehow to set her apart from all other women. Her eyes and hair, her face being one that depended its beauty on the play of expression. She had been educated at Berlin and Antioch Colleges, and had spent a number of years with her father in Washington and Montreal, where she had a training in political affairs that was quite uncommon among women. On account of her father's illness she had also learned to look after his physical comfort and strength in all possible ways. This tender care she carried to her husband, and for twenty years was his constant companion and his trusted advisor on all questions, private and public. She read to him, wrote at his dictation, and was completely a part of himself. Her father, she cared greatly for society, and the deafness which came to her within the last ten years of her life was a great loss to her. But her husband's gifts as a reporter went far to make up for what she had thus missed, and his efforts along this line were richly rewarded by her manifest delight in the narrative, as her father had done, of *angina pectoris*, without any warning.

As a speaker, my father had the advantage of a full, clear, and a remarkable flow of language. He spoke slowly, but always earnestly. He never ranted, his manner being those of familiar, friendly conversation. His logical faculty was well developed in him,

and all who have described his speaking bear witness to his mastery of the weapons of irony, sarcasm and invective, as well as a certain sly humor that was quite irresistible. This last is the quality that most impressed me as I listened to him during three presidential campaigns,—humor, and an air as if he were talking with friends at the fireside. In reading his speeches I think one would infer his familiarity with the Bible, Milton and Carlyle, his style somehow suggesting these models.

His last sure grasp of things was on Wednesday, July 5, 1899, when he was about the house as usual, only seeming very tired and lying down a great deal. The next day he did not leave his bed, and on Friday, the 7th, at a few minutes before eleven he breathed his last, his age being eighty-two years, two months and two days. Death came to him not unkindly, but as a friend whom he welcomed. In his rambling talk the day before, his mind had rapidly gone over his whole life,—the early years on his mother's farm, political conditions in the old Burnt District, the war and reconstruction, etc. He frequently spoke of the beautiful day, and asked if I were "a spirit from another world." About noon, as he lay looking at me, I began to repeat a favorite verse from Browning's *Earth's Immortalities*:

"So, the year's done with!
(Love me forever!)
All March begun with,
April's endeavor;
May-wreaths that bound me
June needs must sever!
Now snows fall round me,
Quenching June's fever—
(Love me forever!)"

He gave the alternate lines, joining in faintly with the "forever" at the close. He became quite unconscious towards evening, and remained so till the end, when a look of recognition came into his eyes and he was gone.

At the funeral, three days later, he lay on the library couch, as friends were wont to see him, and there was naught to indicate anything unusual but the flowers that were everywhere, and the stillness. Frederic E. Dewhurst, of Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, spoke briefly and fittingly of his life and character,

and that was to write to God, to Thee," and Chadwick's that he laid the foundation for the work were rendered. It was regretted dies that passed unobserved. Chicago, who had been invited to I find that was unable to come.

and soon after his death his spirit has an impressiveness all its own. efforts to repair the damage done to us when we realized that his spirit

A little more than a year ago, I was filled with gratitude, not only for the he was married to a woman who was for the manner of its close. After the first time a person's spirit was unclouded. One of the saddest daughter of an old man, I thought, was that of an aged man whose ther's joint. He was coming on and longing for release. In 1890 because my mother was then eighty-three and blind for years, bearing. This was a pathetic letter, which he closed as follows: stateliness that would be my demise, which will be before long, strike that would be my friend and thank God it is all over!" So She had said that in his case the summons came in the largely for his congenial surroundings, when life, though educated and lost its relish. But it is not strange, so tire- ber of some of his spirit, that to those who loved him thus coming is lost sight of in the thought of continuing usual at the development. As Emerson said of his brother, "I all kinds of pages, I remember all his words and motives, with- and to me so healthy and human a life it was."

st.

c.

MR. JULIAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The subject of the foregoing "Impressions" left in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Clark, a manuscript autobiography which affords some intimate glimpses of an interesting career. Mr. Julian's progress from the humblest estate to eminence by the sheer force of a conquering will and strong personality makes a life story that is inspiring and stimulating. When he was about six years old his father died and his mother was left, all but penniless, with a family of children to provide for. The autobiography describes the battle of life at this period as a battle *for* life. The family wrung such support as they could out of a barren farm. They wove their own cloth for the home-made garments and eked out their slender income by weaving for the neighbors, while the boys occupied the rainy days weaving straw hats. In the spring the sugar grove was made to yield sweets for their table and as much additional revenue as possible.

In such a life there was little to foster an interest in books, and small chance to gratify such an interest if aroused. Nevertheless, the interest was nourished in this family,* and the divine spark found fuel to feed upon. The MS. tells us how young George raised his first funds for the indulgence of a growing passion. "I gathered each year," it says, "a large crop of walnuts—one fall as many as sixteen bushels—and sold the hulls at Nathan Bond's carding and fulling mills, at six cents per bushel, for money with which to buy books and stationery." He attended the country school of winters, and though he speaks of himself as an unpromising dullard, yet by virtue of a "dogged perseverance" he applied himself to his studies with an assiduity that soon brought him abreast of his teachers. "I renounced," he says, "the society of my playmates and gave myself wholly to my books. My Sundays were especially set apart for study, and I was up till a late hour in the night poring over my tasks

*It should be noted that these aspirations were not confined to George. John, the eldest brother, evinced unusual endowments; Jacob became a jurist, and Isaac, still living, a journalist and writer of both prose and verse.

by the light of a fire kept up by 'kindlings,' which I regularly prepared as a substitute for the candles we could not afford."

At the age of eighteen he taught school, and was, doubtless, far more proficient than the average country teacher of that day. Having no instructor, he studied by himself, as best he could, rhetoric and logic, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics and surveying, and seems to have made considerable progress in these abstruse branches. A list of his general reading, also, reveals the solidity of his acquirements. Among those enumerated are: Russell's History of Modern Europe, Hume's History of England, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Goldsmith's histories of Greece and Rome, Plutarch's Lives, the English poets, Locke's Essays, Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, Watts on the Mind, Combe on the Constitution of Man, Dr. Spurzheim's works on phrenology and education, Paine's political works, Godwin's Political Justice, Sterne's works, Don Quixote, Fielding's novels, Ossian's poems, etc.

Mr. Julian repeatedly speaks of an abnormal timorousness and self-distrust that seemed an almost insuperable obstacle to his advancement. The assertiveness and efficiency as a public speaker that distinguished him in later years was acquired only by the most rigorous training and persistent self-conquest. When, by the advice of a friend, he turned to the study of law, it was with so little faith that he pursued his reading secretly and half ashamed. To pass an examination and secure a license to practice was the easiest part. In the assurance necessary to the young lawyer he was utterly lacking. By way of cultivating it he hung about the courts at Centerville, trying to familiarize himself with the customs of the profession, and a little later on, after he had removed to Greenfield, he tells of a "dark lyceum"—an altogether novel institution consisting solely of himself and one other bashful young man who sought to engender courage by making speeches at each other, which forensic efforts were carried on in a dark room so as to reduce the embarrassment. By way of adding dignity and impressiveness to these meetings they were presided over by a "premier," whose duty it was to "preserve order and decide the debated questions." Each speaker, after his turn on the floor, would become the

premier and let the other descend from the chair and make his argument. The progress attained by these half ludicrous, half pathetic and wholly earnest efforts was so slight that the autobiographer is moved to speak of it as "all in vain," and he adds: "Sometimes, in my despair, I felt that I must break the chains which bound me, but I was powerless to do so, and no word of encouragement from any quarter cheered me. If I had had a single trusted friend to say to me, 'Be of courage; fear not; you can conquer,' it would have lifted a great weight from my heart and opened the pathway to my deliverance."

His first case in court is described by Mr. Julian. "It was tried," he says, "before a country justice of the peace, and N. W. Miner, of Dublin, was the opposing counsel. We were both frightened as if panic-stricken, and it now seems to me so ridiculous that I almost doubt my own recollection. The justice was a good-natured old farmer who knew less law than either of us and whose judgment of our rhetoric was quite indifferent. The amount involved was only a few dollars, and in no case could there be serious consequences to body or soul; and yet, in opening our case and making our speeches we fairly quaked with nervous fear."

Mr. Julian's career, from his entrance into politics, in 1840, is traced in his published volume, "Political Recollections." The autobiography, dealing with personal matters prior to that date, is chiefly valuable as a record of a self-made man, and as showing how such a man, gifted with native force and strong will, can, in the face of many handicaps, hew his way grimly to a place in the front ranks. Dealing with the development of a man who accomplished things, it has the germane biographical value, and if published (especially if edited with reference to matter already published) would make a desirable addition to the biographical literature of the State.

G. S. C.

EARLY INDIANAPOLIS.

THE FLETCHER PAPERS—SECOND INSTALMENT.

The First Wedding Celebration and the First "Poem"—The First Campaign: Whitewater vs. Kentucky—Numerous Candidates—First Political Pamphlets and "Handbills"—Voting Precincts—Election and Successful Candidates—Citizens' Resolutions Against Campaign Methods.

From the Indianapolis News of April 19, 1879.

THE earliest marriage in or around Indianapolis was undoubtedly that of Jeremiah Johnson and Miss Jane Reagan, which took place early in 1821. In this case Johnson walked all the way to Connersville and back—about 120 miles—for his license, and then the lovers had to wait weary weeks before the first clergyman (Rev. Mr. McClung) came along. The second marriage has been more fully recorded. One of the early settlers here was Mr. Thomas Chinn, from Virginia, who was the first person that imported blooded stock into Indianapolis. All the old boys will recall his fine stallion, "Black Hawk," and his gigantic bull, "Walk-in-the-Water." Mr. Chinn built him a log cabin on the bank of Pogue's Run, on what was afterward called "Noble's pasture." That log cabin, with its great split puncheon floor, I remember was still standing, though uninhabited, in 1834. Now, Mr. Chinn had a smart, bright-eyed daughter, named Patsy. One of the young men who came to settle in Indianapolis was Uriah Gates. He and Miss Patsy soon found that their "hearts beat as one," and on the 22d of January, 1822, the second wedding in Indianapolis came off, Justice McIlvain tying the nuptial knot. The town was so small that everybody was invited. My mother in her journal says:

"Tuesday, January 22, 1822. Mr. Gates was to-day wedded to Miss Patsy Chinn, both of Indianapolis. I attended the wedding. It was a very disagreeable day, but notwithstanding there was a great concourse of people present. Wednesday, 23d, I attended a party at Mr. Reagan's, for Mr. R. gave the newly-

married couple an infare. We danced until ten o'clock, and then came home." This wedding was described to me by my father as a great affair. There was plenty to eat and drink, and what the French call the *piece de resistance* consisted of a good-sized porker roasted whole, mounted on the table with a large apple in its mouth.* The first copy of the Indianapolis *Gazette* appeared January 28, 1822, and contains the wedding announcement and an original poem written for the occasion. [See note at end of this instalment.]

From the News of April 26.

At the first election in Indianapolis there was an army of office-seekers. That they began skirmishing a long time in advance can be seen by the account which I gave of the Christmas of 1821, when candidates bought the only barrel of cider in town and treated the sovereigns, who afterward anchored the cider down with brandy and "bald-face." The "ball" at Wyant's (on New Year's day) was a social affair nominally, but there, too, were many of the candidates with their most affable smiles. In a recent interview with Mrs. Martin (daughter of George Smith, one of the founders of the Indianapolis *Gazette*) I ascertained that she was present on that occasion and took her part in the dance. Mrs. Martin says that she went to Wyant's in Hogden's "carriage." This last she describes as a great "lumbering thing," like the "mud wagons" employed by the old stage companies in the spring and winter. The supper prepared on this New Year's day, 1822, for the robust ancestors of many of the present Indianapopolitans was also described by her. There was, she said, in the open fireplace an immense kettle or cauldron, which contained no less than sixteen gallons of coffee, and there were pans, skillets and other vessels in which were biscuits, sweet bread and that best of all cakes, the real old pound-cake. That New Year's party was composed of every grade in society, so that the candidates had an excellent opportunity to see the people, for my father told me that invitations were extended to everybody, down to the humblest inhabitant of the meanest log cabin on the donation.

On that memorable Christmas, 1821, a number of the candidates had already declared themselves, and my father records the following:

*See Nowland's "Early Reminiscences," pp. 128-130.

"I will here mention the names of some of the candidates for office in our new county. For associate judges, James McIlvain and Mr. Patterson; county clerk, James M. Ray, Milo R. Davis, J. Hawkins, et al.; for county commissioners, Messrs. Hogden, Osburn and Morrow."

In his journal for the 3d day of January, 1822, my father writes:

"Kept close in the morning and wrote letters. In the afternoon visited the river (the largest part of the population was on the east bank of the river). I find the people much agitated about the approaching election." The candidates, it seems, were not the only canvassers. The people were in that business, for my father continues: "There is much canvassing of the character of the candidates and their eligibility. There is hardly a man in town but offers himself for some office, either civil or military."

The divisions were not according to the political parties of the day. They were local, or, rather, geographical. My father informed me that the combatants were ranged under the titles of "Whitewater" and "Kentucky." The emigration from those two sections was simultaneous. The people from Whitewater were as clannish as those from Kentucky, and each wished to have the distribution of the public loaves and fishes. The Whitewater party had some advantage over Kentucky, in that it had received some accessions from people from Ohio and Pennsylvania who had resided long enough in the eastern part of the State to qualify them as voters, while many of the Kentuckians had not resided a year in the State. The Whitewater people were consummate politicians. They had been led and disciplined by such men as Jonathan Jennings, the two Nobles and Jesse B. Thomas previous to their arrival in the New Purchase. My father informed me that these were men of talent, and that greater adepts at political warfare never lived.

From the News of May 10.

The political war-horses of Whitewater and Kentucky did a great deal of vigorous pawing in February, 1822. The proprietors of the *Indiana Gazette* wisely considered that they would not be too partisan. They decided that both parties, if they wished the benefit of the art of printing, must pay the printer.

It was the fashion of the day in the east and in the newer States of the west to issue pamphlets. The first author of a pamphlet or of any other publication (except the *Gazette*) in Indianapolis was not from New England or from New York, but from Kentucky. The late Morris Morris was our first author. The greatest battle to be fought at the election of 1822 was, without doubt, to be over the clerkship for the new county. Whitewater and Kentucky chose their best men. The first selected a young man from New Jersey. He was of undoubted gifts; he had studied at Columbia College, New York; he was a fine penman, and had a neatness of dress and address not often found on the frontier. He had resided in the southern part of the State, and had been deputy clerk at Lawrenceburg and Connersville. This was James M. Ray, a quiet young man but a famous "still hunter." The Kentucky party also selected a strong man. One of nature's noblemen was Morris Morris, who came to Indianapolis from Carlisle, Kentucky, in October, 1821. It seems that the battle must have been already sharp long before Sheriff Hervey Bates issued, on the 22d of February, the proclamation for the election, for I find in my mother's journal the following entry, telling of an evening of a busy day. Under date of January 30 she says:

"Mr. Morris has written a pamphlet and had it put in print. Mr. Fletcher has just jeft me to write an answer to it, and I am all alone this evening." Again she writes:

"Saturday, February 2. Mrs. Buckner dined with us, and after she went away Mr. Osburn came and staid all night." The husband of Mrs. Buckner was one of the candidates for county commissioner. The Mr. Osburn mentioned was another of the candidates for commissioner. He was a mercant and quite a politician, and no doubt was at my father's that evening to consult on the reply to Morris Morris's "pamphlet." This reply appeared in the shape of a handbill, for my mother writes the next day:

"Sunday, 3d of February. The handbill came out in opposition to what Mr. Morris wrote."

While my father was never a violent partisan, he had decided opinions. In this election he was a Whitewater man, and took a deep interest in the formation of the county, but he sought

no office, and as early as November 8th, 1821, he writes: "I find there are much strife and contention amongst the citizens of this place. I sincerely hope to escape all censure by asking no favors for myself."

In those days it is evident that the Sunday was not observed as strictly as at present. On several occasions in the campaign I learn from my mother's journal that the "printing office was visited by her in company with her husband on that day." On February 15 she writes: "Mr. Morris's second handbill came out." "Handbill" can not be taken in the usual acceptation of the term. It was larger than what we as present understand as such, and is used indiscriminately with the word pamphlet. It was half the size of the *Gazette*, printed on one side, and was usually nailed up in a public place. On the same date the journal continues as follows: "I went to bed early, but Mr. F. was writing an answer to the handbill, and did not go to bed that night. Sunday Mr. F. went to bed early in the afternoon and slept till 8 P. M., when I awakened him and we both went to the printing office and staid until 2 o'clock in the morning." The dairy further reads:

"Monday, 18th February, 1822. In the morning the handbills came out, and great was the mystery. Curiosity was aroused to know who the 'Legal Voter' [doubtless the signature] alluded to when he mentioned 'Col. Puff-back, Captain Swell-back and myself.'"

Skipping over many pages which refer to long consultations and threatened suits for slander, I come to Sunday, March 31st, the day before the election, when my mother records: I spent the day very unsatisfactorily, for there were so many candidates coming in that I could neither read nor write nor do anything else."

On April 1st came the shock of battle. There were thirty-three candidates recorded in the *Gazette*, but in the journals I find there are others mentioned which would make up the number to nearly forty. In 1846 I had an interview with Mrs. Paxton on this election, and she remarked: "I wondered at that time where all the voters were to come from, for it seemed to me that almost every man in Indianapolis was a candidate for office." There were five for county clerk alone (the clerkship

was for seven years). It will be remembered that Marion county was then five times its present size, comprehending the present county, with the addition of Johnson, Hamilton, and parts of Boone, Madison and Hancock. The voting precincts were announced in the proclamation to be at Indianapolis, Finch's (near Noblesville), Page's (Strawtown), Anderson and Pendleton.

It is thirty-three years since [in 1846] after a conversation with my father, I published in the *Indiana Journal* on account of this first election, and in that communication I used this description of the place where the election was held in Indianapolis, viz.: "The election was held in the house of General John Carr, which stands in the rear of Beck's gunsmith shop, nearly opposite the office of H. P. Coburn, Esq."* That description would not answer for the present generation, but when I state that the double hewed-log cabin of General Carr stood on Delaware street nearly opposite the west end of the court-house, all can understand.

If whisky played its part at McGeorge's, down at the river, in 1821, it performed a greater part on the 1st of April, 1822, when, it is computed, the quantities drank must be reckoned in barrels. Kentucky was not to be outdone by Whitewater in the matter of political hospitality. The political issues were entirely geographical and liquid, and Whitewater and whisky carried the day against Kentucky and whisky. The successful candidates were overwhelmingly Whitewater. James McIlvain and Eliakim Harding were chosen associate judges; James M. Ray was elected clerk; Joseph C. Reed, recorder; Messrs. Osburn, McCormick and McCartney became the first commissioners. James M. Ray received the highest vote in the wide district, viz., 217 votes out of 336. In the Indianapolis district (an area as great as the present county) the number of votes was 224, which shows that the population of what we now understand as Marion county was but little more than 1000. The party lines of Kentucky and Whitewater were kept up about three years, but were then harmoniously fused.

Among the defeated candidates for recorder was Alexander

*This reveals the authorship of an anonymous series to be found in the *Journal* of the date mentioned. See note at end of this instalment.

Ralston, to whom, more than any other person, we owe the beautiful plan of Indianapolis. While there are many of our streets bearing the names of individuals, there is not even an alley named in memory of the man who planned the city.

NOTE.—The earliest historical account of Indianapolis known to us appears as a series of unsigned articles in the *Indianapolis Journal*. These contributions, under the heading of "Indianapolis a Quarter of a Century Ago," appeared irregularly in both the weekly and the tri-weekly editions from November 4, 1846, to March 23, 1847. Sundry correspondences between that series and the one here published identifies Mr. J. C. Fletcher as the author of the earlier one. Most that is in that series is comprehended in this, but in the former are at least two items that we regard as rather a "find." The first of these, taken from the *Indiana Gazette*, is of considerable interest in connection with the strenuous Kentucky and Whitewater campaign and the accompanying candidate nuisance. It is an account of "a meeting of the inhabitants of this county, over which Dr. S. G. Mitchell presided and Dr. Coe acted as secretary." At this meeting "sunday resolutions were passed condemning the soliciting of votes of elections by the candidates for public offices, either from favor, flattery, promises, entertainments, treats or rewards, as anti-republican in its principles, injurious to the public peace, interests and morals, troublesome, degrading and corrupting to the candidate. And," concludes this presumably disgusted conclave, "we do resolve that we will withhold our support from all who in the future resort to such practices." [See tri-weekly *Journal* of November 27, 1846.]

The other historical bit is of literary interest, as it is the first "poem" written, or at least published, in Indianapolis. It celebrated the Gates-Chinn wedding described by Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Nowland, and appeared in the first number of the *Gazette*. As a literary curiosity it speaks for itself:

"Come Hymen, now, and bear thy sway
In Indianapolis,
And hasten on the wished-for day
That crowns the nuptial bliss.

May conquering love lend his aid,
And lead direct to thy altar
The sacred virgin, the experienced maid,
The trembling youth and batchelor.

But all ye powers of mortal joy,
Come bless the wedded pair;
Give them bliss without alloy,
Peace and health and pleasing care."

It may be added that the second output of the muse was also inspired by Hymen, for some months later, in connection with the wedding announcement of William C. McDougal and Cynthitha Reagan, appeared the following:

"Hail, generous youth, and hail thou lovely fair,
Love, joy and peace be now your only care.
The wished-for day hath fixed the sacred tie,
And given you mutual, full felicity.

Long may Aurora shine amid the spheres,
And see your joys increase through length of years.
When sweet reflection views the day that's past,
Be each succeeding happier than the last."

There was no relation, seemingly, between the quality of the poetry and the after happiness invoked by the poets, for though this second effusion limped much less painfully over the metrical road, Cynthitha, in due course, left McDougal's bed and board, and he advertised her, warning the public not to trust her on his account. Mr. and Mrs. Gates, on the other hand, journeyed amicably together through their lives, leaving children and their children's children, who at the present day make part of our population.

Who these first versifiers were is forever lost to history.—*Editor.*

THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF INDIANA.

FROM THE PAPERS OF D. D. BANTA—SECOND INSTALMENT.

The Pioneer School Children—Winter Schools and Hardships of the Little Folks—Early Teachers—Their Character and Inefficiency—Their Status with the People—Their Pay—Queer Characters and Customs.

From the Indianapolis News of February 3, 1892.

BEFORE advancing upon the "masters," the books, the methods, the manners and the customs of the pioneer schools, something ought to be said of the pioneer children who made these schools a necessity.

Let me recall the reader's attention to the long paths that oftentimes stretched their serpentine ways between the cabin homes and the cabin schoolhouses—two, three and even four miles long, they sometimes were. In general it was a fall or winter school that was kept—most generally a winter, for every child big enough to work was required at home to aid in the support of the family. We of to-day, with our farms all made and with a superabundance of farm machinery, can scarcely conceive of the extremities to which the pioneer farmers were often driven to secure the planting, tilling and harvesting of the crops. And so the children, in the beginning, could be spared best in the winter seasons, and in consequence the country schools were in general, winter schools.

Happy were those children who had a fall school to attend! The long and winding school-paths threaded a region of delights. What schoolboy or schoolgirl of those far-off days can ever forget the autumnal wood with its many-hued foliage, its fragrant and nutty odors, its red, ripe haws, and its clusters of wild grapes; its chinquapins [acorns of the 'pin oak] and its hickory nuts? And think of the wild life that was part of it all! Gray squirrels barked and chattered from tree to tree, while the voices of glad birds were heard amid the branches from sun to sun. And the school-paths themselves! Were there ever such paths as those winding over hill and through hollow, and filled,

as they were, with dainty, rustling leaves that were as cool and soft to schoolboy foot as silken carpet?

But how different the winter school! When the snow came, blockading the paths, how it tried the temper of the young folk who were limited to one pair of shoes per winter. And how infinitely worse was it when the winter rains came. The whole face of the Indiana earth, whether along the country roads, in the cleared fields or in the woods, was filled with water like a sponge, and the most careful of school children seldom failed to reach school or home with feet soaking wet. Fifty years ago it was not the fashion for boys to wear boots. For that matter there were few men in the country places that wore them, while boot or bootee for girl or woman was not even to be thought of. Riding astride or making a speech would have been no more shocking, and so boots were seldom or never seen in the school-room, but it was the custom of both boys and girls, on occasion, to draw over the ankle and the top of the shoe a sock or stocking leg, or a piece of cloth, which, being well tied to shoe and ankle, kept the dry snow out of the shoe fairly well.

I have known boys and girls to attend school in the fall long after the hard frosts came, and even after the ice began to form, with their feet encased in old socks or stockings so badly worn at the toe and heel as to be fit for no other purpose than wearing in this manner, and so common an occurrence was it that no one thought it worthy of special attention. Sanford Cox, in his "Wabash Valley," draws a graphic word picture of the town of Lafayette, as it appeared to him about 1825, in which he tells us that he had "often" seen the Lafayette juveniles skating upon the ice, "some with skates, some with shoes, and some barefooted." It would seem that if the boys of Lafayette were of such hardy nature we might expect to find in some other places satisfactory evidence that the winter weather did not deter the barefooted from attending school. I have, accordingly, carefully looked through such records as have fallen in my way, and candor compels me to say that I have found only one other instance. This is related by the author of the "History of Monroe County," who says:

"It was then the custom to go to school, winter and summer, barefoot. That seems unreasonable, but it was done, and how?

The barefooted child, to begin with, had gone thus so long that his feet were hardened and calloused to resist the cold by several extra layers of epidermis. He could stand a degree of cold which would apparently chill him to the bone, and could walk for some time in the snow and frost without suffering more than he could bear with reasonable fortitude. When he had to do extra duty in the snow and cold, however, he would take a small piece of board, say a foot wide and two feet long, which had been seasoned and partially scorched by the fire, and after heating it till it was on the point of burning, he would start on the run toward the schoolhouse, with the hot board in his hand, and when his feet became too cold to bear any longer, he would place the board upon the ground and stand upon it till the numbness and cold had been partly overcome, when he would again take his 'stove' in his hand and make another dash for the schoolhouse. * * * Sometimes a flat, light piece of rock was substituted for the board and was much better, as it retained heat longer."

While we may feel assured that there never was a time when it was the fashion in Indiana generally for the children to attend school in the winter-time barefoot, nevertheless I have no doubt that during the territorial and early State periods it so frequently occurred as to occasion little or no remark.

I find but one reference as to the buckskin clothing worn by school children during the earlier periods mentioned. In the early schools of Vanderburg county the local historian tells us that the boys wore buckskin breeches and the girls wore buckskin aprons. Though this is the only statement found by me, yet there was a time when buckskin clothing must have been as common with school children, especially boys, as it was with their fathers.

From the News of February 10.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the efficiency of the pioneer schools was the want of competent teachers. This want was felt from the very beginning and continued on down for many years. "The pioneer teachers were generally adventurers from the East, or from England, Scotland or Ireland, who sought temporary employment during winter, while waiting for an opening for business," said Barnabas C. Hobbs on one occasion.

The Southern States furnished their quota, and western Pennsylvania was not behind any section of equal area in the number sent forth to become educators of the youth of the land. Of course there were many of the old-time teachers who were admirably equipped for their work, and who did it so well that they found a place in the lasting remembrance of their pupils; but while this is true, it is, on the other hand, equally true that the admirably equipped teachers were the exception. So loud were the complaints of the inefficiency of the school teachers throughout the State that they reached the ears of the Governor. In his annual message to the legislature, in 1833, Governor Noble thus calls attention to the subject:

"The want of competent teachers to instruct in the township schools is a cause of complaint in many sections of the State, and it is to be regretted that in employing transient persons from other States, containing but little qualification or moral character, the profession is not in that repute it should be. Teachers permanently interested in the institutions of the country, possessing a knowledge of the manners and customs of our extended population, and mingling with it, would be more calculated to render essential service and be better received than those who come in search of employment." And he proposes as a remedy for the evil the establishment of a seminary for the special training of our native teachers, or the incorporation of the manual labor system with the preparatory department of the Indiana College at Bloomington.

In the beginning of our State's history and for many years thereafter the people held in slight esteem the vocation of the pedagogue. Not because he was a pedagogue, but because he did not labor with his hands. Lawyers and ministers and even doctors who did not show their mettle now and then by acts of manual labor were very apt to receive less favor at the hands of the people than otherwise. An Indiana Secretary of State once, while in office, kept a jack for breeding purposes, and he caused the announcement to be made through the newspapers that he gave to the business his personal attention. It was considered a very proper thing for a Secretary of State to do. This one was an invincible politician before the people. It is related of an early Posey county teacher, one Henry W. Hunt, that when

he first applied for a school the people looked upon him as a "lazy, trifling, good-for-nothing fellow who wanted to make his living without work." What was true in Posey in pedagogue Hunt's case was generally true in every pedagogue's case throughout the State.

Teachers quite often in those days went on the hunt for their schools. They were a kind of tramp—homeless fellows, who went from place to place hunting for a job. When the prospect seemed good the candidate would write an "article of agreement," wherein he would propose to teach a quarter's school at so much per scholar. With that in hand he tramped the neighborhood over, soliciting subscribers, and, if a stranger, usually meeting with more scorn than good-will. He was too often esteemed a good-for-nothing who was too lazy to work. "The teachers were, as a rule," says the historian of Miami county, "illiterate and incompetent, and selected not because of any special qualifications, but because they had no other business." The only requirements were that the teachers should be able to teach reading, writing and ciphering. The teacher who could cipher all the sums in Pike's arithmetic, up to and including the rule of three, was considered a mathematician of no mean ability.

The wages paid the ordinary teacher were not usually such as to give respect to the profession. One of the curious chapters of the times is the low wages paid for all manner of intellectual labor. The Governor received only \$1000 per year, and a judge of the Circuit Court but \$700. Teachers were by no means an exception to the rule. Rev. Baynard R. Hall, the first principal of the State Seminary, at Bloomington, came all the way from Philadelphia to accept of the place at a salary of \$250 a year, and John M. Harney, who subsequently made such a figure as editor of the *Louisville Democrat*, walked all the way from Oxford, O., to apply for the chair of mathematics at a like salary, also, of \$250 per annum. Jesse Titus, an early schoolmaster in Johnson county, taught a school during the winter of 1826-'07 at \$1 per scholar, which yielded him \$6 per month, out of which he paid his board of \$1 per month. The first school taught on the present site of Moore's Hill was by Sanford Rhodes, in 1820, at seventy-five cents per quarter for each pupil, which was paid mostly in trade. In 1830 John Martin taught in Cass county at

\$8 per month. Seventy-five cents per quarter was a price quite commonly met with as late as 1825, or even later, but the price varied. In some sections \$1 per scholar seems to have been the ruling price, in others \$1.50, while in a very few instances \$2 was paid. In many cases, probably a majority, the teacher was obliged to take part of his pay in produce. I find wheat, corn, bacon, venison hams, dried pumpkin, flour, buckwheat flour, labor, whisky, leather, coon skins and other articles mentioned as things given in exchange for teaching. "At the expiration of the three-months' term," says one writer, "the teacher would collect the tuition in wheat, corn, pork or furs, and take a wagon-load to the nearest market and exchange it for such articles as he needed. Very little tuition was paid in cash." One schoolmaster of the time contracted to receive his entire pay in corn, which, when delivered, he sent in a flat-boat to the New Orleans market. Another, an Orange county schoolmaster, of a somewhat later period, contracted to teach a three-months' term for \$36.50, to be paid as follows: \$25 in State scrip, \$2 in Illinois money, and \$9.50 in currency." This was as late as 1842, and there were seventy school children in his district.

A large per cent. of the unmarried teachers "boarded around," and thus took part of their pay in board. The custom in such cases was for the teachers to ascertain by computation the time he was entitled to board from each scholar, and usually he selected his own time for quartering himself upon the family. In most instances, it is believed, the teacher's presence in the family was very acceptable. The late A. B. Hunter, of Franklin, once taught a school under an agreement to board around, but one of his best patrons was so delighted with his society that he invited him to make his house his home during the term, which invitation the young man gratefully accepted. It was not the practice for the married teachers to board around. If not permanent residents of the neighborhood, they either found quarters in the "master's house," or in an abandoned cabin of the neighborhood. Quite common was it to find a "schoolmaster's house," which had been erected by the district, hard by the schoolhouse, for the use of the married masters.

The school terms were usually called "quarters." There were two kinds of quarters known in some localities—the "long quar-

ter" and the "short quarter." The long quarter consisted of thirteen weeks, and the short quarter of twelve weeks.

Notwithstanding the people were inclined to look upon the pioneer schoolmasters as a lazy class, yet they were looked up to perhaps as much if not more, than in these days. I have already said that the presence of the schoolmaster as a boarder in the family of his patron was welcome, for he was generally a man of some reading, and his conversation was eagerly listened to by all. Books and newspapers were scarce in those days, and so conversation was esteemed more than it is now.

A few years ago I had occasion to look into the standing and qualifications of the early teachers of my own county, and on looking over my notes I find this statement: "All sorts of teachers were employed in Johnson county. There was the 'one-eyed teacher,' the 'one-legged teacher,' the 'lame teacher,' the 'teacher who had fits,' the 'teacher who had been educated for the ministry but, owing to his habits of hard drink, had turned pedagogue,' and 'the teacher who got drunk on Saturday and whipped the entire school on Monday.'" A paragraph something like this might be truthfully written of every county south of the National road, and doubtless of every one north of it, but as to that I speak with less certainty, for want of knowledge. The lesson the paragraph points to is that whenever a man was rendered unfit for making his living any other way, he took to teaching. Mr. Hobbs, I believe, states that one of his first teachers was an ex-liquor dealer who, having grown too fat to successfully conduct that business any longer, turned schoolmaster. It is related of the first teacher of the first school in Clay township, in Morgan county, that he was afflicted with phthisic to such a degree that he was unable to perform manual labor; but he was a fairly good teacher, save when he felt an attack of his malady coming on. "That was the signal for an indiscriminate whipping." The first schoolmaster of Vanderburg county lived the life of a hermit, and is described as a "rude, eccentric individual, who lived alone and gained a subsistence by hunting, trapping and trading." John Malone, a Jackson county schoolmaster, was given to tipping to such excess that he could not restrain himself from drinking ardent spirits during school hours. He carried his bottle with him to school but he

seems to have had regard enough for the proprieties not to take it into the schoolhouse, but hid it out. Once a certain Jacob Brown and a playmate stole the bottle and drank till they came to grief. The master was, of course, properly indignant, and "for setting such an example," the record quaintly says, "the boys were soundly whipped." Wesley Hopkins, a Warrick county teacher, carried his whisky to school in a jug. Owen Davis, a Spencer county teacher, took to the fiddle. He taught what was known as a "loud school," and while his scholars roared at the top of their voices the gentle pedagogue drew forth his trusty fiddle and played "Old Zip Coon," "The Devil's Dream," and other inspiring profane airs with all the might and main that was in him. Thomas Ayres, a Revolutionary veteran, who taught in Switzerland county, regularly took his afternoon nap during school hours, "while his pupils," says the historian, "were supposed to be preparing their lessons, but in reality were amusing themselves by catching flies and tossing them into his open mouth." One of Orange county's early schoolmasters was an old sailor who had wandered out to the Indiana woods. Under his encouragement his pupils, it is said, "spent a large part of their time roasting potatoes." About the same time William Grimes, a teacher still further southwest, "employed his time between recitations by cracking hickorynuts on one of the puncheon benches with a bench leg."

[To be continued.]

RIVER NAVIGATION IN INDIANA.

THE story of transportation in Indiana properly begins with a consideration of the rivers, for though their uses in this connection was but a passing phase (barring the Ohio), and "navigation in Indiana" now sounds oddly to us, they were at one time of considerable importance in our export trade. They certainly occupied a large space in the hopes of the pioneer fathers. Prospectors who traversed and reported upon the country before the coming of the settler dwelt upon the question of the streams and their navigability as a very important factor in the coming occupancy; and for some years after the occupancy the strenuous insistence in considering "navigable" streams that would seem hopelessly useless for such purpose oftentimes approached the ludicrous. For example, Indianapolis for nearly two decades after its founding, would have White river a highway of commerce in spite of nature and the inability of craft to get over ripples, sandbars and drifts. As early as 1820 it was officially declared "navigable;" in 1825 Alexander Ralston, the surveyor, was appointed to make a thorough inspection of the river and to report in detail at the next session of the legislature. The sanguine hopes that were nourished at the young capital are evidenced by existing records. An editorial in the *Indiana Journal* of March 26, 1831, says:

"For three or four years past efforts have been made by Noah Noble to induce steamboats to ascend the river, and * * * very liberal offers have been made by that gentleman to the first steamboat captain who would ascend the river as far as this place. * * * As early as February, 1827, he offered the Kanawha Salt Company \$150 as an inducement to send a load of salt, agreeing to sell the salt without charge."

In 1830 Noble offered a Capt. Stephen Butler \$200 to come to Indianapolis, and \$100 in addition if Noblesville and Anderson were reached, though what efforts were made to earn these bonuses is not known. From time to time the newspapers made

mention of boats which, according to rumor, got "almost" to the capital, and eventually one made for itself a historic reputation by performing the much-desired feat. This one was the "General Hanna," a craft which Robert Hanna, a well-known character in early politics, had purchased for the purpose of bringing stones up the river for the old National road bridge. The Hanna, which in addition to its own loading, towed up a heavily-laden keel-boat, arrived April 11, 1831, and, according to a contemporary chronicle, "every man, woman and child who could possibly leave home availed themselves of this opportunity of gratifying a laudable curiosity to see a steamboat. * * * On Monday evening and during the most of the succeeding day the river bank was filled with delighted spectators." Captain Blythe and the artillery company marched down and fired salutes. The leading citizens and the boat's crew peppered each other with elegant, formal compliments, and the former, in approved parliamentary style, "Resolved, That the arrival at Indianapolis of the steamboat General Hanna, from Cincinnati, should be viewed by the citizens of the White river country and of our State at large, as a proud triumph, and as a fair and unanswerable demonstration of the fact that our beautiful river is susceptible of safe navigation."

A public banquet in honor of the occasion was arranged, and the visiting navigators invited to attend, but they were in haste to get out of the woods while the water might permit, and so declined with regrets. Legend has it that the boat ran aground on an island a short distance down river, and lay there ignominiously for six weeks, and that was the last of the "proud triumph" and White river "navigation."

Many are familiar, through Maurice Thompson's "Stories of Indiana," with the Wabash river craft that attempted to establish a "head of navigation" above Lafayette, and, after heroic strugglings, was finally hauled ingloriously up to Logansport by a hawser and a dozen yoke of oxen.* In a book descriptive of the West, written by Jacob Ferris, as late as 1856, is the following account: "The river navigation of Indiana is rendered difficult by frequent shallows. The boats are of light draft, flat-bottomed, with paddles placed across the

*For original account see Cox's "Recollections of the Wabash Valley."

stern. * * * It has been said of the Indiana boats that, in making headway down stream, they contrive to keep up with the current. They draw about as much water as a sap trough. When they get stuck in the sand all hands will jump out and push them off. It is related of an exasperated Hoosier, who had refused to pay his fare till there should be some prospect of getting somewhere or other, that, being ordered ashore from the middle of the river, he stepped into the water, seized the craft by the bows, and gave it a shove down stream, stern foremost. When it worked back to the point he held it there, puffing and fluttering, the captain 'cussing,' till a compromise was effected, and the Hoosier hired for the rest of the trip to help the engineer."

But despite these and many similar absurdities, the Indiana streams were a factor, and an important one, in our earlier commerce. The number of rivers and creeks that have been declared "public highways" by our legislators is a matter for surprise. An examination of the statutes through the twenties and thirties discloses from thirty to forty. According to Timothy Flint, who wrote in 1833, the navigable waters of the State had been rated at 2500 miles, and this estimate he thought moderate. These streams ranged in size from the Wabash to insignificant hill drains that run down the short water-shed into the Ohio, some of which, at the present day at least, would scarce float a plank. Such streams were, however, supposed to have sufficient volume during high water to float flatboats, and the purpose of the legislation was to interdict impeding of the waterway by dams or otherwise, and the clearing of the channel was under State law. To this end many of these streams were divided into districts, as were the roads, and "worked"—i. e., cleared of drifts and other obstructions by the male residents living adjacent to either shore. This service varied with various localities and ranged from one to three days' labor a year from citizens residing one, two and three miles back. These workmen were exempt from road duty. By an act of January 4, 1828, \$1,000 was appropriated for the improvement of the two forks of White river, and they were to be "worked" by the various counties through which they ran. Boards of justices were to appoint supervisors and establish districts, and citizens within two miles on either side were to work the rivers three days in each year.

It is probable that most of those declared navigable bore on their swollen tides at one time or another boats laden with the produce of the country, and an examination of the various histories reveals that very many of our counties thus found, though irregularly, an important outlet for their exports.

The "Emigrant's and Traveler's Guide" a book published in 1832, gives some information on this point. "Hundreds of flatboats," we are told, "annually descended the Wabash and White rivers. * * * The trade of this river (the Wabash) is becoming immense. In 1831, during the period which elapsed from the 5th of March to the 16th of April, fifty-four steamboats arrived and departed at and from Vincennes alone. It is also estimated that at least 1000 flatboats entered the Ohio from the Wabash in the same time. * * * In February, March and April of this year there were sixty arrivals of steamboats at Lafayette."

This showing of a thousand flatboats in less than a month and a half, is no mean one, and shows conclusively the value of the rivers in the early stages of our commerce. Not less interesting is the glimpse which this writer gives us of the character of the commerce. One-tenth of the flatboats, he tells us, was estimated to be "loaded with pork at the rate of 300 barrels to the boat." Another tenth is said to have been loaded with lard, cattle, horses, oats, cornmeal, etc., and the remainder, making by far the largest export, with corn in the ear. Sometimes we hear of more curious cargoes. The inhabitants of Posey county seem to have had a reputation among the facetious river men for "hoop-poles and punkins," and in the history of Jackson county we learn that the first flatboat cargo from Medora, in that county, was hickory-nuts, walnuts and venison hams. The value of produce and stock sent annually to market from the valley of the Wabash by flatboats was estimated by Ferris at nearly \$1,000,000.

While there were other kinds of boats, the flatboat was by far the best craft for the Indiana rivers, by reason of its light draft, its carrying capacity and its cheapness of construction. The huge tulip poplars that abounded in our forests, easily worked with the ax, afforded slabs long and broad enough for the sides, and the simple attaching of planks to these for the

ends and deck could be readily accomplished by the
 with such tools as were at his command. When finished,
 a mere float, or lighter, flat-bottomed and strong enough
 to stand any amount of ordinary thumping as it drifted down
 the current.

Individual, or often several individuals, would knock together one of these, load it with the surplus produce of a neighborhood, and ride down with the freshets. The port was usually far-away New Orleans, from whence the boat was not expected to return. After the disposal of its cargo it was sold for whatever it might bring, and the merchant returned by boat, usually to the Ohio river port nearest his home, and across country. Sometimes, however, boats came up our river laden with imports. These seem mostly to have been keel-boats, a long, narrow craft with a keel, much lighter than the flatboat. The ascent, a most arduous and snail-like task, was effected by poling, where the current permitted, and by "corbling" where it was swift, the latter process being a towing by hand, one end of the hawser being secured to a tree, to make use of the distance gained. Two or three of these keel boats were recorded as finding their way to Indianapolis soon after its founding, the principal part of the cargoes being salt and whisky, two very precious articles.

The late Mr. Alexander Conduitt, of Indianapolis, who as a young man was a "sailor" on White river, has described to the writer the flatboats common on that stream. They were about fifteen feet wide; those built at and below Spencer were eighty feet long, and those for the river above Spencer were sixty feet long. A sixty-foot boat would carry 500 dressed hogs.

THE WABASH RIVER.

Such part as was played in Indiana's commercial development by the steamboat was confined virtually to the Wabash and Ohio rivers. This at one time was of considerable importance to the northern and western portions of the State. Lafayette was practically the head of navigation on the Wabash; and, prior to the construction to that point, in 1843, of the Wabash and Erie canal, it depended much upon the river for an outlet. The "Traveler's Guide," quoted above, speaks of sixty arrivals of

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G. S. C.

AT ON WHITE RIVER.

L OF AN OLD PILOT.

n in the seventies by John Scott who was born in Lexington, Ky., interesting account of the first ters of White river:

steamboat 'Victory,' running up near the last of August; then the hen went aboard of the steam-s, master, bound for New Orleans.

Yellow fever was raging in New Orleans at this time. After our safe return from New Orleans, I asked Captain Sanders for my discharge: he would not hear of it, and went up to Louisville—our boat was lying at Shippingsport. When he returned he said: 'I have got a full load to go up White river to Spencer.' White river empties into the Wabash river near Mt. Carmel, through on the opposite side of the river; Spencer is in Indiana. So we loaded the boat with salt, and went on our way. Henry Christopher was still my pardner, and neither of us was ever up White river, but we went on our way up the Wabash to Mt. Carmel, then up the White river. White river is a small stream and very crooked; we went over mill-dams, though the water was high, and we finally arrived at Spencer. The steamboat 'Traveler' was the first steamboat that ever turned a wheel on White river; William Sanders, master.

"The water commenced falling so we had to hurry out our load of salt, and go out of the river as soon as possible. Captain Sanders said we would run down the river about thirty miles, land some passengers, and stay there all night, as we had told him we could not run in the night. It was Christopher's first watch. We went on down White river and landed the passengers, some time in the fore part of the night. The Captain then said, 'We will go on to-night. Christopher said nothing,' and away we went. I told Christopher if he could stand it, I could. So my pardner stood watch until twelve o'clock and then called me up. When I took hold of the wheel I do not think I was ever in such a bad fix in my life, for a man that is a pilot can generally see the river all the way ahead of him. However, I told my pardner that I would go it blind, if there was ever any one time in my life when I longed for the light of day that was the time. So we continued on down and I heard the chickens crow, then I knew it was not long until daylight. The first thing I knew we went into the Wabash river, then I was all right. The Wabash, after White river, appeared to be as wide as the Mississippi and we went on our way rejoicing to Louisville, without accident."

EMMA CARLETON.

GRAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

IN Vol. I, Nos. 2 and 3, of this magazine, were published lists of Revolutionary graves located in Putnam and Floyd counties. The following list is the fullest, up to date, of these graves as located in various parts of the State by members and chapters of the D. A. R. It is taken from the First Annual Report of the D. A. R. State Historian, Miss Eliza G. Browning:

ALLEN COUNTY. The Mary Penrose Wayne Chapter reports a large number of Revolutionary soldiers buried at Harmersford, but is unable to give the names.

FLOYD COUNTY—6. Located by Piankeshaw Chapter. Joseph Bell, Joshua Fowler, Richard Lord Jones and Benjamin Buckman, all in the New Albany cemetery; Jacob Garrison, Galena; Gabriel Poindexter, Floyd Knobs.

CRAWFORD COUNTY—1. Piankeshaw Chapter. Jeremiah Wright, Fredona cemetery.

CLARK COUNTY—20. Twelve located by Piankeshaw Chapter.

HARRISON COUNTY—18. Piankeshaw Chapter. Charles Dyer, Bethlehem cemetery, near Crandall; Joshua Bennett, Samuel Raugh and Patrick Hunter, Presbyterian cemetery at Rebobeth; Hinson Johnson, Blunk's cemetery, Webster township; Peter Deatrich, George Krone and Charles George, family burying ground one mile south of Elizabeth. David Trout, Luther's Chapel; John Williams, Goldsbury farm, three miles south of Fredricksburg; John Smith, near Corydon; — Cooper, near Hancock's Chapel; Henry Funk and Daniel Funk, west bank of Big Indian Creek, near New Amsterdam; Abraham Harmar and Joseph Harmar, Thompson's burial lot; John Long, High-fill farm, near Corydon; Philip P. Stine, near same place.

HUNTINGTON COUNTY—1. Huntington Chapter. Elijah Mitchell, Good cemetery, Warren township.

JENNINGS COUNTY—1. Mrs. W. A. Guthrie, of John Paul Chapter. Darby McGannon, family burial ground on McGannon farm.

MARION COUNTY—8. Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter. John Morrow, Crown Hill cemetery; Isaac Wilson, family yard, Indi-

INDIANA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

Published at Indianapolis, Indiana.

GEORGE S. COTTMAN, *Editor and Proprietor.*

EDITORIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A DELAYED ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

An acknowledgment of favors received should have appeared in the last number of this magazine, but was unintentionally omitted. The magazine last year barely paid expenses, and, much as the publisher desired to keep it up, its continuance seemed impracticable. That it has continued to exist is largely due to the friendly aid of several well-wishers who added to their personal subscriptions a number of extra ones, thus swelling the subscription list very materially and putting in the hands of the publisher a fund sufficient, in addition to the regular list, to defray the publishing expenses for the current year. This was done without any soliciting on the part of the publisher, and that men of such character should have thought the publication worthy of their voluntary support and endorsement is the most gratifying result, so far, of our effort to promote an interest along this line. We here make mention of the gentlemen to whom our thanks are due:

Messrs. A. W. Butler, W. E. Henry, J. Frank Hanly, Charles J. Buchanan, Geo. W. Benton, Daniel Wait Howe, John H. Holliday, C. B. Coleman and T. E. Hibben, Indianapolis; Mrs. Milton Shirk, Peru; Mr. Fremont Goodwine, Williamsport; Mr. J. A. Woodburn and the Monroe County Historical Society, Bloomington; Mr. Cyrus W. Hodgin, Richmond; Mr. F. B. Shutts, Aurora; Mr. Robt. S. Taylor, Fort Wayne, and Mr. Geo. B. Lockwood, Winona Lake.

To Messrs. W. E. Henry and A. W. Butler we are especially indebted.

THE RICHMOND CENTENNIAL.

The plans for the Richmond Centennial anniversary, to be observed next September, still go enthusiastically on. The program has been arranged, and committees for the many branches of work organized, while the local press from time to time

publishes historical matter calculated to arouse the public interest in the movement, and the town, seemingly, is being searched for relics, historical documents and all kinds of tributary material. An important feature of the occasion will be a "Centennial History" of the city, under the charge of a History Committee, in which the various phases of development will be carefully dealt with by those most competent for the tasks. With the effort that is being made to get at all existing material, it is probable that the book will contain much of real historic value hitherto unused.

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES IN INDIANA.

By request Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgkin, of Richmond, supplies us with the following information:

"The local historical societies in this State that are at present active, so far as we have been able to learn, are located in the following counties: Elkhart, Grant, Henry, Kosciusko, Monroe, St. Joseph, Wabash and Wayne. The facts of the history of the Elkhart, Grant and Kosciusko societies are wanting. The Wayne county society was organized first in 1882 within the Old Settlers' organization. It was reorganized in 1901 and incorporated in 1902. It has rooms in the court-house at Richmond, assigned to it by the county commissioners, who recently appropriated \$250 to furnish suitable cases for its collection. Its collection of books, files of papers, volumes of magazines and various relics, numbers between six and seven hundred. This does not include the papers that have been read before it. Its meetings are held quarterly, that in November being called the annual meeting. It is supported by membership fees.

"The Henry county society was organized in 1887 and incorporated in 1901. It is housed in a valuable property purchased for the purpose by the county commissioners at a cost of \$5000. It is supported, however, by membership fees and special contributions. It has a valuable collection.

"The society in St. Joseph county is known as the Northern Indiana Historical Society. It aims to work the field of the entire State. It has for its quarters the entire second floor of the public library building in South Bend. Its collection is said to contain the largest number of historical publications and the

most interesting historical relics in the State. The annual meeting occurs in February.

"The Wabash society was organized and incorporated in 1901. It has been given the use, by the county commissioners, of Memorial Building in the city of Wabash, where it has begun a collection of historical materials. This society does not collect membership fees, but each member must 'pay for one share of stock in the association.' Among its officers are a historian and an archæologist. The annual meeting is held in Wabash in October. Special meetings may be held at such times and places as the board of directors may designate.

"The Monroe county society was organized in 1905. It is maintained by a membership fee. The meetings are held monthly in the lecture-room of the Kirkwood Avenue Christian Church in Bloomington. The topics in its programs indicate that much good investigation is being made in the history and biography of the county."

PRESERVATION OF THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION."

Since our last issue the Northern Indiana Historical Society has put into circulation the following circular which we are glad to reprint. All local societies should indorse the memorial:

"To the Senators and Representatives from Indiana:

"The Northern Indiana Historical Society at a special meeting of its executive committee held this day, unanimously adopted the following memorial:

"The members of the Northern Indiana Historical Society hereby strongly indorse the movement for the preservation of the U. S. Frigate 'Constitution,' now lying at the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts,—a war vessel around which cluster many memories of the early days of the Republic,—the vessel which, by its destruction of the British warship 'Guerriere, gave to the war of 1812 its first victory, and encouraged the nation to renewed and ultimately successful efforts, after the early and discouraging events of the war.

"The society urges that the members of Congress from Indiana favor the appropriation added by the Senate to the naval appropriation bill for the repair or rebuilding of the famous frigate, that it may be an object lesson, showing what in 1812 was

considered a well-equipped vessel of war, thus illustrating the marvelous progress which steam and steel have wrought in naval architecture in a single century. The frigate 'Constitution,' so long as she is afloat, will serve to recall a naval victory which, small in itself when won, was the foundation of the maritime power of the nation.

"And, said society earnestly requests and urgently petitions the members of Congress from Indiana to use every honorable effort and influence within their control to secure so liberal an appropriation as may be necessary to fittingly restore and permanently preserve the frigate 'Constitution' for the purpose above set forth, and as an inspiration of patriotism to the youth of our country.

TIMOTHY E. HOWARD, *President.*

"GEORGE A. BAKER, *Secretary.*"

LOCAL HISTORY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Moravian Mission on White River.—In the *Indianapolis News* for March 17, 1906, Mr. J. P. Dunn has an interesting contribution in which he discusses the martyrdom of Christian Indians among the Delawares of White river, under the instigation of the nefarious "Prophet," and the Moravian Mission that was established among these people early in the nineteenth century. Hitherto the chief, if not the sole authorities, touching upon these matters have been John B. Dillon, the Indiana historian, and John Heckwelder, the Moravian missionary. To these have recently been added the original reports of the mission, which were discovered in the archives of the Moravian church, and which it is the intention of the Indiana Historical Society to publish. That they will add new information to our rather meager knowledge of the Indians of Indiana is to be expected.

The site of the old Moravian mission, like that of Ouiatenon, is somewhat uncertain, though tradition places it on White river about two miles east of Anderson. A witchcraft craze, inaugurated by the Prophet, who, with his brother Tecumseh, was then located among the Delawares, so discouraged the missionaries that their establishment was discontinued in 1806. In subsequent history so little mention is made of it that its existence is practically forgotten.

In this connection, it may be said that such authorities as we

have upon the subject seem to be quite uncertain as to the distribution of the Indians along White river. Chief Anderson's town and the Munsee town, at or near where Anderson and Muncie now stand, are frequently spoken of in local chronicles, but to most of the others there is very little allusion. According to a United States survey map made in 1821 there was a Little Munsee Town, near Anderson's village, and a Buck Town a little farther up the river. In a former number of this magazine (see Vol. I, No. 4, p. 176) were published some communications reminiscent of an old Indian torture stake that stood for a number of years after the whites came into the country. This was on the river, about three miles southeast of Muncie. From one of these letters, written by Samuel Cecil, who for many years owned the land, it is pretty conclusive that an Indian town of some permanence stood at that place, and that a stake for torturing prisoners was a notable feature of it. Mr. Cecil says that the village was known as Old Munsey, or Old Town Hill, and that it antedated the Munsey that stood just across the river from the present city of Muncie. In Henry county they have a tradition of a town that stood not far from the site of New Castle, and which remained there for some time after the coming of the whites. Judge Martin L. Bundy who, we believe, has a personal recollection of them, affirms that they were Senecas. The Indians who were murdered near Pendleton, in 1824, are also said to have been Senecas. The Senecas belonged to the Iroquois confederacy, and this dual tradition would seem to indicate that Iroquois were to be found among the Algonquins of this section. Strawtown, in Hamilton county, is also said to have been originally "a flourishing Indian town," and there are vague reports of others on the river at the north and south boundary lines of Marion county.

The Union Literary Society.—We are in receipt of an interesting article with this caption, written by Philander Outland, of Richmond, and published in the *Sun-Telegram* for November 22, 1902. The Union Literary Society, or Institute, more properly speaking, was a school in Randolph county, established by the Friends in 1845, and was, perhaps, the first institution of the kind in the State to throw open its doors alike to white and col-

ored pupils. It was commenced in a two-story hewed-log building, "located in a dense forest," and in this primitive seat of learning many a youth of the under race was guided toward a broader life. An account of the school, written by Professor Ebenezer Tucker, its principal, may be found in the History of Randolph County, but Mr. Outland, a colored man who was educated there, deals freshly and more at length with its special service to the colored race. Negro pupils attended the school not only from the territory immediately surrounding, but from Richmond, Logansport and Indianapolis, this State, and from Dayton, Piqua, Cincinnati, and Shelby and Mercer counties, Ohio, while some came from Mississippi and Tennessee.

Baber's History of Green County.—Mr. Henry Baker, of Worthington, sends us a copy of the little paper-bound History of Greene County, the authorship of which is accredited to "Uncle Jack Baber," and which was published at Worthington in 1875. Some of the best local history we have is to be found in pamphlets or small, unpretentious volumes published by the authors, and Baber's is one of this class. It is evidently written by a reminiscient who is thoroughly familiar with the community in which he has long lived, and the text, which rambles along in a gossip style, contains many minor incidents and anecdotes that bring the people of Greene county close to the reader. The book is now hard to find.

THE SNOWFALL IN OCTOBER, 1869.

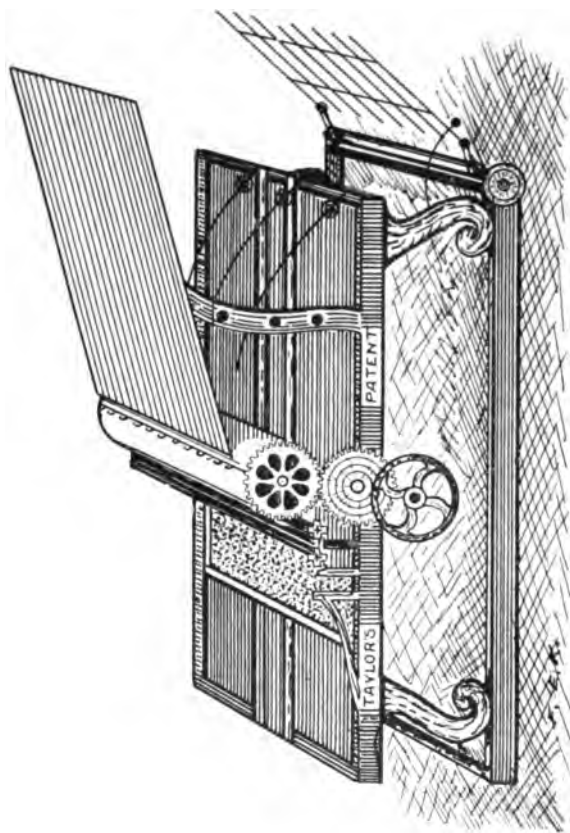
From Indiana Farmer, November 11, 1905.

I SEE in the last issue of the *Farmer*, C. H., of Ohio, wants to know the exact date of the deep snow that fell in October of 1868 or 1869. As I have been keeping a record only since 1872, I can rely only on my memory for the information wanted, which was in 1869, the day of the week or month not remembered. If I knew the day of the month I could tell the day of the week. I well recollect a snow in 1843, when I was just turned into my twelfth year, that for severity has perhaps never

been equalled. The day of the month or week I fail to recollect, but from an old man of my acquaintance and several years my senior, I learned it was the 4th. I have a vivid recollection that will remain with me as to snow while the trees were in full leaf. From my diary of 1880 I see that two inches of snow fell on the forenoon of October 19th (Tuesday), and that at noon the sun came out and the snow went like a white frost. I regret that I didn't keep a diary of my school days, just as every young man should. I find it a great source of satisfaction now in my old age for reference.

HENRY BAKER.

Worthington.



FIRST STEAM PRINTING PRESS IN INDIANAPOLIS

Installed by John D. Defrees in office of the *Indiana State Journal*, 1847. See page 157.

THE INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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No. 3

THE EARLY NEWSPAPERS OF INDIANA.

BEGINNINGS AND DEVELOPMENT OF JOURNALISM.

IN view of the illiteracy with which early Indiana has (justly or unjustly) been accredited, the ubiquity of the newspaper press, almost from the beginning, is a matter for surprise. We have abundant evidence that in our pioneer population there was a large element of intelligent and thinking men. The man of this type, with the alert American sense of citizenship and with a lively curiosity about the news of the world (whetted, perhaps, by his isolation), together with his zeal for local development, demanded an organ to promote his political opinions, to keep him in touch, in some fashion, with the outside world, and to advocate the public wants. As a consequence, generally speaking, wherever he went and established his rude beginnings of a civil and social life, the printing press followed hard after.

These journalistic beginnings are very difficult to trace because of the meagerness and uncertainty of the records. Many a paper that had its little day and was once part of the history of its community has passed utterly away, leaving not a number nor even a memory in the minds of men to tell that it ever existed; and the only proof of its existence often is indirect and obscure. Others have changed their names, sometimes repeatedly, while still retaining their newspaper identity, and in a study of the subject this is confusing.

The sources for such a study are, mainly, the newspaper directories, local histories, United States census reports, old gazetteers and newspaper files. The first of these are of little historical value, and the local histories are not always reliable and sometimes wholly silent as to the papers of their localities. The most valuable of these sources are old newspaper files, for in them, though fragmentary and incomplete, we find not only many of the publications themselves, but allusions to and adver-

tisements of other contemporaneous papers. From these various authorities I have compiled a list of about 250 periodicals, mostly newspapers, published in this State prior to 1850. The list is, probably, not complete, nor always accurate as to dates, etc., but is, I think, about as trustworthy as it can be made from the source material available. To give anything like detailed information about these many ventures is, of course, out of the question here, but their chronological and, in some cases, geographical distribution may be briefly given. For convenience they may be considered by decades.

FIRST DECADE.—From 1800 to 1810 the only publication in the Territory of Indiana was the *Indiana Gazette* and its successor, the *Western Sun*, of Vincennes. This paper was established in 1804 by Elihu Stout, who shipped a printing outfit from Frankfort, Ky., by way of the Kentucky, Ohio and Wabash rivers. This sheet antedated the first one in St. Louis by four years, and seems to contest the claim to priority with the first in the Louisiana Purchase, as the earliest New Orleans papers were in 1804. These were *Le Moniteur*, a French publication, and the *Louisiana Gazette*. Of the first I have not found the exact date; the latter was first issued in July of the year given. The *Indiana Gazette* was burned out and re-established as the *Western Sun*. Subsequently it became *The Western Sun and General Advertiser*, *Jones' Vincennes Sentinel*, *The Vincennes Indiana Patriot*, *The Courant and Patriot*, and, finally, *The Western Sun* again, which name it still bears. Two or three in Ohio preceded this one.

SECOND DECADE.—By 1810 the St. Louis paper, and ten in the English, French and Spanish languages that had been started in New Orleans, had all suspended. The one in Indiana Territory sturdily persisted in living, in spite of the disaster by fire that overtook it almost in the start, and during the second decade others came to keep it company. The record we have of them is scant, but the following are mentioned in local histories and elsewhere:

The Corydon Gazette, 1814; *The Plaindealer and Gazette*, Brookville, 1815 or 1816; *The Republican Banner* and *The Indiana Republican*, Madison, 1815 and 1816; *The Indiana Register*, Vevay,

1816; *The Centinel*, Vincennes, about 1817 (partial file in State Library); *The Vevay Reveille*, 1817; *The Indiana Oracle*, Lawrenceburg, 1817 or 1819; *The Intelligencer*, Clark County (probably Charlestown), 1818; *The Enquirer* and *Indiana Telegraph*, Brookville, 1819. There is also vague mention of one, name not given, conducted at Jeffersonville in 1820 by George Smith and Nathaniel Bolton, who a little later founded the first Indianapolis paper, the *Gazette*; and one at New Albany by Ebenezer Patrick.

THIRD AND FOURTH DECADES.—At the beginning of this article I said that wherever the pioneer went the printing press followed hard after. This, perhaps, is an over emphasis of the argument if we construe "hard after" as immediately. Just at this point we have an interesting revelation as to the time necessary for the creating of a journalistic field. It should be noted that the dozen or so papers above given were confined to the south third of the State. In 1820, the whole central portion of our Territory was thrown open to settlers and there was an influx of population that spread as far north as the Wabash. There seem reasons why the newspaper press should spread accordingly, but by my notes I find that while during the third decade the number of papers was trebled, only four of them were in the "New Purchase," as the newly opened country was called. These were the *Indianapolis Gazette* (see Note 1), *The Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide*, which became the *Indianapolis Journal*, the *Lafayette Journal*, and the *Pottawattomie and Miami Times*, of Logansport (Note 2). During these ten years many thousands of settlers had come in, and there are reasons for believing that many papers were taken and read, but for some reason the conditions seem not to have invited journalistic ventures until the beginning of the next decade. In the early thirties they began to spring up and during these ten years one hundred new papers came into existence, by far the larger part of which were in the central and northern localities, and scattered pretty well over these portions from Columbus to Michigan City, and from Henry to Parke counties. From 1840 to 1850 I find added to the list at least one hundred and fourteen more, and of these comparatively few are located in the older parts of the State (Note 3).

As stated above, the number of periodicals that I have found trace of as existing in the State prior to 1850 is something like 250. There were certainly some in addition to these that have quite disappeared from mortal ken. Many were ephemeral, and the mortality among them is indicated by a comparison of the number I find with those given on the United States census. This comparison can not be made through that medium until 1840, when the census first deals with the periodicals of the country. Up to that period, according to my research, at least 134 had been established, but the total number existing in the year mentioned is reported in the census as 79, while against the 250 that had been in 1850 only 107 remained.

Drawing still further upon these census reports, we find some interesting figures touching the output of the press, not only as to increase but as to character. In the beginning all periodicals were weekly newspapers. By 1840 a differentiation had begun, and along with 69 weeklies there were 4 semi- and tri-weeklies and 3 classified as "periodicals," presumably literary. In the following decade the daily makes its appearance, and by 1850 there are 9 of these, along with 95 weeklies, 2 tri-weeklies and 1 semi-monthly, with a total circulation of 63,138. In 1860 there were 186, with the political weekly still in the ascendancy, but showing an intrusion into the field of 6 religious and 5 literary weeklies and monthlies, and with an aggregate circulation of 159,381. During the sixties there was a much heavier rate of increase, the census of 1870 showing 293 and a circulation of 363,542. The next ten years the advance was more marked yet, and by 1880 had reached the number of 467, with a circulation of 661,111. By this time the dailies had increased to 40, and the monthlies to 27. The tables of 1890 show 680 newspapers and periodicals, with a circulation of 1,292,418; those of 1900, 887, and a circulation of 210,805, or an output during the entire year of 175,432,092 copies.

One of the interesting phases of journalistic history is the differentiating process above referred to, one aspect of which affords an important sociological datum as indicating changes in the attitude of the public. Not only has the weekly, in large measure, given place to the daily, and the daily fallen into classes, as morning and evening, but there have been changes

of a deeper significance. In the earlier times the journal was, first of all, a party organ, with all the rabid partizanship that that implies when the party organ is in its worst estate. Even the news, where possible, it seemed, was twisted to subserve party ends, and as a concomitant, savage political rancor was the order of the day. The modern newspaper is not all sweetness and light, but one could hardly imagine, for example, the *Indianapolis Journal* in its latter days admitting to its columns, as it does in the issue of November 3, 1836, an open letter addressed to "the Lying, Hireling Scoundels who do the dirty work as Editors of the *Democrat*." The pioneer reader was nothing if not a partizan, and the acrimony with which both editors and contributors expressed themselves is an index to the moral spirit of the times. Not only political differences but personal animosities were aired in the public columns with a brutal rancor and ferocious hate based, so far as one can see in the controversies, on little cause.*

So little was the old journal a newspaper, in the modern sense, that local news, or, indeed, any kind of news other than political was hardly thought worth the space. The things that would now have peculiar historical value, had the papers chronicled them, are provokingly scant. What local matter there was had no separate department, but was usually scattered down the editorial column, and matters that we now regard as of interest and importance often had little or no mention. For example, one would think that the people, and, as a consequence, the press, would have been very much interested in the admission of the State to the Union, and in the convention that framed the first Constitution, at Corydon; but in the files of the *Western Sun* of that period (the only paper of that date available) very little is said about the convention, and the first conspicuous indication of statehood is the budding forth, more than a month after the convention, of notices of candidates inaugurating the grand rush for office. The startling earthquake shocks of 1811-'12, the equally startling star shower of 1833, and other notable occurrences are dismissed

*Governor James B. Ray was a past-master at this gentle art of vituperation, and an open letter of his to James Noble, then United States Senator, published in the *Indianapolis Journal* of March 3, 1830, is a good example of the fierceness I speak of.

with little more than a mere mention, though they unquestionably occupied a large place in the public mind at the times.

The first venture, perhaps, in the local field was *The Locomotive*, a little weekly, unique for that day, which was launched in 1845 as an amateur performance by three apprentices in the *Indiana Journal* office, of Indianapolis. It died a couple of times, but was revived, enlarged a little, more maturely edited, perhaps, and proved a "go." It was wholly local and literary, with much of the society column feature, and, according to Berry Sulgrove, "covered so well a field completely neglected by the grave political organs that it soon began to pay." It was, he adds, "the first paper that the women and girls wanted to read regularly."

The early newspaper did not, however, wholly neglect literature. Indeed, it sometimes filled in with a disproportionate amount of reading matter of this sort, not only from the writers of the day, but from those of the past, as in the case of the *Ripley County Index*, which published in a serial form the whole of "Pilgrim's Progress." Love stories, often serials, not unfrequently occupied the first page. There was also, usually, the time-honored Poets' Corner, affording a chance to budding rhymsters, and showing that the muse, though humbly subordinate, was not quite forgotten. In *The Western Sun*, of Vincennes, this latter department was headed the "Poetical Asylum."

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

The development of the independent newspaper during the last third of a century is one of the interesting journalistic phenomena. Prior to that period there were in this State several so-called independent sheets, but these were, without exception, I believe, simply neutral and not aggressively independent, as the modern usage of that term implies. The most noteworthy of these was the *Independent Press*, established at Lawrenceburg in 1850, by Henry L. Brown and James E. Goble, and edited by Oliver B. Torbett. From the salutatory and a long communication to the editor in the first number on the needs of an independent press, one would think that the paper had naturally risen out of a growing demand for such; but Mr. Brown, one of the founders, now (or until recently) living in

Indianapolis, explains that the independence of the new paper was largely accidental. The Democratic field was already occupied; there was no encouragement for a Whig organ in that county, and hence the remaining alternative. This is one of the most interesting papers of its period, and its superiority over the majority of its contemporaries alike in the matter of news, literature and miscellany, doubtless accounted for the measure of success to which it attained.

The independent movement which avowedly takes an active part in all political issues and makes a virtue of the "flopping" which so excites the scorn of the staunch partizan, was inaugurated in this State by John H. Holliday who, in 1869, established the *Indianapolis News*. Being a man of ideas, and with the boldness to experiment with these, he launched a paper that in several respects occupied its own field. It is supposed to have been the only two-cent paper, outside, possibly, of Chicago, that existed west of the Allegheny mountains. Prior to the war cheap papers had sprung up, but the advance in cost of material, particularly of white paper, in the war period, had driven them out. It was made an afternoon paper because day labor cost less than night work; and, finally, it was made an independent paper because Mr. Holliday preferred and believed in that kind of a newspaper. It may be added that the proprietor secured for it the Associated Press dispatches, which advantage no previous evening publication here had enjoyed.

Just how far the well-known success of the *News* is attributable to its political independence and how much to good business management is not obvious, but its success in the independent field has doubtless been a strong influence in developing the movement. Others followed the lead of this pioneer in its venture, and that they met a "felt want" would seem to be indicated by the fact that by 1903, according to Lord & Thomas's Pocket Directory of that year, there were in the State no less than 219 independent journals, not counting those that professed a qualified independence, such as "Republican-Independent" and "Democratic-Independent." These are scattered pretty well over the State, and 185 of them (34 not being returned) had an aggregate circulation of 266,103.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves comparing the actual outcomes with the objectives and goals to determine the effectiveness of the project and identify areas for improvement.

[The following page contains extremely faint, illegible text.]

and paper for the first issue, was upset in fording a stream. The consequent delay in the paper's initial appearance was explained as due to "circumstances beyond our control"—a comprehensive and oft-used excuse which the first printers probably kept "standing." This was only the beginning of this journal's difficulties. Often the stores and shops of the town had to be ransacked for ordinary wrapping paper to print on; sometimes only a half sheet was sent out, and sometimes no paper could be issued at all. The first paper in Martinsville, printed on a small wooden press, also frequently depended upon store paper.* When Milton Gregg bought a second-hand printshop at Brookville to start *The Western Statesman* at Lawrenceburg, he sent "a wild Hoosier teamster" for the outfit, and the latter, laying a quilt upon the floor, emptied thereon in one pile the various cases of type, both body and job. It was three weeks before Gregg's printers got the pi distributed. The first paper in Rushville, *The Dog-Fennel Gazette*(!), published by one Wickham in 1832, seems, from the unique name bestowed upon it, to have been consciously grotesque. What the eccentric father of it used as bed for his press we are not told, but it is affirmed that for his pressing power he utilized a heavy pole, one end of which was attached to a tree. Placing the form under the pole near the tree, so as to get a good leverage, he would squeeze off his impressions. The sheets were distributed printed on one side, and his patrons, after reading, would return the paper to be printed on the other side for another issue. This quite equals the old jest among the fraternity about sheets that are worked with swamp mud on a cider press. A copy of *The Dog-Fennel Gazette* would be an interesting find.

That these early ventures in the journalistic field should have exercised their function in a primitive manner and made a rather sorry shift generally is not surprising, the wonder, indeed, being that the mortality among them was not greater. In *The Bloomington Post* for August 30, 1832, nearly three editorial

*In the *Indianapolis Journal* of May 8, 1828, I find mention of a paper mill at Madison. A futile attempt to establish one in Richmond in 1828 was followed in 1830 by a successful venture. (Young's *Wayne County*, p. 390.) The United States Census returns of 1840 report three of these mills in the State—in Jefferson, Franklin and Wayne counties (Madison, Brookville and Richmond.) The aggregate capital invested is given as \$98,739, and the value of production for the last year as \$96,457.

columns are given to the status of the press. It is bitterly complained that "interlopers," not practical printers but "quack doctors, half-read lawyers and pretended literary characters," had invaded the journalistic field to the demoralization alike of the journal and of the legitimate printers' chances, which latter are represented as slim at best.

To begin with, the munitions of war for their crusade against darkness was an exceedingly uncertain quantity, for though their subscription rates were high compared with the news weekly of to-day, and the advertising patronage was often liberal, the editor shared with business men at large the embarrassments of scant cash and delayed payments. Indeed, the sentiment seemed to prevail that the newspaper man and the doctor could wait for their pay a little longer than any one else. We find that rather extraordinary inducements were offered for advance payments, and the clause as to arrearages is one of the proofs of the frequency of arrearages. The acceptance of all sorts of produce, from cordwood to maple sugar, was common, and if we may judge by the long continuance of the custom, yet more in vogue with printers than with merchants. A notice to be found in an old number of the Brookville *Indiana American* announced that it will accept "the following currency at par, for subscription or advertising, to-wit: Maple Sugar, Molasses, Country Linen, Jeans, Chickens, Butter, Cheese, Wood, Dried Apples, Dried Peaches, Corn, Wheat, Flour, Cornmeal, Pork, Beef, Oats, Hay, Bacon, or most any other mechanical production," and *The Bloomington Post* of October 26, 1838, advertises that "persons expecting to pay for their papers in produce must do so soon, or the cash will be exacted. Pork, Flour, Corn and Meal will be taken at the market prices. Also, those who expect to pay us in firewood must do so immediately—we must have our wood laid in for the winter before the roads get bad." The same paper for July 6, 1838, after repeated appeals to creditors, resorts to this heroic measure:

"THE BLACK LIST.—We have forwarded accounts to several persons indebted to us for Job Work, Subscriptions, etc., and we are sorry to say that they pay little or no attention to them. We take this opportunity to inform those gentlemen that if they any longer neglect to remit to us the amount of our accounts we

will forthwith place their names in bold capitals on the 'black list,' as scoundrels and swindlers."

Three weeks later the editor began his black list, but whether or not it had the desired effect is a matter lost to history.

Akin to this is the wail of the Madison *Indiana Republican* for July 26, 1817, which says:

"Mr. Clerk, I wish you to discontinue my *dunning* advertisement. My debtors pay no attention to it. Be so good as to inform the Sheriff that I wish to see him. Yours truly,

"B. YOUNG."

Nor was this all, nor, perhaps, the most serious of the printer's troubles. His most avowed function was to supply people with the news, and the difficulties in obtaining the news were most discouraging. For example, when the Indianapolis *Gazette* was started there was no regular mail to the town, and for the first three or four months of its existence it had to appear irregularly and as it could secure matter. Its launching, indeed, seems to have been a cause in determining the first mail line, for soon thereafter the citizens of the place held a meeting to consider the situation, decided upon establishing a route to Connersville, sixty miles away (there to connect with the government service), and themselves employed a man to carry the mail and open a post-office. After the government established a regular route the delays necessitated by bad roads were multiplied by indirect and circuitous carriage. An editorial in the *Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide* about that time complains that its exchanges, instead of coming as directly as possible, were carried by round-about routes and got to their destination usually two weeks later than need be, and this fortnight, added to the several days that "need be" by the best possible service of the day, gives an idea of the antiquity of most of the "news" when it reached the readers. The great source of the foreign intelligence was, of course, the exchange which had already served its readers at points farther east or south, and so the interior readers were a stage further removed from the actual events of the world.

Of the exchanges drawn upon, that most frequently quoted is *Niles' Weekly Register*, a most excellent and valuable compendium of news and history, which comprised a wide range of subjects. This periodical, a weekly publication of sixteen octavo pages,

was issued at Baltimore from September 7, 1811, to August 27, 1836, by Hezekiah Niles, and from that date to June 27, 1849, was continued by a son, W. O. Niles. Among the journals of that day it stood alone as a repository of all sorts of information proper to a paper of its kind. It is to-day one of our most valuable collections of records, and as such is prized by historians. Fifty bound volumes of the work may be found in the State Library.

NAMES OF PAPERS.

The names of papers in Indiana have been exceedingly varied, but a dozen or so have been distinct favorites. Of these, *Herald* and *Gazette* are perhaps most in evidence, with *Democrat*, *Times*, *Sentinel*, *Journal*, and (a little later) *Republican*, following hard after. *Banner*, *Register*, *Chronicle*, *Courier*, *Statesman* and *Observer* also make something of a showing. The name *Telegraph* appears at least three years before the introduction of Morse's method of telegraphy, and a number of *Republicans* were in the field years before the birth of the *Republican* party, which in turn gave name to so many papers. Of unusual names a list might be given, a few of which are *The Comet*, *The Western Constellation*, *The Corkscrew*, *The Dog-Fennel Gazette*, *The Budget of Fun*, *The Whig Rifle*, *The Coon-Skinner*, *The Locomotive*, *The Busy World*, *The Indiana Blade*, *The Chronotype*, *The Broad Axe of Freedom*, *The People's Friend* and *The Hoosier*. The first one with the last-mentioned name was launched at Greencastle by ex-Governor James B. Ray and W. M. Tannehill, as early as 1833.

NOTES.

1.—The *Indianapolis Sentinel* is often referred back to the *Gazette* of 1822 as its beginning, but this is certainly by a liberal construction as to what constitutes newspaper identity. The *Indiana Democrat*, which immediately succeeded the *Gazette*, was not a continuance of the latter sheet. Smith and Bolton, of the *Gazette*, dissolved partnership in 1829, and a letter from each in the issue of July 23, sets forth the reason. Smith wished to support Andrew Jackson. The *Gazette* had from the beginning been non-partizan, and Bolton wished to continue this policy. Smith further announces himself as one of several who proposed

to establish "in this place" a new paper, to be called *The Jacksonian*. No paper by this name appeared, but *The Indiana Democrat*, occupying the proposed field, did appear in 1830, and at once swallowed up the *Gazette*. It thus had a separate origin and was brought into existence for a new purpose. Bolton was subsequently one of the proprietors of this paper. Even the relationship between the *Democrat* and the *Sentinel*, which succeeded it in 1841, is by no means so clear as is generally supposed, for the first issue of the *Sentinel* is Vol. I, No. 1, and in the "prolegomena" of that number it is evidently regarded as the launching of a new paper.

2.—The *Northwestern Pioneer*, established at South Bend in 1831 by John D. and Joseph H. Defrees, is often cited as the first paper north of the Wabash river. It should be noted that the *Pottawattomie and Miami Times*, started at Logansport by John Scott in 1829, was north of, or at least on the north bank of the Wabash. There are various loose statements as to the dates of founding of several papers now existing. The *Richmond Palladium*, dating back to 1831, claims to be the oldest, barring the *Western Sun*. Earlier dates are claimed by the *Vevay Revivelle*, 1817; the *Terre Haute Express*, 1823; the *Lafayette Journal*, 1829; and perhaps by others. It may be noted that of the three papers last mentioned, none is included by those names in the list of 1833, given below. The *Western Register*, of Terre Haute, was established in 1823, but had either ceased to be or had changed to *The Wabash Courier* by 1833, as that is the only Terre Haute paper given in said list. The *Courier* probably became the *Express* in 1840, as the name of Thomas Dowling is connected with both of them. The *Register*, of 1823, was founded by John W. Osborne, one of the most notable of the early journalists of Indiana.

3.—What is probably the first directory of Indiana newspapers ever compiled is to be found in a gazetteer of 1833, published by Douglass & Maguire, proprietors of the *Indiana Journal*. This table, compiled by newspaper men, whose exchange list seems to have included all the papers of the State as they appeared, was doubtless not only correct but practically a full list of the publications then in existence. As such it is a document of value, and I give it in full:

A TABLE CONTAINING A LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN THE STATE OF INDIANA, PLACES WHERE PUBLISHED, AND THE NAMES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

Indiana Journal, Indianapolis, Douglass & Maguire.
Indiana Democrat, Indianapolis, Morrison & Bolton.
Western Times, Centreville, Hall & Boon.
Fort Wayne Sentinel, Fort Wayne, Tigar & Noel.
Richmond Palladium, Richmond, D. P. Holloway.
Liberty Portfolio, Liberty, Leviston & Walters.
Star and Sentinel, Philomath, S. Tizzard.
Indiana American, Brookville, C. F. Clarkson.
Indiana Palladium, Lawrenceburg, D. V. Cully.
Western Statesman, Lawrenceburg, D. S. Major.
Switzerland Monitor, Vevay, R. Ransdall.
Weekly Messenger, Printer's Retreat, Keen & Child.
Indiana Republican, Madison, Arion & Lodge.
New Albany Gazette, New Albany, Henry Collins.
Western Courant, Corydon, Ladd & Jones.
Paoli Times, Paoli, W. A. Bowles.
Annotator, Salem, Allen & May.
Far West, Bloomington, Brandon & Deal.
Columbus Chronicle, Columbus, L. L. Dunkin.
Western Sun, Vincennes, Elihu Stout.
Vincennes Gazette, Vincennes, R. Y. Caddington.
Wabash Courier, Terre Haute, Thomas Dowling.
Wabash Herald, Rockville, Marts & Comingore.
Lafayette Free Press, Lafayette, J. B. Semans.
Wabash Mercury, Lafayette, R. R. Houston.
Cass County Times, Logansport, Scott & Burns.
Record, Crawfordsville, I. F. Woods.
Federal Union, Knightstown, James Silver.
Democratic Republican, Shelbyville, Churchman & Kendall.

ADDENDA.

Since writing the above I have found a copy of the *Western Eagle*, Madison. This paper dates back to 1813, and probably was the second one established in Indiana Territory.

Perhaps the only copy in existence of the first paper issued in Indianapolis (No. 1 of the *Indianapolis Gazette*), is in the pos-

session of Mr. George T. Porter, of Indianapolis. In the *Indianapolis Press*, December 19, 1899, is an interesting account of this pioneer sheet, with matter quoted from its columns.

The *Indianapolis Gazette* from 1824 to its period of ceasing, and also the *Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide* (complete), the forerunner of the *Indiana Journal*, are in the City Library of Indianapolis. This library has by far the fullest collection in existence of Indianapolis newspapers. Locked in these files is matter of inestimable value in its relation to the development of the city. Unfortunately, the incomplete and wholly inadequate catalogue furnished by the library is practically no guide to the collection, and does not even indicate the presence in it of some of its rarest possessions; hence the usefulness of the collection is by no means what it might be.

GEORGE S. COTTMAN.

THE FIRST PRINTERS IN INDIANAPOLIS.

GEORGE SMITH AND NATHANIEL BOLTON.

From The Indianapolis Sentinel, August 27, 1899.

GEORGE SMITH was born in Lancaster, Pa., and while quite young learned the printing trade with one of the Bradfords, the colonial printers in Pennsylvania. In the earlier part of this century he removed from Philadelphia to Chillicothe, O., and while living there married Mrs. Nancy Bolton, a widow, whose maiden name was Cox. She was a sister of Nathaniel Cox, one of the early pioneers and hunters of Indianapolis. "Uncle Nat Cox," as he was familiarly called, was a carpenter by trade, but was excessively fond of hunting, and in his day had no equal in central Indiana as a first-class "shot" with the rifle, the only species of firearms then in use in the West.

Mrs. Bolton's only child by her first husband was Nathaniel Bolton, who was born in Chillicothe, O., July 25, 1803. Elizabeth Smith, his half-sister, was born in the same town February 17, 1809. Her father had become the owner of a printing office, which was, almost always, in the same house in which they lived. Mr. Smith was a man of fair education, very industrious,

a master of the art of printing, a good writer, of untiring energy, and was well liked by all of his acquaintance. Like all printers of that period and some of later years, he was by force of circumstances and disposition unsettled as to location, often going from one town to another, not only as a mere journeyman printer, but as the owner and publisher of his own newspaper.

The daughter Elizabeth grew up to be a remarkably intelligent and observing woman, of clear memory, full of wit and humor, whose conversations relating to the early settlement of Indianapolis were always interesting to listeners. A short time before her death she noted down in a book many interesting particulars of her earlier life, and it is from this book, now in possession of her daughter, Mrs. Maria Goldsberry Tanner, of this city, widow of the late Major Gordon Tanner, and mother of George G. Tanner, of the firm of Tanner & Sullivan and late surveyor of customs at Indianapolis, that many of the incidents herein related have been obtained by the kind permission of Mrs. Tanner. Elizabeth's earliest recollections were of the printing office, wherein most of her childhood was spent. She was probably the first female typesetter in all the western country. When she was about three or four years old her father moved to Worthington, a small place near Columbus, O., and then back again to Chillicothe. At this place the family lived quite a while, Nathaniel going to school to a Presbyterian minister, receiving some instruction. His practical education, however, was in the printing office. The little girl took great delight in helping her father and brother in the printing office as much as her age would permit.

In 1820 Mr. Smith caught the emigration fever. The "new purchase" of land from the Indians in the neighboring State of Indiana was then attracting much attention, and Mr. Smith determined to leave Ohio and try his fortune in the Hoosier State. At Cincinnati he arranged for passage down the Ohio river on the steam packet General Pike, but was compelled to cancel the contract and change his plans of travel by reason of the timidity of Mrs. Smith, who, on first seeing a steamboat, declared she would not go aboard of what seemed to her a dangerous craft. While there they all visited Wells's type foundry, which was a novelty and a great object of interest to Nathaniel and Elizabeth,

they witnessing for the first time the process of making moveable types.

Other means of transportation than that of steamboat was obtained, Mr. Smith arranging for the accommodation of his own and another family on an Allegheny river timber boat from Olean, N. Y., and on this they floated down the river quite comfortably. The rude craft had fireplaces at each end large enough to do their cooking. Uncle Nat Cox steered the vessel. On reaching Ghent, Ky., the rough weather compelled a "tie up," and the occupants went ashore, where they were entertained a few days by a family of former acquaintance in Chillicothe. The storm abating, they returned to the boat and floated down to Jeffersonville without further delay or trouble.

At Jeffersonville a wagon was hired in which they proceeded to Corydon, the then seat of government of the new State. Not liking the place, Mr. Smith arranged for a partnership with a Mr. Brandon, and, returning to Jeffersonville, they opened a book and job printing office, in which Mr. Smith made more than expenses. His objective point on first coming to Indiana was the capital of the State, the location of which had in 1820 been settled by the commissioners fixing it at the junction of Fall creek and White river, and naming the town Indianapolis. The family remained in Jeffersonville during the summer of 1821, awaiting the announcement of the first sale of lots at the capital. The lots having been surveyed and laid out, the first sale was held in October, 1821. Mr. Smith attended this sale, walking all the way there and back. He purchased two lots, on one of which stood a buckeye cabin built by a squatter, who, getting homesick, deserted it and returned to his home in Kentucky.

Some weeks after Mr. Smith's return he removed the family and his little printing office and some "plunder" to Indianapolis, the journey being a remarkable one. Inside of a large four-horse wagon was stored the type, cases, stands, press and other materials of a primitive printing office, a meager lot of household effects and wearing apparel, and the family, or rather such of them as rode, the male members walking most of the way. The route was over a "blazed trail." The only towns they passed through were Paoli, Bedford and Brownstown. The remaining portion of the journey was made through an unbroken

wilderness of dense growth, wholly unsettled. They camped out two nights during a heavy snowstorm and suffered other privations.

Late one cold, stormy night, about two weeks before Christmas, they drew up in front of their cabin and took possession. With plenty of wood, they soon had a good fire and their first supper in Indianapolis. This was served on a store goods box for a table, with smaller boxes for seats, there being but one chair in the house. The little cabin had but one room, which served for the printing office, bed-room, dining-room and kitchen. Elizabeth describes her bedstead as having been made of two old sugar troughs with rails and short boards laid crossways, on which was placed a good feather bed "made up nice." The father and mother's bed was composed of two buckeye logs and rails, overlaid with brush. With the printing press and stands for two sets of type cases but little room was left for lodging, cooking and eating; but they managed to make themselves comfortable, though compactly housed. A Dr. Scudder, who had his office in a near-by cabin, kindly let them fix up a bed there for Uncle Nat Cox and a journeyman printer who had been hired for a while.

Thus was inaugurated the first printing office from which was issued the *Indianapolis Gazette*, the first newspaper ever published in the new town of Indianapolis, the proprietor of which was the editor, publisher and printer all combined in himself. Writing his own editorials, he would then set them up in type, make up the forms and work off the paper on a two-pull Ramage hand press. The forms were inked by hand with buckskin balls stuffed with wool and greased with coon oil to soften them when not in use. The composition rollers were then unknown. The first or outside forms of two pages were printed the first part of the week and the corresponding inside forms were struck off usually on Friday and the paper circulated Saturday morning.

Nathaniel Bolton had remained in New Albany to finish some work on printing the laws of the State. After completing this job, he found a man going to Indianapolis with a lot of horses, who allowed him to ride one, and on reaching there he joined Mr. Smith in the work of the publication of the *Gazette*, and afterward became first a partner and then sole proprietor.

The first residence and printing office herein described was on Maryland street, just below the crossing of Missouri street, and between that place and the old cemetery Mr. Smith opened up a fine sugar camp.

During the winter of 1821-'22 Elizabeth Smith, then about thirteen years old, learned to set type, and did considerable work in assisting her father and brother in getting out the paper. In 1824 her father bought a lot cornering on Georgia and Tennessee streets, on which now stands St. John's Cathedral and other buildings connected with that parish. On this lot he built a house into which he moved the printing office and residence. After this removal Elizabeth quit typesetting.

This same year Washington and Meridian streets were opened and the trees, stumps and undergrowth removed. The first courthouse was built about the same time, and in it was held the first legislative session at the new capital.

Mr. Smith soon after became a judge of the Marion circuit court, retiring from the printing business and surrendering the proprietorship of the *Gazette* to his step-son, Nathaniel Bolton. As a judicial officer he served with great ability and fairness. Mr. Smith died April 10, 1836, after a lingering illness, aged fifty-two. According to his last request he was buried at Mt. Jackson, the name given to the farm on which he last resided. The remains were afterward removed to Greenlawn cemetery.

Mr. Bolton succeeded to the ownership of this farm, and here he and his wife, Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, kept a tavern for nine years. At the same time Mr. Bolton kept up his journalistic work, while Mrs. Bolton wrote many of her earliest poems during the leisure hours from the labors incident to the farm and tavern. In the fall of 1845 Mr. Bolton sold to the State the farm as a site for the Indiana Hospital for the Insane, the selling price being \$5,300.

The difficulties of obtaining news at the commencement of Mr. Smith's newspaper enterprise were great. The nearest post-office was Connorsville, sixty miles away. The enterprising publisher however, established a private mail, employing a man to go there every four weeks to bring the letters and newspapers.

In December, 1822, President James Monroe sent to Congress one of his short messages, a copy of which reached Indianapolis

in February, 1823, and was published in instalments in two or three succeeding numbers of the *Gazette*.

Soon after a regular United States mail route was established, and then mails reached Indianapolis from the East every two weeks, unless detained by high waters.

Mr. Smith's father brought in a wagon from Springfield, O., driven by himself, the white paper on which the first issues of the *Gazette* were printed. After Mr. Bolton became sole proprietor in 1824 the *Gazette* office was removed, first to a house on the corner of Washington and Tennessee streets on the State House square, and then to the south side of Washington street a few doors west of the court-house.

When I came to Indianapolis in 1837, a boy of nine years of age, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Bolton and his partner, John Livingston, the proprietors of the *Democrat*, and for a few years worked in their printing office as a roller boy, printer's devil and carrier of the paper. At that time the old double-pull Ramage press was still in the office, and many a time have I inked the forms thereon, as a roller boy. This work was then done with rollers made of glue and molasses, in the molding of which I always had a hand. During my employment I made several trips to the Mt. Jackson farm, on foot, for "copy" and "corrected proofs."

The *Indiana Democrat* was continued by that name until 1841, when George A. Chapman, publisher of a paper at Terre Haute, and Jacob Page Chapman, his brother, publisher of a paper at Evansville, purchased the *Democrat*, adding to its material all of their types and presses, and changing the name of the paper to *The Indiana State Sentinel*. They continued to own and publish the paper until 1850, when I became the purchaser of the name and good will of the paper, for which I purchased an entirely new plant of presses, types and printing materials.

AUSTIN H. BROWN.

EARLY INDIANAPOLIS.

THE FLETCHER PAPERS—THIRD INSTALMENT.

Character of the Early Settlers; High Standard of Intelligence—Mutual Helpfulness—Intellectual and Social Culture—Hunting Incident; George Smith's White Swan—Sugar-Making—Daniel Yandes's Big Log Contract.

From the Indianapolis News of June 2, 1879.

WHAT society was in Indianapolis in 1822-'23 I might illustrate very fully from the letters and journals of my parents. In a letter written to a lady in Virginia under date of January 17, 1822, my father defends Indianapolis from the exaggerated reports of a few disappointed ones—reports which for many a day gave a bad name to Indianapolis—and he afterwards speaks of the character of the early settlers. "You have been informed," he writes, "that we have a large swamp in the rear of our town. I am happy to inform you that this is not exact information. Our town, like all newly-settled places, requires seasoning before a person can be strictly healthy. I am much pleased with the inhabitants of this new purchase. As I told you in one of my letters, we have none here but independent free-holders, and a much more enlightened set of people than any other I have seen in the western country. We have all the emancipators from Kentucky, who are of the sober class. We have likewise the industry of the State, such as never owned slaves, either from poverty or conscientious scruples, and we have the thrift of Ohio. Our laws and constitution are truly Republican. Debts are easily collected; all fines on military delinquents and for misdemeanors are appropriated to the use of the county seminaries in this State."

My father's judgment of the class of people who first settled here was an intelligent one, for he was well acquainted with new towns in Virginia, some of the old towns in Pennsylvania, and with the people of Ohio in such places as Urbana, Columbus, Dayton and Bellefontaine. He therefore, when he wrote, had in mind a comparison between the inhabitants of the above-named towns in Ohio, and the early Indianapolitans when he

places the latter as "a much more enlightened set of people than any other I have seen in the west." There must have been a certain intellectual activity and a moral bent at the very outset which manifested itself not merely in political meetings but in town meetings for the promotion of civil affairs; in debating clubs for exercising, if I may so say, in mental gymnastics; in religious meetings, and in a class for the study of the Bible before a regular minister settled down to parish duties. These things make up the staple of my mother's journal. Already I have recorded the inauguration of the new year (1822) by the party at Wyant's. Now we are told how, on January 26, "Mrs. Henry Bradley came and staid with me until eleven o'clock, while Mr. Bradley and Mr. Fletcher went to the debating society." Again: "On Tuesday, the 29th of January, I attended a quilting party at Mr. Buckner's, and there met a number of ladies who were formerly from Kentucky." Individual neighborly help, as well as combined aid, was the order of the day, as we may see from the entry of January 20, viz: "Arranged some candle wick for Mrs. Foote," and, at a later date: "Had Mr. Blake get me some bean poles."

Not only were there practical mutual aid societies, but mutual improvement societies. February 18, 1822, my mother writes: "I went to Mrs. Buckner's and assisted her in finishing her quilt;" and, on Saturday, 9th of February, "Went to the singing school." The debating club is mentioned again. Then the social visits: "Monday, February 11. Took tea at Mr. Steven's, who will move to-morrow two miles into the country." "Tuesday, 12. I have had a very pressing invitation to-day to go a-visiting with Mrs. Nowland and Mrs. Bradley to Mrs. Yandes's; but I do not feel well enough to go." "Wednesday, the 13th of February. Mr. and Mrs. Paxton came and took tea with us, and then Mr. P. and Mr. F. went out hunting, returning at ten o'clock."

I suppose from the hour these pioneers went out hunting and from the shortness of their stay that they must have gone coon hunting. Coons could then be "treed" at a good many places within the limits of our solid blocks on Washington, Market, Maryland, Missouri and Meridian streets.

Among the curious hunting incidents of those days was the shooting of a swan by George Smith (our first printer). One

morning in the spring of 1822 he started for the wild woods in the vicinity of the present Kingan's pork-house, and following down the left bank of the river he saw in the water a flock of white swans. Mr. Smith succeeded in bagging the largest of the flock. My father informed me that this magnificent bird was of the most beautiful plumage and of wonderful size. This is the only visit of swans to Indianapolis that I ever heard of.

Among other of the earlier recreations must be counted the fishing excursions in the springtime, rambles after raspberries in the summer, and gathering of wild grapes in autumn. More like work were sugar-making, gardening, and the drying of pumpkins. My mother writes:

"Monday, March 10, 1822. I began sugar-making."

This was in the vicinity of Missouri street and south of Washington. Some at that time tapped the maple trees in the very heart of our present city, and others went into the dense woods north, east and south. "March 24, 1822," is the date recorded by my mother when she "walked more than a mile to a sugar-camp." This probably refers to a sugar-camp in the vicinity of Fletcher Place Church, on Virginia avenue. Here it was, according to Mr. John H. B. Nowland, that his father first "made sugar at an old Indian sugar-camp," in the spring of the previous year. In 1846 I took notes of my father in regard to the spring of 1822, and he informed me that the fine sugar grove that occupied in and around what is now known as the Governor's Circle was, in 1822, used as a sugar camp, and that the trees were tapped some five or six feet from the ground, and the troughs for catching the sugar water were scaffolded up by poles to keep the hogs from drinking nature's nectar. Mrs. Paxton, he said, made sugar from the primeval forest trees that occupied the site of our State House and contiguous portions of Washington street, while Mr. Nowland's camp was further out in the country, and they were busily engaged in boiling the water down to syrup in a grove not far from where Judge Stevens at present resides.*

Sugar-making and gardening did not prevent social visiting, which seemed to be going on every day, in the forenoon as well as the afternoon and evening. Everybody at that time called the whole of the afternoon evening.

*This probably means the old Stevens residence on New Jersey street below South.—*Editor.*

On the 13th of April my mother writes: "The waters are very high at this time, and have been for a week back. Mr. Levington and many other men have been ten miles up the river, on the public lands, cutting saw-logs for several weeks. They made a contract with Daniel Yandes to deliver him 2,000 logs at one dollar per piece, and since the rain the saw-logs are coming down the river." This, I presume, was the biggest contract up to that time made in Indianapolis. The logs were doubtless for the most part poplar and walnut.

The waters continued high for a week or more, for on the first of April it is written that "Mrs. Wick and Miss Carter went with me to the river. We had the pleasure of riding up to the mouth of Fall creek and back again to the ford on a flatboat." The "ford" was not far from the Vincennes railroad bridge.* The flatboat was the largest vessel seen on our river at this point. I can remember the flatboats that went from here with produce to "Orleans." The last that I can recall was navigated to the mouth of the Mississippi by "old Van Blaricum," the father of "Mike" and "Bill." When he returned he brought with him the first oranges and cocoanuts that ever came to Indianapolis. Old V. B. was a kind man to little children, and on his return from "Orleans" he took delight in inviting them to his house to show them his stock of tropical fruits and to gladden their child-hearts with presents.

*Berry Sulgrove speaks of this ford and also of one where the Lafayette road crosses the river (see *History of Marion County*, p. 13). J. H. B. Nowland (see "Prominent Citizens," p. 10) says that the mouth of Fall creek was the crossing-place of White river, long used by the Indians, and he has described to me personally a bar at the mouth of the creek at which various Indian trails converged. From this convergence one might reasonably infer that the Fall creek bar was the only fordable spot in this locality, at a day when the river flowed much more water than at present, but the using of others by our first-comers somewhat negatives this theory. Which illustrates the difficulty of getting at historical "facts."—*Editor*.

[*To be continued.*]

THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF INDIANA.

FROM PAPERS OF D. D. BANTA—THIRD INSTALMENT.

The Book Famine in Pioneer Days—Scarcity of School-books; Those Used—Preeminence of Spelling—The McGuffey Readers; Their Excellence—Home-made Writing Materials—The Difficulties of Arithmetic—Popular Opinion of Grammar—"Loud Schools"—The Reign of the Switch—A Few Anecdotes.

From the Indianapolis News of February 24, 1892.

HOW hungry did some who were boys here in Indiana fifty years ago become for something fresh and entertaining to read! Often have I heard that lover of good books, the late A. B. Hunter, of Franklin, tell the story of a book that was owned by a man living on the outskirts of his neighborhood. He had read everything owned by the neighbors that he cared to read, and now came the story of a new book—one unlike anything that he had thus far seen, and he was wild to get hold of it. At last there came a day when his father could spare a horse from the plow, and young Hunter went in pursuit of the new book, which was found, borrowed, and subsequently read with a zest almost unknown up to that time, for it was one of Sir Walter Scott's immortal stories.

It seems to me that scarcely any other thing so distinctly marks the difference between the present and the past of which I am writing, as the great scarcity of reading matter in that past compared with its great abundance now. I think it not too much to say that in my own "Shiloh neighborhood," all the books, excluding Bibles, hymn-books and spelling-books, owned by the neighborhood, could have been packed in a bushel basket. I call to mind "Hozzy's Life of Marion," "Trumbull's Indians," "Carey's Olive Branch," a "Natural History," "Western Adventure," a "Life of Selkirk," "Young's Night Thoughts," "Josephus," and "Pilgrim's Progress," and that was about all. No wonder if a boy living in that neighborhood would become so hungry for something to read that he had recourse to the inside of the lid of a certain big box in which was stored the family linen, that he might read the two exposed pages of a copy of the

Western Luminary that had been pasted thereon. The story may seem incredible, but that boy thus read the two pages of that old luminary many a time, and every time he did so he imagined he found a freshness in it that was charming.

But it is to the school-books, or rather want of school-books, of that time that I wish to call attention. There were comparatively few school-books published in those days. Every school child, at least after learning the letters, was expected to have a spelling-book, and Dillworth's and Webster's American were used in the beginning. The child who had not been taught his letters out of a Bible or hymn-book at home, usually brought a primer. I have, however, seen a paddle with the alphabet pasted thereon used instead of a primer or spelling-book. I never saw Dillworth's. Webster's elementary spelling-book, the most wonderfully successful strictly educational book that was ever published in America, at an early day occupied the entire field in Indiana, and practically held it until the appearance of McGuffey's Eclectic Speller, which was published somewhere about 1850. The elementary served the double purpose of spelling-book and reading-book. The old schoolmasters placed great stress on spelling. The custom, it is believed, existed universally in the country schools, at least up to and for some time after 1850, for the whole school to stand up twice a day and spell for head. A half-day in every week was given to a spelling-match, besides which night spelling-schools were of frequent occurrence. No one ever grew so large or so learned that he was exempted from the duty of spelling. I have known the head man of a long row of pupils to spell the first word without dictation, after which the next in line would spell the next word, and so on down to the foot, and then from the head on down again. The words in the elementary spelling-book were generally written in a sort of rhythmical order which made them easy to memorize. There were spellers who claimed to know the book by heart, and there were still more who claimed to be able to spell correctly every word in it.

I have said the elementary spelling-book was used as a reader as well as a speller, and so it was. On nearly every page was reading matter made up of moral sentences in each of which was usually found one or more words belonging to the annexed spell-

ing lesson. It was the practice to teach a pupil to spell first, after which he might read. Some teachers, after the scholar had learned to spell sufficiently well, required him to pronounce the words in the book at sight, and after he was able to do this sufficiently well he was formally set to reading. The "pronouncing lesson," as it was called, may have had its uses, but I have no doubt that many a pupil was reading quite well at home before being allowed to read at school. Do I not remember the first reading-lesson in the elementary spelling-book? No matter if the pupil could pronounce at sight all the words in the book, Charles Disbrow, of blessed memory (my old teacher), insisted that he who was going to take the long leap into the reading world should read the first lesson. As the boy who could read the Testament at home and pronounce all the words of the spelling-book at school stepped up to read his first and formal lesson, consisting of words of three letters, how silent that hitherto loud school would become, and how loud his own voice would sound as he read:

"She fed the hen.

"The old hen was fed by her.

"See how the hen can run."

Was ever ordeal worse than that? After the book had been read through and through, say half a dozen times, another reader was in order, provided it could be had. There were few school readers in those days. Here and there was to be found an old copy of the "English Reader" or the "Columbian Orator." Rev. George K. Hester tells us that he read a dream book and "Gulliver's Travels." I have seen Gulliver myself in the schoolroom; and so of the "Life of Marion," "Pilgrim's Progress," histories, sermon books and the Holy Bible. Henry Eaves, a pioneer schoolmaster of Switzerland county, in his extremity, took the *Frankfort Argus* into his school, which served the uses of a "reader." About 1835 B. T. Emerson's readers came into use to a limited extent. Somewhat later—five years, perhaps—McGuffey's Eclectic Series appeared and ultimately occupied the field to the exclusion of all others. The introduction of this series marked an era in the schools of the State. They were of incalculable benefit to the people of the western country. I think it not too much to say that the higher readers of the series did

more to cultivate a taste for the better American literature than any other books of that day. But for them the names of Percival, Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Irving, Paulding and other American authors of the first half-century would have been known to few indeed of the school children of Indiana of thirty and forty years ago.

The pupil having learned to read sufficiently well, he was next set to writing. The mothers usually made the copy-books by sewing a few sheets of foolscap together. The geese furnished the quills that were fashioned into pens, and the ink was home-made. Maple bark, sumach and oak balls and vinegar were the materials out of which most of the ink of that period was made. In its season pokeberry juice was sometimes used, but, notwithstanding its ornamental capabilities, its use was never very general. It was too apt to sour. The inkstands were generally home-made also. A favorite inkstand was a section of a cow's horn, sawed off and fitted with a wooden water-tight bottom. Another favorite one was made of lead or pewter. Many of the boys of the old school days understood the art of casting inkstands. The pupil's first exercise in writing was the making of "pot-hooks and hangers." In the fulness of time his teacher would set him his best round-hand copy, and in doing so he never failed of placing before the eyes of the scholar some moral or patriotic precept worthy of his remembrance, such as, "Commandments ten God gave to men;" "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty;" "Washington was the father of his country;" "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

The next thing in order for the boys was arithmetic. Not many girls gave any attention to this study. Not much was ever said about it as a girls' study, but I think it was generally considered that the girls did not have "heads for figures." Instead of arithmetic they took to geography and grammar, when they took to anything. It was the practice with a good many teachers to require their arithmetical scholars to copy all the "sums" in a "ciphering book." Mr. George Adams, who attended school in Johnson county away back in the twenties, had, a few years ago, such a book, and judging from it the writer must have understood fairly well his subject. Students in arithmetic never recited—they simply "ciphered." The teacher seldom paid

any attention to them unasked. The boys usually helped each other, but when help failed in that quarter the teacher would, on request, "work the sum." The majority of teachers thought they had done all that was necessary when that much was done. Sometimes a boy would "sneak" his arithmetic and slate into the school and "cipher" for a considerable time before the teacher discovered it. I did this myself, and traveled over addition, subtraction, multiplication and short division, before my teacher let on that he knew what I was about. I had reached long division, which I found so very hard that I broke down at it in despair. Washington Miller, my old teacher, seeing my trouble, came to me, and without any reproaching gave the needed assistance, and thence on I was recognized as an arithmetical student. My friend, Mr. Hunter, who is mentioned above, went to school to a teacher who did not pretend to teach arithmetic beyond the "single rule of three." Young Hunter had advanced beyond that. He took his seat in the schoolhouse, however, and ciphered away till he went through the book. There was a greater variety of arithmetics than any other school-book. Pike's was the one most generally in use. The familiar pages of a copy of this old veteran are now before me. Their matter consists of abstract rules and of examples. I am not much surprised that I stalled on the long division hill on that school day so long past. "Take for the first dividend as few of the left hand figures of the dividend as will contain the divisor, try how often they will contain it, and set the number of times on the right of the dividend," and so on. Not a word of explanation; no development of the process; nothing but the abstract rule. The other arithmetics of the time were Smiley's, Bennett's, Jess's, Dillworth's, Western Calculator, and probably some others. Smith's and Ray's appeared shortly before 1840, and in five or six years the latter had the field.

The geographies used were Moore's, Woodbridge's, Smith's and Olney's. These were the only school-books illustrated save the few pictures in the spelling-books, and there were very few children who did not delight to turn the leaves of a geography and look at its pictures. Lindley Murray's English grammar was the first in the field; after that came Kirkham's. There was not much studying of either geography or grammar in the

early days. As to the former, it was considered a proper enough study if one had the time to spare for it, but by some the study of the latter was deemed useless waste of time. As late as 1845 the trustees of Vevay in employing a teacher required in the written contract that he should "not teach grammar."

From the News of March 16.

The first schools I attended were "loud schools." Loud schools were the rule in the beginning here in Indiana; silent ones were the exception. The odds in the argument were believed to be in favor of the loud school. A celebrated Scotch teacher, Alexander Kinmont, of Cincinnati, as late as 1837, would conduct school by no other method. He claimed that it is the practical, philosophical system by which boys can be trained for business on a steamboat wharf or any other place. Both boys and girls spelled and read at the tops of their voices, on occasion, and sometimes the roar of their lesson-getting could be heard for a half to three-quarters of a mile. It is not much wonder that Owen Davis took his fiddle to school and solaced himself by playing airs while his scholars wereshouting over their lessons. The teacher of a loud school who would keep his pupils at work labored under a great disadvantage. The idler who was roaring at one word, or over a line of poetry, or trumpeting through his nose, was, for aught the teacher knew, committing his lesson. It was said of one boy in an Orange county school that he "repeated the one word 'heptorpy' from morning till noon and from noon till night in order to make the teacher believe that he was studying his lesson."

Fifty or a hundred years ago the swishing of the switch was heard everywhere, in the family circle and in the schoolhouse, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The fathers made their children "mind." The switch was the usual instrument, and its prompt and free use doubtless gave birth to such expressive phrases as "a lick and a promise," "the word with the bark on," and "tan your jacket." The schoolmaster, standing in the place of the parent, punished as freely and savagely, and usually with the full approval of the parent. One of the most curious phases of the flagellating period was the almost universal prevalence of the sentiment that the schoolmaster who neglected the frequent use of the rod was a failure as a teacher. I had a friend who, much less than fifty years ago, was in the

habit of occasionally playing pedagogue. In one of his schools he had a nice company of country urchins, between whom and himself there was the very best of feeling. After the school had run smoothly for a month or six weeks and no whipping done, his patrons began to think something was wrong. One morning one of them met him and bluntly told him that he was making a mistake—that he was “not whipping anybody.” “Why, who’ll I whip?” he asked. “Whip Sam,” was the prompt answer. “What for? He’s lazy, I know; but I can’t whip him for laziness, can I?” asked the pedagogue. “Yes, give it to him. Sam’s my boy and I know he needs it every day.”

Now and then the circumstances were so ludicrous that the master’s punishment, instead of inspiring terror, provoked laughter. I once heard a story told on a Johnson county teacher to this effect: He was in the habit of opening his school with prayer. His pupils, for some reason distrusting his sincerity, sometimes during the services would wink and smile and even snicker-out. One morning he carried an empty flour sack to school which he put on the seat beside him, and while he was praying that morning, the irreverent conduct of two or three of the larger boys attracting his attention, he broke off his prayer and, seizing the empty sack, he struck each of the misbehaving lads over the shoulders, powdering them all over with the white flour, after which he concluded his prayer. Mr. Chute was an eminent schoolmaster in Evansville at an early day, who opened his school with prayer. He always stood, with a “long fishing cane in his hand,” and prayed with his eyes open. “When he caught a boy in mischief during prayer he would stop short and call out: ‘Woe be to you, John,’ and strike him over the shoulder with his long cane, and then resume his prayer.” Another and similar but better story than either of the others comes from Pleasant township in Switzerland county. An old gentleman by the name of Curry taught in that township for several years. “He was a widower and married man by turns.” Once when in the former state he went to the schoolhouse early in the morning to write a love-letter. When the pupils came he carelessly left it on his desk and proceeded to open school with prayer. Kneeling down he prayed with his “whip in his right hand and his right eye open.” One of the boys, stealing up to the desk where the

love-letter lay, began reading it; but ere he was aware the old man broke off in the middle of a sentence and, collaring him, gave him a sound thrashing, after which, adds the historian, "he resumed his devotions with equanimity.

It was the custom to whip on the slightest provocation, and not infrequently without any provocation at all. There is scarcely a county in the State that has not had, at one time or another, its teacher who would drink to intoxication on Saturday and soundly thrash every scholar in the school on Monday. The neighborhoods are full of the traditions of the savagery of the old schoolmasters. The schoolhouses fairly bristled with switches cut from the neighboring thickets. According to the historian of Morgan county, "these old instruments of punishment were always present and usually hung on wooden hooks over the old fireplace, so that they became so hardened by seasoning from the heat that they resisted the severest exercise of the teacher in an application on some offending pupil, and even cut the wooden benches as the teacher in his fervor pursued round and round the howling culprit." I read of a Bartholomew county schoolmaster who "kept his switches standing in the corner or lying on pegs in the wall, but the cat-o'-nine-tails lay in the desk. He punished with the former and terrified with the latter." A Martinsville schoolmaster flogged his pupils, it is said, on the least provocation, with a "long hickory gad, well-seasoned in the hot embers of the fire."

It would be a mistake to infer that there were no other punishments, save corporal, given in those days. The "dunce block," the "fool's cap," the "leather spectacles," "bringing up the switch," "standing in the corner," "standing on one foot," "sitting on the girls' side," and any and all other schemes the wit of the old schoolmaster could devise were tried. I remember to have seen a teacher remove a puncheon from its place in the floor and incarcerate a big girl in the "hole under the floor," which had been dug for clay to make the hearth, jambs and backwalls of the fireplace. I shall never forget how he pushed her fingers off the edges of the floor when he fitted the puncheon back in its place.

[To be continued.]

BERRY R. SULGROVE, JOURNALIST.

[These sketches from the *Journal* and *News*, of Indianapolis, were published at the time of Mr. Sulgrove's death, which occurred February 20, 1890.]

From the Journal.

BERRY R. SULGROVE was born in Indianapolis March 16, 1827, and was the oldest child of James and Katherine Sulgrove. His first schooling was at the age of five years, Miss Clarissa Ellick, who taught in the old Baptist Church at the corner of Meridian and Maryland streets, being his teacher. He received the rudiments of his education in the different private schools of the city, there being at that time no public schools here. In 1839 he entered the old County Seminary, on University Square, which was conducted by James S. Kemper, and continued his studies there five years. He then entered his father's harness and saddlery shop, and learned that trade. This was in 1844, when Henry Clay and James K. Polk were opposing candidates for the presidency. In 1847 Mr. Sulgrove entered Bethany College, West Virginia, then under the presidency of Alexander Campbell. His principal collegiate course covered branches which he had studied at the old seminary, and he was enabled to graduate in one year, notwithstanding the fact that three months of that period were devoted to teaching. There were five departments in the college, and he secured first and second honor in each. He was "first honor man" of the college, taking those of all departments—the first time such a circumstance had ever happened in that institution. He made his graduating speech in Greek.

In 1848, returning to his home in this city, he began the study of law, with the late Oliver H. Smith and Simon Yandes. After three years he formed a partnership with John Caven, afterwards mayor of the city, and they practised together until the winter of 1854-'5. He then, with the late John D. Defrees, took editorial charge of *The Indianapolis Journal*. He had previously written much for the press, having contributed considerable matter over the *nom de plume* of "Timothy Tugmutton" to vari-

ous publications. In 1850 he wrote sketches of the constitutional convention for *The Locomotive*, then published in this city. He next contributed to *The Hoosier City*, a small paper published by young men then connected with the *Journal*, and also wrote considerable matter for the columns of the last-named paper. This preceded the time of his regular connection with the paper.

When Mr. Sulgrove first became connected with the *Journal* he did work now divided into a number of departments—writing leaders, general news items, local matter, convention and meeting reports, as well as copying telegraph news after the old style. He inaugurated the system of covering the night's news for the paper of the following morning, and introduced the first verbatim reports ever used by the local papers. At this time he frequently worked nineteen out of twenty-four hours. In 1856 he bought sufficient stock in the paper to give him a majority of the shares. He sold out in 1863, intending to go to Europe, but was prevented and continued as editor of the *Journal*. In 1864 he accompanied Morton and McDonald through the State in their joint canvass for Governor, reporting the discussions for the *Journal*. He served later as Governor Morton's private secretary. In 1866 he returned to the editorial charge of the *Journal*, in which he continued for several years afterward, and with intervals he had been connected with the paper nearly twenty-five years. He took service with the *News* when that paper was established, and continued with it until ill-health precluded his doing further literary work.

Mr. Sulgrove was one of the most remarkable men this city and State have ever known. As an editorial writer during the war he wielded an influence in the West that was second to none, and he was from first to last the mainstay and adviser of the great War Governor of Indiana. While modestly keeping himself in the background, he was ready with his opinion and counsel when asked, and they were always weighty. He was sometimes likened to Horace Greeley as a journalist, but the comparison hardly did Mr. Sulgrove justice, for, with the brilliancy of Mr. Greeley, he was never eccentric, but always steady and mature, no politician ever being led into blunders by following his counsel or leadership. In his youth he was a Whig, but on the foundation of the Republican party was one of the first to

lift the standard of the new party, and, with his ready pen, gave utterance to the sublime sentiments of freedom.

While in his later years Mr. Sulgrove wrote for several papers, and on a variety of subjects, it was a noticeable fact that he would never write anything he did not thoroughly believe, and especially was he conscientious upon political topics, and never at any time would he write except from a Republican standpoint. As to versatility, he could, at a moment's notice, write upon almost any topic. A publisher once had a cut representing a covey of quails. Mr. Sulgrove was shown the engraving and asked if he could write something to "fit it." He at once sat down and wrote an article upon the quail and its habits, gathered from his own observation, together with a number of anecdotes and incidents of this bird, that would have done credit to the research of a Wilson or an Audubon. As a matter of fact, no naturalist has, in the same number of lines, ever written so entertainingly and, at the same time, so instructively, and the article, or pieces of it, were for years floating about in the various papers and magazines of the land.

From his earliest childhood his powers of observation were wonderfully keen, and continued in full exercise all his life. He was a great walker, a close student of nature, and was always seeing things in the fields and woods. As a boy he was full of life, a rover of the woods and a saunterer by the streams. He and General Lew Wallace were boys together, and it is said that they lay in White river all summer. From the time that he began to go to school, through the old Marion County Seminary and at Bethany College, he was looked upon as an Admirable Crichton, knowing everything, able to do anything. In the early days of Indianapolis he was looked upon as the orator of the town; at the same time he was the head of a company of Thespians of no mean merit, and a little later on was the captain of the Marion fire company, in the days of the old volunteer service.

There seemed no limit to his knowledge, and his acquisitions were in all manner of fields. His memory has for nearly half a century been the talk of the town. It was said that he never forgot anything he had ever seen or heard. He carried tables of election returns about in his head and when called upon could tell how any county went and frequently could surprise a ques-

tioner by giving the exact vote in some obscure precinct. One of his feats of memory quite surprised Professor Mitchell, the noted astronomer, who delivered a lecture here when this place was young. Mr. Sulgrove was present, heard the lecture and gave the *Journal* a full report of it. He did not have a scrap of paper to take a note, and the figures of the lecture were given with absolute accuracy. This was before the art of stenography had come to the West, but with such a verbatim memory short-hand would appear to be unnecessary.

Mr. Sulgrove went to Europe with Governor Morton in 1866. At Paris, sitting at dinner with a number of distinguished gentlemen who had called upon Governor Morton, a discussion arose about a quotation from Horace. Governor Morton himself was not interested, as he made no pretensions to scholarship of that character, but a couple of British gentlemen were much in earnest about the matter. As the discussion did not seem like coming to an end, Mr. Sulgrove, begging their pardon, asked to set them right. He not only gave the quotation, but quoted a half a page or more of the matter of which it was a part, and the Britons looked upon the quiet gentleman, who had so unexpectedly displayed such scholarship and memory, in wonder. At Rome, where he made a long sojourn, he was known as "the learned American." He appeared to acquire the Italian language in a few weeks, and spoke it readily, even with the rabble of the place, mastering even the *patois* of the fruit-sellers, fishermen and beggars. The sculptor, Rogers, who had lived in Rome twenty years, met Mr. Sulgrove there. Speaking of the wonderful acquirements of the man, he said he found Mr. Sulgrove, who had just arrived, knew a great deal more of Rome, both ancient and modern, than he did.

There was a vein of humor in Mr. Sulgrove's conversation, which at times appeared in his writing. One of the best examples of this, coupled with satire, a weapon he seldom used, was given in an editorial, many years ago, the *Journal*, in which he dissected a then recent speech of Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees. The article bore the heading, "The Oratorical Rooster," and the writer began with narrating that in his youth he was the happy possessor of a most remarkable rooster. This chanticler was possessed of two legs of unequal length, one being a pre-

ternaturally short leg and the other a supernaturally long leg. "When he stood upon his long leg and scratched with his short leg," the article continued, "he fell short of the object scratched for; when he stood upon his short leg and scratched with his long leg he went beyond the object scratched for." With this beginning, he took up Mr. Voorhees's speech and dissected it, paragraph after paragraph, with running comments, adding here and there, "Here he scratched with his short leg" and "there he scratched with his long leg," making the application in a way that caused the article to go through the party press from one end of the State to the other. Mr. Sulgrove dearly delighted to have a foeman worthy of his steel, and for that reason, in the days when personal journalism was indulged to greater length than now, he was always more than pleased to have a tilt at Mr. Hendricks or Mr. McDonald. Withal, he was so genial and bore so little personal rancor that not the bitterest Democrat held any abiding enmity toward him. He was, despite of his great attainments, perhaps because of them, the most modest of men, firm in his friendship, and of the finest and tenderest sensibility. The death of George C. Harding, ten years ago, struck him with great force. He could not nerve himself to go to the funeral, nor even to come to the office where they had so often met and talked, for many days afterward.

From the News.

Mr. Sulgrove was the first editor to appreciate the value of news. It was the custom when he took charge of the *Journal* to set up all the matter during the day, lock up the forms by 6 o'clock and leave them ready for the pressman to work off the next morning. An event occurring after 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, no matter how important, never was mentioned in the paper until the second day. One night a fire occurred that was large for the town, and Mr. Sulgrove, procuring a printer or two, wrote an account of it, got it into the form, and the readers the next morning were amazed to see the report. This led to other work of the same kind, and from that time on people were not compelled to wait thirty-six hours to hear of important events.

In 1869, when the *News* was started, he became a member of the staff and has served as such ever since. He was also a contributor, more or less regularly, to other papers both here and

elsewhere, and did a great deal of work for individuals, including the writing of much of "Holloway's Indianapolis," and the entire authorship of "The History of Indianapolis and Marion County," published in 1884. On all subjects pertaining to the history, growth and appearance of Indianapolis and vicinity, as well as of the people who made the city, he was a great reservoir of knowledge, and to his pen we owe it that much that would soon be forgotten has been put into permanent form.

RECOLLECTIONS OF D. L. PAINE.

Mr. D. L. Paine, long an associate of Mr. Sulgrove, contributes this sketch:

I have known Berry R. Sulgrove somewhat intimately for thirty years, having been brought into close contact with him as compositor, proof-reader and associate in editorial work a large part of that time. He was a man of great force of character and quaint originality. While not profoundly learned in any direction, his available knowledge of almost everything was wonderful. In mind, as in personal appearance, he was unique. His friends were among all classes. He would chat pleasantly with the ignorant or vicious denizen of hell's half-acre, or discuss the precession of the equinoxes with the learned savant; sing a song to kindred company in a lounging-room, or coddle his dear old violin in his own study. He was the counselor of governors and statesmen, and the friend and associate of vagrants. He could invest a story with absorbing interest simply by his manner of telling it, or dismiss an absurd proposition in too forceful and not always polite words. The boyish, eager look in his roundly opened eyes when a matter of interest came to him, the comic expression which overspread his whole countenance in relating a joke, his quick staccato movements and nervous utterances, will be recalled by those who knew him in his prime. He was careless of personal appearance and brusque in manner, but genial, and even playful, with his intimates. Given to wide and lonely wanderings, he knew every stranded log on the river bank, and every lichen and fern-frond for miles around as familiar acquaintances.

Seated at his desk in his earlier editorial days, his knees wide apart, with his toes touching the floor in the rear of his chair,

displaying the soles of his feet, his shoulders rounded up Atlas-like, looking over his spectacles with his forehead nearly touching the sheet upon which he was tracing microscopic characters, perhaps humming a tune or whistling softly, he presented an appearance quite striking if not grotesque. His handwriting was peculiar. In the old days, when he edited the *Journal*, but two compositors in the office could decipher his chirography, and a list of the laughable blunders they often made hung upon the wall. He was given to outlandish expressions, as for instance, a valueless thing "was not worth the butt-cut of a hog-weed." In his best days his list of correspondents contained many names known to science, politics and society. He traveled for a time in Europe, and his letters, if collected, would make an interesting volume. Taken in every respect, he was the most striking figure in the list of Indiana journalists.

OTHER STORIES.

Mr. Sulgrove was constantly giving away something from his prodigious store of knowledge that was worth knowing. His acquaintances are full of stories illustrating his characteristics. Colonel Holloway, in speaking of him, said that there was nothing he couldn't do. "I can beat you shooting, Berry," he said to him once in New York, as they approached a shooting stand. But Berry hit the bull's eye three times in succession, though he shot with glasses. "Where did you learn to shoot?" the colonel asked. "I picked it up when I was a boy." He had knowledge of music and played the flute and the violin well.

Once the force at the *Journal*, early in the fifties, decided to go fishing on Sunday, and, that there might be no interruption with the program, closed the forms and ran off Monday's paper at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Sulgrove was in a barber-shop getting shaved when the carrier came along crying out the paper and delivering the Monday edition. "See here, Mr. Sulgrove," said some one present, "what kind of a paper is this that purports to give the Monday news in Saturday's edition?" "What's that," exclaimed the editor, and on finding what was being done he ran out into the street with the barber's tools clinging to him, overtook the carrier and compelled him to go back and gather up all the papers distributed. The fishing party was broken up.

It never seemed to be necessary for Mr. Sulgrove to consult authorities. He had everything in his head. Judge Chapman once had the editors arrested for contempt in publishing forbidden evidence in the Clem case. An able lawyer was employed by the Court to defend its course. The lawyer cited the authorities *ad libitum* and was very profound. Late at night Colonel Holloway sent for Mr. Sulgrove, had the lawyer's voluminous address read to him from short-hand notes, and asked for an editorial in refutation. This Sulgrove wrote promptly—nearly two columns—"skinning" the attorney so effectually that he came to the *Journal* next day and admitted that he had been beautifully, thoroughly and legally flayed. The accuracy of his memory has been often tested. When he was in Paris he confounded the sexton of a certain burial place by telling him that a certain noted character was buried next to such and such a tomb. "I read the description years ago," said he, and when the sexton looked, the grave was found.

Said Mr. E. H. Perkins, foreman of the *News* composing room: "Mr. Sulgrove was known by the printers all over the country. He had the reputation of writing almost as bad a hand as Horace Greeley, but this reputation was not due him. On the contrary he wrote the best 'copy' that ever came to me. It had its peculiarities, but these were offset by the absolute accuracy and infinite pains with which it had been prepared. In all my years of acquaintance with his writing I do not remember to have seen one misspelled word. He was thorough. All the printer had to do was to 'follow copy.' It was always properly capitalized, punctuated and paragraphed. He was one of the most agreeable men the printers had to do with. He never became impatient nor quarreled over mistakes. His copy was peculiar, as he wrote a very fine hand and scorned good paper. He would write on backs of envelopes, on election tickets of twenty years standing, on circulars and bits of brown paper. Sometimes he would write across the face of printed matter and this would make the copy hard on the eye for old men, but the younger men never had any trouble in deciphering him, and proof of his matter was generally the cleanest in the office. Of late, he has been writing on slips eight or ten inches long by about one or two wide. He would write a heavy leader on a bit of waste paper and never cause the printer to frown.

"I remember an incident told me by a Mr. P. When Sulgrove was editor of the *Journal* Mr. P. was a frequent but somewhat unsuccessful contributor. One day he went to the editor and remarked, 'Mr. Sulgrove, I have prepared with great care an article that I think will interest everybody, and I hope you will find room for it.'

"'Why, yes; that's all right,' replied Sulgrove, who had a cigar in his mouth. He didn't even look at the article, but crumpling it up, made a torch of it in the gas jet and quietly applied the flame to his cigar. Mr. P. was so annoyed that he said nothing and neither did the editor. 'I never could tell whether it was absent-mindedness or intentional rebuff,' concluded Mr. P., 'but I incline to the belief that it was not intended for an affront.'"

JOHN D. DEFREES.

[Obituary sketch by Berry R. Sulgrove, written at the time of Mr. Defrees's death, October 19, 1892.]

A LIFE falling short a few days of seventy-three years, the allotted span of "three score and ten" spent in the busiest activity, a year or two of restraint by reason of failing powers, eight or nine months of suffering pitiful to think of, and the record of John D. Defrees's life is closed. The outlines which marked it for the world may be briefly told. Born at Sparta, Tennessee, November 8, 1810, he was eight years old when his father moved to Piqua, Ohio. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to the printers' trade. After serving his time he studied law in the office of "Tom" Corwin, at Lebanon, Ohio. In 1831 he moved to South Bend, Indiana, where with his younger brother, Joseph H. Defrees, he began the publication of a newspaper. He became prominent in politics as a Whig, and was several times elected to the legislature. In 1844 he sold his South Bend newspaper to Schuyler Colfax, whom he had given a start in life, and moving to this city the next year, bought the *Indiana State Journal*, which he edited until he sold it ten years afterward. Of his connection with the *Atlas* newspaper, which was established with an eye to political rather than pecuniary

results, with the Central Bank and the stove factory he and his brother Anthony started, now owned by Mr. Carey, and his part in the management of the Peru railroad, as it was then called, little need be said, as they illustrate merely the uncontrollable energy of his nature.

In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln government printer. He held the office until Johnson, angered at some criticism of his, removed him. Congress made it a senate office, and he was reappointed in thirty days. He held it until 1869, when his opposition to Grant and enmity to the late Senator Morton afforded them an occasion which they improved by turning him out. At the coming in of President Hayes he was appointed again to the same place, which he held until about last February, declining health compelling his resignation.

This framework of a life seems plain enough, but as every one's skeleton is the same, the difference in appearance being the filling in of the flesh, so in this life there was a side, which those who knew him best saw most of, that made it an inspiration. It was all the difference there is between an existence which floats with the current of affairs and a life driven by the force of an unconquerable will toward the goal of a lofty ambition. He was a natural political student and had the gift of political management, and the associates of his early days speak of his rare sagacity and his untiring energy. He was a general business man for his party here, which, during the whole time of his editorship of the State organ, the *Journal*, was in the minority. He was chairman of the State committee at one time, and always, those who worked with him say, the adviser and general conductor of affairs. He could unite two or three antagonisms into a common purpose, and when there were factional or personal differences Defrees was called in to smooth them out and restore good feeling. He had the keenest sense of humor, which his pluck and ceaseless activity were ever ready to carry into anecdote or practical joke. When the three hundred volunteers went to the Black Hawk war, arriving at the scene of action only to find the war ended, Defrees, then editing his paper at South Bend, saw the comical side of it, and came out with a sketch of what they didn't do, calling them the "Bloody Three Hundred." The fun hit so hard that most of the three hundred were ready for

blood indeed, and they went to the young editor's home and called him out for the purpose of ducking him in a pond. He came, but instead of apologizing, ridiculed and defied them without stint, until in admiration of his pluck, and in shame for a hundred or two against one, they withdrew.

His energy from his earliest days was remarkable. His newspaper at South Bend was the first one in northern Indiana, and at every turn of affairs he was seeking something new, some improvement. "Progress" seemed to be his watchword. He was the first man in Indiana to use steam to drive a printing press; the first to use a caloric engine for the same purpose; the first to see the value of the Bullock printing press and encourage the inventor; the first to use the metallic stitching machine for book-binders; the first to use the Edison electric light.

His faith in progress and human kind, and his restless energy which halted at nothing, permeated and colored his whole life. It supplied for himself the deficiencies of early systematic training. What the experience of the printers' trade and the acquisitions of a young law student might give in the way of knowledge, it may be imagined were of themselves barren enough. But to him these were the keys with which he might unlock learning's storehouse. Books were his delight. He overcame the lack of a classical education by a thorough study of translations, and the lore of Greece and Rome was his familiar acquaintance. He was especially fond of history, and there were few classical works in this line, ancient or modern, which he did not know. He was a deep political student and particularly knew the political history of his own country as few know it. He was an unwearied student and thus as the years went on he became equipped with all the mental outfit of a gentleman. He had a correct literary taste and was as quick to discern genius or special talent here as in other things. He wrote with a perspicuity almost such as Horace Greeley's was, and with a terse Saxon force and direct "drive" at the purpose in hand, rare in these days. Those who were near to him, or came in contact with him in the direction of affairs, he acted upon with the characteristic qualities of his nature. He left his impress. He was an influence, and many there are who can rise up and call

him blessed, in the memory of the chaste and elevating force that influence was.

He was a man of the rarest courage; a courage that seemed to have no weak side, mental, moral or physical. The furthest possible remove from a brawler in his nature, an acquaintance with him never failed to make it plain that he would fight on call. This coupled with the knowledge that he was a "dead shot" with a rifle, perhaps conspired to make a career among the turbulent scenes of politics singularly free from personal disturbances. Of his mental courage, his never failing faith in the power of attainments has already spoken. His moral courage, as is shown forth in a life free of dross as few lives are, was rare indeed. He had the loftiest sense of honor, and the hottest anger and bitterest contempt for a dishonorable, dishonest or mean thing; and condemnation of such leaped to his lips in a moment, for he had all the "quickness" of the nervous temperament. But so patiently did he work for its control, so thoroughly did he conquer himself, that in his later life few knew from the calm exterior the rage that took hold of him at the sight of a wrong or meanness. His integrity was flawless. He had not merely the heart to mean rightly, but the head to do rightly, and in his daily walk and conversation he was truth and honesty incarnate. This is the testimony of those who knew him as he lived among them. The writer knew him in a personal and household way also, and so knowing him he knows of his unvarying sweetness, his cheeriness that brightened intercourse and his encouragement constantly to lofty ideals and noble deeds.

All his life Mr. Defrees had not been a professor of religion, but if religion is a life he was one of its noblest exemplars. Last June he joined the Congregational Church at Washington, and took the sacrament. He was then unable to leave his room. Before and since then he was afflicted in a way that no medical skill could control, and for months he suffered as let us hope few of us may suffer. There was little bitterness of physical agony that he did not endure. His prayer was to die.

A NEWSPAPER INDEX.

"WESTERN CENSOR" AND "JOURNAL," OF INDIANAPOLIS, 1823 TO 1827, INCLUSIVE—FIRST INSTALMENT.

[The *Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide*, the second paper launched in Indianapolis, and its successor, the *Indiana Journal*, are the only early papers of which there are complete files accessible to the public. For that reason they have a particular value, and the following index may prove of interest and service to many of our readers. The classification of newspaper matter is difficult owing to its heterogeneous character. In this index we have, with a few exceptions, confined ourselves to such matter as bears, directly or indirectly, upon the history of Indianapolis, or which reflects phases of early life there. We have deemed the chronological arrangement preferable to the alphabetical scheme. The first issue of *The Western Censor* appeared March 7, 1823. January 11, 1825, it became *The Indiana Journal*. The bound files may be found in the Indianapolis Public Library.]

1823—WESTERN CENSOR.

First issue, reasons for delay of.—March 7.

Indianapolis, description of.—March 7.

Communications, excess of.—April 2.

Sunday-school, first meeting of, to be held at Scudder's cabinet-shop.—April 2. (Other matter pertaining to Sunday-school throughout early numbers.)

Roads, State.—May 14.

Squirrel killing.—May 14.

Divorce cases.—May 14.

Northern Indiana.—May 21.

Advertisement for books loaned.—May 21.

Trees, law affecting the cutting of in Indianapolis.—June 4.

Mails.—June 11.

Presbyterian church, the first.—June 11. (See also June 18.)

Indians on White river, and white woman captive.—June 11.

White river.—June 18.

Contribution: "Humphrey Ploughshare's" criticism of town ways.—June 18.

Fourth of July barbecue (ad.)—June 25.

Merchandise: New store and list of articles kept.—July 2.

Letters advertised.—July 2. [Lists of letters of considerable length were periodically published, and the custom seems curious.]

Why, in a backwoods village of six hundred people, should the advertising of unclaimed letters be necessary?]

Fourth of July oration, by Morris Morris.—July 9.

Advertisement: "Attention to Borrowers!"—July 9.

Candidates for office, list of.—July 16.

Rattlesnakes in Marion county.—Aug. 18.

Indianapolis, population of, 600 or 700 people (editorial).—Sept. 22.

Contribution: "Conduct to be Observed on Entering a Store" (satirical).—Sept. 29.

Indianapolis and the New Purchase.—Oct. 6.

Roads.—Oct. 20. (See also Dec. 15.)

Apple trees and nursery.—Oct. 20.

Delinquent taxes, sale of lots for in Indianapolis.—Dec. 1. (Christopher Harrison, commissioner, a lot holder).

1824—

Tavern: Thomas Chinn's "Traveller's Hall."—Jan. 5.

Prices of corn, pork and potatoes (ad.)—Jan. 5.

Population, influx of in anticipation of coming legislature.—Feb. 16.

Donation lands, advertisement for leasing.—Feb. 16.

Furs and tallow for subscriptions, etc. (ad.)—Feb. 16.

Social supper.—Feb. 24.

Public Meeting "to consult on the propriety of taking care of the graveyard."—March 8. (Also March 16.)

Mails; six weeks to Bloomington.—March 22.

Tan-yard near Pogue's run.—March 22.

Potatoes, varieties of; Early Whites, Large Red, Long Pale Red, Large Early Blue.—March 22.

School, teachers, etc.—April 5 (first column.)

Indian murders at Pendleton (differing somewhat from the ordinary account).—April 5.

Plasterer, advertisement of; probably the first.—April 5.

Chairs for legislative halls, advertisement for.—April 19.

Commodities for currency: Merchandise in exchange for "ginseng, beeswax, honey, sugar, deer and fur skins, or almost anything else in preference to promises. For cash only, powder, shot, whisky, salt." (John Givan's ad.)—April 26.

Sunday-school, long report about; also editorial.—May 3.

Importation: Arrival of keel-boat, "Dandy," with 28 tons of salt and whisky.—May 17.

Danville, locating of.—July 20. (Also Aug. 31).

School examination.—July 13. (School matter in July 27.)

Captain Riley, famous traveler, located on St. Mary's river. Advocate of Wabash canal.—Aug. 31.

Emigration to Indianapolis.—Oct. 19.

Sale of Donation out-lots (ad.)—Nov. 16.

Military election.—Dec. 7. (Also Dec. 14.)

1825—INDIANA JOURNAL.

Legislature: Coming of the legislators, etc. First meeting.—Jan. 11.

Mails, arrival of.—Jan. 18.

Land office, James B. Ray on removal of to Indianapolis.—Jan. 25.

Legislators, nativity of.—Feb. 1.

Indianapolis, letter about.—Feb. 1. (Also Feb. 8).

Whetzell's trace: Petition of Jacob Whetzell praying compensation for cutting trace (in Senate proceedings).—Feb. 15.

Female Bible Society formed.—April 19.

Manufacture of glass at New Albany.—April 26.

Lots in Indianapolis, prices of.—May 3.

Sabbath school.—May 3.

James B. Ray, campaign letter to the public.—June 7. (For burlesque on Ray, see July 19).

Agricultural Society.—July 26. (See also, for formation of society, Sept. 6).

Land office, coming of, to Indianapolis.—Sept. 27.

Settlers, coming of; prospects of Indianapolis.—Sept. 27.

Road to Fort Wayne, laying out of; mention of Indian trace.—Oct. 11.

Bible Society, forming of.—Nov. 29.

1826—

Sabbath school for adults.—April 16.

John Conner, death of.—April 25. (For W. H. Harrison on John Conner see July 20, 1824. Conner's estate, Nov. 28).

Population of Indianapolis.—March 7. (760 people; 200 voters; 61 unmarried men; 48 unmarried women).

National Road.—Nov. 14.

Bible Society, Marion county.—Nov. 21.

1827—

- Legislature and State conditions.—Jan. 2.
Alexander Ralston, death of; with sketch.—Jan. 9.
Indianapolis in 1827.—Feb. 20.
Leasings on the Donation.—Feb. 20.
Female Bible Society.—March 20.
Indian treaty.—March 27. (Treaty of Oct. 16, 1826, securing Michigan road lands, and signed by all concerned. These signatures not appended to the official report in American State Papers. Also, "reserves" specified.)
Lots, sale of in Indianapolis (ad.)—April 3. (Also May 15).
Mail routes.—May 1. (Also Aug. 7).
White river, description of.—May 1.
Rattlesnake oil, advertisement for.—June 5.
Internal improvement.—June 19. (Also June 26, Nov. 13).
Indiana, description of.—June 19.
Wolves, bounty on.—June 19.
Railroads.—July 3.
Church worker in Indiana, letter from.—July 3.
Jacob Whetzel, death of and short sketch.—July 3.
Indians, the Delawares.—July 17.
Morristown, first sale of lots in.—Aug. 21.
Vocal music society, meeting in Indianapolis to establish one.—Aug. 28.
Educational: Private teaching of grammar (ad.)—Sept. 18.
"Muncytown," sale of lots in.—Sept. 18.
Imports to Indianapolis (editorial).—Oct. 2.
Methodist ministers and stations.—Oct. 2.
Indianapolis Academy, "commencement" of.—Oct. 9.
Indiana, north boundary of.—Nov. 6. (Also March 27).
Indians, attitude toward.—Nov. 6.
Public lands, kind of pay accepted for.—Nov. 13.
Indianapolis, improvements in.—Nov. 20.
Emigration to northern Indiana.—Nov. 20.
Lumber, Caleb Scudder's advertisement for 25,000 feet of cherry and poplar.—Dec. 4.
Map of Indiana (ad.)—Dec. 4. (Also Jan. 10).

DEPARTMENT OF GENEALOGY AND FAMILY HISTORY.

EDITED BY MARY E. CARDWILL,

318 East Fifth Street, New Albany, Indiana.

[Queries and answers concerning ancestors and family history will be gladly received.]

THE POINDEXTER FAMILY.

THE earliest known records of this family reach back to about 1250 when Geoffrey and Raoul Poingdestre are listed as Norman Huguenot land-owners in the Isle of Jersey.

The founder of the house of Granville was George Poingdestre, who married Geritte, niece of Sir Thomas Ahier. George Poingdestre died in 1544, and his eldest son, Edward, married Margaret, daughter of Clement Messeroy, in 1562. Their eldest son, Thomas, born in 1581, married Elizabeth Effard. Their children were Philip, Jacob, George and Rachel.

George settled in Virginia, 1640 or '50, in the present New Kent or Charles City counties. A missing link leaves a blank in the family history until about 1700 when John Poindexter was appointed by the Governor of Virginia one of the Commissioners to organize Louisa county from a part of Hanover county. He was also a justice of the peace and a vestryman in Fredricksville church, and a captain of cavalry. He married Christine ———, and had six children: John², Thomas², William², Joseph², Ann² who married ——— Slaughter, and Sarah² who married ——— Tyron. Thomas² married Lucy Jones, daughter of Gabriel Jones, of Culpepper county. Thomas's² will, probated July 15, 1796, names the following children: John³, Gabriel³, Thomas³, Robert³, James³, Richard³, George³, Elizabeth³, Lucy³ and Molly³. John³ married three times, became a celebrated Baptist preacher and was clerk of Louisa county, Virginia, for thirty years. James³, a farmer in Louisa county, married twice and left one son, Dr. James⁴ Poindexter, of Charlottesville. Thomas³, a farmer at Green Springs, Virginia, married and left many children. Richard³ married a Miss Maer, and moved to North Carolina, where he became a most distinguished Baptist minister. He left one son, Abraham⁴ Maer Poindexter. Robert³ settled in

Kentucky. Some of his descendents are found in Vevay, Indiana. George³ moved to Mississippi, soon became prominent as a lawyer, was a member of the Territorial Legislature, Delegate to Congress and Judge of Supreme Court. In 1820 he was elected Governor of the State and later was United States Senator for many years. Gabriel³, ancestor of most of the Indiana Poindexters, was born in Louisa county, Virginia, May 8, 1758, and died in Clark county, Indiana, August 28, 1831. He was a soldier of the Revolution, Virginia Line, Continental Establishment. He married Mary Swift, said to have been a relative of Dean Swift, and some years later, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, emigrated to Kentucky, where he lived near Lexington for ten or twelve years, when he moved to New Albany, Indiana, in which place his wife died in 1820. The family then moved to Clark county, Indiana, near Sellersburg.

The children of Gabriel³ Poindexter and Mary Swift Poindexter were Merriwether⁴, born —; killed in the battle of the River Raisin. Cleviars⁴, born 1797, in Virginia; married Nancy Holland, May 22, 1823. Elizabeth⁴, born 1801, in Kentucky; married John Adams, of Clark county, Indiana, December 1, 1827; died March 23, 1866. Moses⁴, died young. Lucy⁴, married Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky. Harriet⁴, married Felix Lane. Margaret⁴, married John Hancock, October 20, 1839. Polly⁴, married John Greene. John⁴, died young. Catherine⁴, died young.

Cleviars⁴ married Nancy Holland, born in Virginia, May 22, 1823. Their children were: Moses⁵, born 1824. Married (1) Sally Littell, August 22, 1844; (2) Anna Littell, November 19, 1864. Died 1895; left five children. He was a man of ability and prominence and was State Senator. Elizabeth⁵, born 1825. Married David Hay, September 4, 1844. Gabriel⁵, born 1827. Married Mary F. Willey, February 5, 1851. He was Captain of Company H, Thirty-eighth Indiana Regiment, in the Civil War. He died in 1890. His children were Fountin⁶, Charles⁶, Harry⁶, Bertha⁶, Mary⁶ and Frank⁶, all prominent people in Jeffersonville and vicinity. George⁵, born 1829. Married Amanda Anson. Randall⁵, born 1831. Married (1) Helen Root; (2) Julia —. Was a surgeon in the Civil War. Died 1890. John⁵, born 1833. Married Margaret —. Was

also a surgeon in the Civil War. Margaret⁵, born 1836. Married (1) Absalom Sellers, November 13, 1854; (2) John Eisman. Died 1892.

Elizabeth⁴, daughter of Gabriel Poindexter, married John Adams, December 21, 1827, in Clark county, but soon after moved to New Albany, where she died. Children of John and Elizabeth Adams were: John Quincey⁵, born March 31, 1829; died April 19, 1903. Albert⁵, born December 11, 1830; died December 15, —. Thomas⁵, born September 7, 1832; married Margaret Hansborough. Died August, 1895. Had two daughters: Molly⁶, married George Slaughter, of Kentucky; and Bessie⁶. Mary⁵, born May 7, 1834; married Jacob Miller. William Newton⁵, born 1836; died 1837. Elizabeth⁵, born November 23, 1838; married John O. Greene; has one child, Alice⁶. George Wesley⁵, born July 16, 1842.

TAYLOR'S STEAM PRINTING MACHINE.

THIS number of the *Journal* is printed on an elegant Steam Printing Machine just put up for us by Mr. A. B. Taylor, of New York—the patentee. The machine and the engine by which it is propelled (which, in fact, is a part of the machine itself), is the most complete of the kind now in use. The boiler which supplies the engine with steam is about the size of a pork barrel, and only requires an eighth of a cord of wood to run it ten hours! The machine itself is capable of throwing off three thousand sheets per hour, though the usual rate of working it at our office will be at the rate of two thousand an hour, requiring but one hand to feed it! It has attracted great attention, and we invite all who may wish to see it to call at our Press room and gratify their curiosity.

This extraordinary facility will enable us to keep our columns open much longer than heretofore, so that our subscribers will get all the news received by us up to the hour of publication.

This enterprise has been accomplished at a great expense, and we confidently look to the Whigs of the State to increase our circulation in such manner as will afford us ample remuneration.—
From Indiana State Journal (weekly ed.), June 22, 1847.

INDIANA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

Published at Indianapolis, Indiana.

GEORGE S. COTTMAN, *Editor and Publisher.*

EDITORIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND NEWSPAPERS.

That librarianship as a science is now but in its infancy is a fact that is recognized, doubtless, by most modern librarians. When library work shall have developed more fully along the many lines that are destined to come within its scope, not its least important function will be the indexing and organizing of the great mass of valuable material that is continually passing through the newspaper press. There is great need to emphasize the importance of this task, which, up to the present, seems to have received little attention. It is, we presume, a quite safe proposition that the library aims to be a school for the people—a promoter of information, and one kind of information of considerable importance is a knowledge of the character of a society by the people who form it. The great source of such information is the newspapers, which reflect the community life and spirit as nothing else does. A newspaper index, intelligently compiled, would be a record or synopsis of the forces that have made a community what it is, whether for good or bad. It would be a chronological list of social movements, of the notable performances of men, and of a great variety of facts, valuable, interesting and curious, which, without such guide, are speedily swallowed up in oblivion and their lessons lost. To be specific, Terre Haute has, during the last half-year, been subjected to an experience that is of State-wide interest. In the fight against that threatening depravity which is continually showing its head everywhere, she affords an object-lesson that is worthy of elaborate study. In another year's time the whole chapter will be buried away so completely as to be practically forgotten, significant though it is. He who wishes to investigate that crusade against unrighteousness should be able to go to the Terre Haute library and by its index be guided readily to all the salient points of the case as chronicled by the contemporary papers. As with Terre Haute, so, in varying degree, with

every town in the State. The laws of growth and retrogression are going on always and everywhere, and wherever the newspaper exists it is holding the mirror up to nature—if we but know how to interpret the newspaper. As its contents lie scattered through the columns, they are little more than waste matter, but selected and organized, the inconsequential eliminated, they present the very texture of our civilization. The first step toward a history of our State that shall be worthy the name must be this cooperative organizing of a mass of material too extensive for the individual to compass. The work done by the local libraries should be a stimulus and aid to the minor students, and these students will prepare the way for the historian proper. At the present stage it is all-essential that the vigorous and phenomenal library movement, now asserting itself throughout our State, recognize in a broad way its relation to current history and its opportunities as a conserver of the same.

If we are rightly informed, there are but three of the larger libraries of the country that are doing newspaper indexing. Of these, one is the Indiana State Library, which has listed the more important contents of the leading Indianapolis papers from 1898 to the present time. This guide to the files, as people learn of it, is coming more and more into popular use, the newspapers themselves being among the most frequent patrons. The State Library scheme is, of course, much more extensive than a local library would adopt, and yet an hour or two a day suffices for the work. In the average local library ten or fifteen minutes a day would doubtless be ample time for indexing a mass of reference material that would have an abiding interest and value.

MORE REVOLUTIONARY GRAVES.

BRAZIL, IND., July 12, 1906.

Editor Indiana Magazine of History.

SIR:—You have given information regarding Revolutionary soldiers' graves in several counties, which proves interesting to many people. I desire to report for Clay county the following Revolutionary soldiers and the location of their graves:

Lawrence Thompson and Amos Kelley are buried in the Zenor cemetery, on Birch creek, six miles south of Brazil. Thomp-

son served in a North Carolina regiment. Some time after the close of the Revolutionary War, he settled in Harrison county, Indiana; thence to Clay county, where he died some time in the forties, aged about 108. Numerous descendants still live in this county. Kelley has no known descendants in the county, and little is known of his history other than the fact that he was a soldier of the Revolution. The Board of Commissioners of Clay county, with the unanimous consent of the County Council, at the suggestion of a few citizens, made an appropriation of two hundred dollars for a monument to each of their graves. The monuments were lettered and set up several months ago, and on July 4, 1906, a meeting was held at the cemetery, and the monuments duly dedicated.

John Yocom, a Revolutionary soldier, is buried in a private family graveyard, two miles south of Brazil, which has long been in disuse.

John Hopper and Benjamin Wheeler, are buried in another Zenor cemetery a short distance south of Bowling Green, the old county seat.

This makes five buried in Clay county. There may be one or two more, but the above list includes all that are positively known.

Yours truly,

F. W. ROBERTSON.

In addition to the above Miss Mary E. Cardwill, of New Albany, reports David Benton, and Arthur Parr, buried respectively in Jackson and Washington counties. There are some Revolutionary graves in Bartholomew county, but we have not been able to ascertain the names. We also find mention of Samuel Boyd, who died in Wayne county in 1835. Boyd was the maternal grandfather of Judge E. B. Martindale, of Indianapolis. We would be glad to receive information of this character from other readers.

LOCAL HISTORY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Reminiscences of an Indianian.—Capt. J. A. Lemcke, now of Indianapolis, a man of wide experience and varied fortunes, has published under this title a private edition volume which narrates the ups and downs of a somewhat checkered life. It is, in part, the story of a young man making his way fifty or sixty

years ago. Of those times we have many intimate glimpses of life and conditions that are a real contribution to our history. His experiences as a river man on the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, Wabash and White rivers are especially interesting. In more recent years Captain Lemcke was a man of some prominence in Indiana (Republican) politics. In 1886 he was elected State Treasurer, and during President Harrison's administration the office of United States Treasurer was tendered him. His declining of this tempting offer was so unusual that, as Mr. Lemcke says, "Frank Leslie, among others, published my picture with the humorously satirical remark: 'This is the portrait of a man who refused office, and *he from Indiana*.'" A wide acquaintance with men of note adds not a little to the interest of Mr. Lemcke's recollections, and the whole narrated with a pervasive strain of genuine humor makes the book exceedingly readable, and one deserving of a fuller review than we have space for.

Reminiscences of Early Indianapolis.—*The Indianapolis News*, in its Saturday editions, has for some months been running a series of papers, "Reminiscences of an Old Reporter," which deal with the Indianapolis of an earlier day. They are written by Charles Dennis, for many years one of the best-known newspaper men in the city. His personal recollections go back to a period antedating the war, and his long experience in the reportorial field has brought him in wide contact with persons and given him an intimate knowledge of events, which he sets forth graphically with the pen of a trained writer. So far as his sketches present actual recollections they are of distinct interest and value, and the more so because they deal with things about which little or no information can be had from our written histories.

Early Newspapers of Richmond.—In the *Richmond Sun-Telegram* of February 26, 1906, is published a list of the Richmond newspapers from 1820 to the present time, compiled by B. F. Wissler. Twenty-eight papers are specified as existing in that time. The list, Mr. Wissler tells us, is not absolutely complete, as even within that comparatively narrow field some have passed wholly into oblivion. We are further told that more than seventy-five papers have been published in Wayne county. In

Mr. Wissler's list we note such odd names as *The Family School-master*, *The Lily*, *The Broad Axe of Freedom* and *Grubbing Hoe of Truth* and *The Humming Bird*.

Tippecanoe Battle Document.—In the *Lafayette Morning Journal* of June 23, 1906, is published a newly found document relating to the battle of Tippecanoe. This is an account of the fight by Judge Isaac Naylor, who was a participant in it. The paper was found among the effects of Judge Naylor, now in possession of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Naylor Whiteford, who was recently visiting in Lafayette. The account has in it a number of points not, we believe, to be found elsewhere. We will, if possible, publish it in full in our next issue.

Old Fort near Richmond.—In the *Richmond Sun-Telegram* of July 4, 1906, O. S. Harrison publishes an interview with Isaac Lamb, an old citizen of Richmond, who remembered and described to the interviewer the blockhouse built in 1812, near the present site of Richmond. According to Mr. Lamb, the fort was about thirty feet square and built of hewn logs fitted very closely together. The lower part of the building was used for living purposes, and the second story, which overhung the first, was supplied with port-holes, cut about waist high, that commanded the surroundings. In its latter years the structure was used as a tool-house and granary by Thomas Lamb, father of Isaac, who burned it down in 1830. Mr. Harrison states that "Fort Smith," as he calls it, was on the old Jacob Smith farm, but omits to locate it more definitely.* There were many of these old blockhouses located throughout southern Indiana, and a record of them would be an interesting addition to our frontier history.

*Since the above was put in type we find in another article by Mr. Harrison on the same subject (*Sun-Telegram*, June 2) that the blockhouse "was on the river about one mile and a half west and north of where the court-house now stands, on the place now occupied by Nathan P. Wilson, and near where his house stands." It was built in 1812 by George Smith, Jesse Bond, Valentine Pegg, Cornelius Ratliff and others of the neighborhood.

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THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

AS DESCRIBED BY JUDGE ISAAC NAYLOR, A PARTICIPANT—A
RECENTLY DISCOVERED ACCOUNT.

From the Lafayette Morning Journal, June 23, 1906.

JUDGE ISAAC NAYLOR was quite a prominent figure in the early history of Indiana. He was born in Rockingham county, in the State of Virginia, July 30, 1790. He emigrated with his parents to Kentucky in 1793, and in 1805 moved to Clark county, this State, taking up his wilderness home near Charlestown, which, at that time, was a pioneer settlement. After his fighting career he became a circuit judge, traveling on horseback and holding court in the counties of Montgomery, Tippecanoe, White, Benton, Fountain and Jasper, serving twenty years in that capacity. During these years only three cases tried by him suffered reversal by the Supreme Court. The last forty years of his life were spent in Crawfordsville.

Both Judge Naylor and his brother took part in the battle of Tippecanoe. The former also took part in the finish of the fight at Pigeon Roost massacre, when a very young man, and after the battle of Tippecanoe was a soldier in the war of 1812. In later years he delivered many addresses on the Tippecanoe battle, and he ardently urged the erection of a monument on the battlefield. He was the first treasurer appointed to receive funds for this purpose, but not receiving any contributions, gave up the task several years before his death, which took place on April 26, 1873.

Mrs. Mary Naylor Whiteford, a daughter of Isaac Naylor, recently unearthed, among her father's effects, an article about the battle. It gives many interesting points that are new, and is here printed for the first time.

THE ACCOUNT.

"I became a volunteer member of a company of riflemen, and on the 12th of September, 1811, we commenced our march

toward Vincennes, and arrived there in about six days, marching about 120 miles. We remained there about a week and took up the march to a point on the Wabash river sixty miles above, on the east bank of the river, where we erected a stockade fort, which we named Fort Harrison. This was three miles below where the city of Terre Haute now stands. Colonel Joseph H. Davies, who commanded the dragoons, named the fort. The glorious defense of this fort nine months after by Captain Zachary Taylor was the first step in his brilliant career that afterwards made him President of the United States. A few days later we took up the march again for the seat of Indian warfare, where we arrived on the evening of November 6, 1811.

"When the army arrived in view of the Prophet's town, an Indian was seen coming toward General Harrison with a white flag suspended on a pole. Here the army halted, and a parley was had between General Harrison and an Indian delegation, who assured the General that they desired peace, and solemnly promised to meet him next day in council, to settle the terms of peace and friendship between them and the United States.

"General Marston G. Clark, who was then brigade major, and Waller Taylor, one of the judges of the General Court of the Territory of Indiana, and afterwards a Senator of the United States from Indiana (one of the General's aides), were ordered to select a place for the encampment, which they did. The army then marched to the ground selected about sunset. A strong guard was placed around the encampment, commanded by Captain James Bigger and three lieutenants. The troops were ordered to sleep on their arms. The night being cold, large fires were made along the lines of encampment and each soldier retired to rest, sleeping on his arms.

"Having seen a number of squaws and children at the town, I thought the Indians were not disposed to fight. About ten o'clock at night Joseph Warnock and myself retired to rest, he taking one side of the fire and I the other, the other members of our company being all asleep. My friend Warnock had dreamed, the night before, a bad dream which foreboded something fatal to him or to some of his family, as he told me. Having myself no confidence in dreams, I thought but little

about the matter, although I observed that he never smiled afterwards.

"I awoke about four o'clock the next morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, having heard in a dream the firing of guns and the whistling of bullets just before I awoke from my slumber. A drizzling rain was falling and all things were still and quiet throughout the camp. I was engaged in making a calculation when I should arrive at home.

"In a few moments I heard the crack of a rifle in the direction of the point where now stands the Battle Ground house, which is occupied by Captain DuTiel as a tavern. I had just time to think that some sentinel was alarmed and had fired his rifle without a real cause, when I heard the crack of another rifle, followed by an awful Indian yell all around the encampment. In less than a minute I saw the Indians charging our line most furiously and shooting a great many rifle balls into our camp fires, throwing the live coals into the air three or four feet high.

"At this moment my friend Warnock was shot by a rifle ball through his body. He ran a few yards and fell dead on the ground. Our lines were broken and a few Indians were found on the inside of the encampment. In a few moments they were all killed. Our lines closed up and our men in their proper places. One Indian was killed in the back part of Captain Geiger's tent, while he was attempting to tomahawk the Captain.

"The sentinels, closely pursued by the Indians, came to the lines of the encampment in haste and confusion. My brother, William Naylor, was on guard. He was pursued so rapidly and furiously that he ran to the nearest point on the left flank, where he remained with a company of regular soldiers until the battle was near its termination. A young man, whose name was Daniel Pettit, was pursued so closely and furiously by an Indian as he was running from the guard fire to our lines, that to save his life he cocked his rifle as he ran and turning suddenly round, placed the muzzle of his gun against the body of the Indian and shot an ounce ball through him. The Indian fired his gun at the same instant, but it being longer than Pettit's the muzzle passed by him and set fire to a handkerchief which he had tied round his head. The Indians made four or five most fierce charges on our lines, yelling and screaming as they advanced,

shooting balls and arrows into our ranks. At each charge they were driven back in confusion, carrying off their dead and wounded as they retreated.

"Colonel Owen, of Shelby county, Kentucky, one of General Harrison's volunteer aides, fell early in action by the side of the General. He was a member of the legislature at the time of his death. Colonel Davies was mortally wounded early in the battle, gallantly charging the Indians on foot with his sword and pistols, according to his own request. He made this request three times of General Harrison, before he permitted him to make the charge. This charge was made by himself and eight dragoons on foot near the angle formed by the left flank and front line of the encampment. Colonel Davies lived about thirty-six hours after he was wounded, manifesting his ruling passions in life—ambition, patriotism and an ardent love of military glory. During the last hours of his life he said to his friends around him that he had but one thing to regret—that he had military talents; that he was about to be cut down in the meridian of life without having an opportunity of displaying them for his own honor, and the good of his country. He was buried alone with the honors of war near the right flank of the army, inside of the lines of the encampment, between two trees. On one of these trees the letter 'D' is now visible. Nothing but the stump of the other remains. His grave was made here, to conceal it from the Indians. It was filled up to the top with earth and then covered with oak leaves. I presume the Indians never found it. This precautionary act was performed as a mark of peculiar respect for a distinguished hero and patriot of Kentucky.

"Captain Spencer's company of mounted riflemen composed the right flank of the army. Captain Spencer and both his lieutenants were killed. John Tipton was elected and commissioned as captain of this company in one hour after the battle, as a reward for his cool and deliberate heroism displayed during the action. He died at Logansport in 1839, having been twice elected Senator of the United States from the State of Indiana.

"The clear, calm voice of General Harrison was heard in words of heroism in every part of the encampment during the action, Colonel Boyd behaved very bravely after repeating these words:

‘Huzza! My sons of gold, a few more fires and victory will be ours!’

“Just after daylight the Indians retreated across the prairie toward their town, carrying off their wounded. This retreat was from the right flank of the encampment, commanded by Captains Spencer and Robb, having retreated from the other portions of the encampment a few minutes before. As their retreat became visible, an almost deafening and universal shout was raised by our men. ‘Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!’ This shout was almost equal to that of the savages at the commencement of the battle; ours was the shout of victory, theirs was the shout of ferocious but disappointed hope.

“The morning light disclosed the fact that the killed and wounded of our army, numbering between eight and nine hundred men, amounted to one hundred and eight. Thirty-six Indians were found near our lines. Many of their dead were carried off during the battle. This fact was proved by the discovery of many Indian graves recently made near their town. Ours was a bloody victory, theirs a bloody defeat.

“Soon after breakfast an Indian chief was discovered on the prairie, about eighty yards from our front line, wrapped in a piece of white cloth. He was found by a soldier by the name of Miller, a resident of Jeffersonville, Indiana. The Indian was wounded in one of his legs, the ball having penetrated his knee and passed down his leg, breaking the bone as it passed. Miller put his foot against him and he raised up his head and said: ‘Don’t kill me, don’t kill me.’ At the same time five or six regular soldiers tried to shoot him, but their muskets snapped and missed fire. Major Davis Floyd came riding toward him with dragoon sword and pistols and said he ‘would show them how to kill Indians,’ when a messenger came from General Harrison commanding that he should be taken prisoner. He was taken into camp, where the surgeons dressed his wounds. Here he refused to speak a word of English or tell a word of truth. Through the medium of an interpreter he said that he was a friend to the white people and that the Indians shot him, while he was coming to the camp to tell General Harrison that they were about to attack the army. He refused to have his leg amputated, though he was told that amputation was the

only means of saving his life. One dogma of Indian superstition is that all good and brave Indians, when they die, go to a delightful region, abounding with deer and other game, and to be a successful hunter, he should have all his limbs, his gun and his dog. He therefore preferred death with all his limbs to life without them. In accordance with his request he was left to die, in company with an old squaw, who was found in the Indian town the next day after he was taken prisoner. They were left in one of our tents.

"At the time this Indian was taken prisoner, another Indian, who was wounded in the body, rose to his feet in the middle of the prairie, and began to walk towards the woods on the opposite side. A number of regular soldiers shot at him but missed him. A man who was a member of the same company with me, Henry Huckleberry, ran a few steps into the prairie and shot an ounce ball through his body and he fell dead near the margin of the woods. Some Kentucky volunteers went across the prairie immediately and scalped him, dividing his scalp into four pieces, each one cutting a hole in each piece, putting his ramrod through the hole, and placing his part of the scalp just behind the first thimble of his gun, near its muzzle. Such was the fate of nearly all of the Indians found dead on the battle-ground, and such was the disposition of their scalps.

"The death of Owen, and the fact that Davies was mortally wounded, with the remembrance also that a large portion of Kentucky's best blood had been shed by the Indians, must be their apology for this barbarous conduct. Such conduct will be excused by all who witnessed the treachery of the Indians, and saw the bloody scenes of this battle.

"Tecumseh being absent at the time of battle, a chief called White Loon was the chief commander of the Indians. He was seen in the morning after the battle, riding a large white horse in the woods across the prairie, where he was shot at by a volunteer named Montgomery, who is now living in the southwest part of this State. At the crack of his rifle the horse jumped as if the ball had hit him. The Indian rode off toward the town and we saw him no more. During the battle the prophet was safely located on a hill, beyond the reach of our balls, praying to the Great Spirit to give the victory to the Indians, having

previously assured them that the Great Spirit would change our powder into ashes and sand.

"We had about forty head of beef cattle when we came to the battle. They all ran off the night of the battle, or they were driven off by the Indians, so that they were all lost. We received rations for two days on the morning after the action. We received no more rations until the next Tuesday evening, being six days afterwards. The Indians having retreated to their town, we performed the solemn duty of consigning to their graves our dead soldiers, without shrouds or coffins. They were placed in graves about two feet deep, from five to ten in each grave.

"General Harrison having learned that Tecumseh was expected to return from the south with a number of Indians whom he had enlisted in his cause, called a council of his officers, who advised him to remain on the battlefield and fortify his camp by a breastwork of logs around, about four feet high. This work was completed during the day and all the troops were placed immediately behind each line of the work when they were ordered to pass the watchword from right to left every five minutes, so that no man was permitted to sleep during the night. The watchword on the night before the battle was 'Wide awake,' 'Wide awake.' To me it was a long, cold, cheerless night.

"On the next day the dragoons went to Prophet's town, which they found deserted by all the Indians, except an old squaw, whom they brought into the camp and left her with the wounded chief before mentioned. The dragoons set fire to the town and it was all consumed, casting up a brilliant light amid the darkness of the ensuing night. I arrived at the town when it was about half on fire. I found large quantities of corn, beans and peas. I filled my knapsack with these articles and carried them to the camp and divided them with the members of our mess, consisting of six men. Having these articles of food, we declined eating horse-flesh, which was eaten by a large portion of our men."

JOHN TIPTON'S TIPPECANOE JOURNAL.

[John Tipton's Journal of the Tippecanoe campaign is, we believe, the only circumstantial account left us of an event memorable in the military history of Indiana. It is practically inaccessible to the student, as it has been published in newspaper form only (*Indianapolis News* of May 5, 1879). The original manuscript of the journal, together with that of Tipton's journal as a commissioner to locate the State capital in 1820, and a minor Indian campaign in 1813, are in the possession of John H. Holliday, of Indianapolis. Eventually these journals, carefully annotated by Mr. Holliday, will probably be published in the collections of the Indiana Historical Society. Pending that more permanent form we here print the Tippecanoe document as a companion article to Judge Naylor's account, and to the commissioner's journal, which appeared in Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 2 of this magazine.—*Editor.*

An account of the march and encampment of the riflemen of harrison county I. T. [Indiana Territory] commanded by Capt. Spencer, consisting of 47 men besides officers in Company with Capt. R M heath, with 22 men.

Thursday 12 of September, 1811— Left Corydon at 3 o'clock, march six miles to governor harrison's mill and encampt. had our horses in good pasture.

13th. Marched 24 miles and on the way was join by Capt Berry with 20 men and Encampt at a good spring.

14th. Marched 3 miles and encampt at half moon spring. Was joined by Capt baggs with a troop of horse, and in the evening by Col bartholomew, with 120 of melitia from Clark County.

Sunday 15 two horses missing the millitia and Capts heath and Berry and Capt Baggs left us. One of our horses soon found the other being astray was stolen [?] by the oner and one man left on foot but shortly got to ride to White river and we moove on 15 miles and overtook the army encampt at a branch which was the first time I ever saw gard set out.

Monday the 16 we set out early. Crosst one fork of White River and went through the Barrens to a branch and encamped 3 miles from the main fork.

tuesday 17 marchd. to Big Prairie and camped at a Lake one mile from the wabash.

Wed. 18 it Rained hard in the morning and I went to vincennis [Vincennes] and came back to the Lake in the Evening and found the company had moved to Bass Roe Creek seven mile up the River.

thursday 19. I moved on early with orders from the Capt for the company to move to vincennis, but the mayjor would not consent thereto. we did not go this day. myself and others lost money shooting. I was goosed.

friday 20 staid all day in camp and cut out* a gun and in the evening went to shooting and win some money.

Saturday 21st I cut out a gun and went to Shakertown and got my mare shod, the men was Paraded and marched to the big Prairie and mustered till late and in the time mutinized [?] with some of Capt heath's men, but marched back at sunset and dismisst in order.

Sunday 22d.—The Capt with three men from each mess went to Shakertown to meeting, and in the evening returned and took dinner, when orders came for us to lie in vincennis by ten o'clock next day and we were ordered to march fifteen minutes. We accordingly mooved seven miles, and lay without fire this evening.

Monday the 23d.—We moovd on early to mercah [?] creek and took breckfast, and moovd thence to vincennis where we had a general Parade, and in the Evening myself and three others got Parted from the Company and lay all night by ourselves only with too of Capt heath's men.

Tuesday the 24th. we moovd Early and soon found our company. Campd at a cornfield two miles from vincennis. I staid in camp and shot several guns and mended them and at dark it Began to rain and rained all night, hard my Capt came to camp and informd us that several Indians ware in town talking to the governor.

Wednesday 25th a fine day I went to a shop and came back and mended gunlock then went to shooting and win whisky and legg's [leggings?].

Thursday 26th we mooved after Breckfast into town and our Capt treated and also a tavern keeper. We crosst the Wabash and fired two Platoons, and then went up to Capt Jubaus [Du

*To cut lead from rifles in the barrel.

Bois?] and fired again and too [took?] Dinner. much whisky drank which caused quarreling. moved again thro a Prairie six miles wide and campd and Drawd corn and potatoes. our Pilot left us and went home. we lay ten miles from town.

Friday the 27th we marched at 12 o'clock through a Small Prairie: went four miles and campd. I went to hunt and killed two Squirrels and a hawk.

Saturday 28th it Began to Rain at Day Brake; myself and two others went to hunt and staid out till two o'clock came to camp and found the men had left us we took their trail found two men waiting with our horses and took Breckfast as we rode and went through good land and a Beautifull Prairie Seven miles wide called Demot and a Creek of the same name overtook the company after sixteen miles just as they stopt we also Passt a blockhouse in the Prairie.

Sunday 29th we mooved at ten stopt at a house bought a horse for our footman. too seargeants that had been sent to stock a gun that got broke on the 26th came up. we went 6 miles Part Prairie and Part Barrens. Croost Birch Creek and came to the River and campd near a Prairie and some men went to hunt and found three Bee trees in an hour. Spent the evening in cutting them got 9 or 10 gallons of honey. I stood guard. the Boat we were to guard came up. we Drawd whisky and salt they went on, our men set hooks and caught two fish.

Monday the 30th we mooved after Breckfast throug good land Passt a good spring and the Creek St. myri [St. Mary?] and through a beautifull Prairie four miles long and two Broad with a cabin in it. frost this day in the prairie. went to the river at an oald Camp. Passt a handsome Barr[en?] then went up and crosst a muddy Creek one of our horses miedred we went throug a rich bottom to the Plaice of meeting the army and they ware gone and the Boat left to wait for us as we found a Bee tree as we marcht three Deers Run along the Line and a number of guns fired But one killed Stopt in the evening went to hunt found two Bee trees Campd on the River near a Prairie with the boat after comeing 10 miles.

tuesday the first of october we were alarmed by the centinell firing his gun he said at an indian. but we soon [found?] to the contrary we mooved through a Prairie 3 miles and I went to

hunt rode all Day through a good bottom land to the Company at twelve and then went on; the men found a bee tree while marching and two at noon cut one down and left the rest. I hunted till night. Crosst two beautifull Creeks killed two Pigeons one of our horses sick and left by the way. we went 19 miles and campd with the boat; we past a Prairie on the other side Drawd whisky and flour but no corn Since 29 of last mo.

Wed the 2d we moved earley through a Rich bottom all day I went to hunt kild a Pheasant we found two bee trees as we marchd but could not cut them we came up with the Boat fast on the Barr, and went to help them off here we crosst the River and campd after Coming 16 m one of our men had agua yesterday.

Thursday 3d marchd at 9 four of our horses missing three men left to hunt them marchd one mile came to tare holt [terre haute—high land?] an oald indian village on the East side of Wabash on high land near a Large Prairie Peach and aple trees growing the huts torn down by the army that campd here on the 2d two miles further came up with the army. horses found. Campd on the river on beautifull high ground to build a garison.

friday 4th a fine day I went to hunt came to camp at three found thirty men comanded by Lieut mcmahon was to guard a boat going to the vermillian river for coal I went with them we went 5 miles Part Prairie and Part timbered crosst a fine creek came to another and campd.

Saturday 5th we moved early through good land. Passt three springs. Some Beautifull prairie some timber. Crost a fine larg creek went through a fine Prairie found a Bee tree and stopt to Dine and cut it this morning one of our men took a swoling in his face and went Back. All the fore part of this day we had a ridg on our right and good land good springs on the left in the Evening we marchd hard crossed four creeks Broken land high timber came up with our spies and camp with them at a large creek this Day I found land that is the Best I have seen we crosst the Purchase Line we traveled 30 miles N. N. West.

Sunday 6th we moovd earley one mile came to the river at Coal bank found it was Below the Vermilian [river] half a mile

we took coffey moovd after the Boat started down. the coal Bank is on the east side of wabash. we went through a small Prairie, crosst the river to the west side went in on the head of a barr and came out on the lower end of another on the west side went through a small Prairie then came to big Prairie where the oald vermilion town was. we crosst the wabash half a mile above the mouth of vermilian river Before we came to the above town crosst vermilian river took a south course throug a Prairie with a good spring and an oald indian hutt then through a beautifull timbered ground to a small creek and stopt to let our horses graze then went through good land with a ridg on our right out of which came four springs and for two miles nothing But large sugar and walnut. The hill and the river came close together. we found a good coal Bank 14 miles below vermilian. we then crosst to the east side went 3 miles and campd with the Boat, after coming 20 m and finding two Bee trees left them.

Monday the 7th we mooved earley three miles and crosst Raccoon Creek to the Purchase line thence 15 miles to the grarrison [garrison]. found Capt heath's men Dismisst and him sick and Capt Berry at home to. our company which lay on the River above the garrison. The men on the Last Rout Draw Corn which caused murmuring. Some men wants to go home.

tuesday 8th I staid in camp we ware Parrade at twelve treated by Lt. mcmahan and mustered and had a sham fight. Dismisst in order Drawd whisky for the time we had been out the men all throwd in their hats and wrestled. Some men was sent to the Cornfield to Pull Corn.

Wednesday the 9th I staid in Camp Cut out a gun and went to shooting. a Lt. and 20 men was ordered to Scout. we covered our camp with grass it Rained hard at two the Scouting Party came in took Dinner went out again it Rained again hard at sunset.

thursday 10th we had a wet night. I cut out a gun and went over the river and got Powder. a seargeant and ten men was sent out to scout along the lines. we were alarmed at 8 by the centinel being shot and badly wounded we were ordered to arms. An officer was sent from our Part of the Camp to know the alarm. general orders was for all to git their horses. a guard was to

bee left at our Camp. I was set out post till the horses was found. we then left our camp and joined the line. Stood to arms all night till Brake of Day.

friday 11. mounted and went to the Prairie in Company with the light horse to look for indians. we took up the river crosst a creek went through a Prairie then crosst the same creek again let our horses feed half an hour and after traveling 15 miles came to camp at twelve then Drawd flour whisky and Pickled Pork got breckfast at four in the evening 5 of the Delaware indians came and took protection. Very high wind a tree fell close to camp while Riting and a gun heard at the general Camp also the Drum beat. a strong guard set out.

Saturday 12th we were parded [paraded] at day Brake went to the Prairie a seargeant and to men was sent to stay. I was one. we could find no sine came to the camp in our rout we found too of the Delaware chiefs they had Came to Camp the day Before to join us we brought them to Camp one spoke good English Plaid Cards with our men and informed that thirty of his young men was comeing to join us. I cut a gun and went to shooting.

Sunday the 13 fine day. I stocked a gun at dark we heard a gun fire at the general Camp but a thing so often Repeated could not alarm us anymore. yesterday we drawd corn Beef whisky and flour soap and candles today salt also this day the governor sends for more men.

Monday the 14 a cloudy day I cut a gun and we moovd to the general Camp I helped make Boards to cover our Camp. In the Evening three companies six men each was to go out and ly all night by three roads to kill indians should they Come I went we sat all night none came we heard a gun it rained two showers in the night.

tuesday the 15 we returned to Camp at day the Companies of horse and our company had gone to the Prairie to muster. the Day cloudy all the spies came in nothing seen I went with another man down to tare holt to look for indians. we had whisky. Stopt at tare holt found no indians went down to drink. it rained some of the indians got drunk we staid 2 hours. Lost our horses found them a mile down the river then went to Drink Lost two horses again found them half a mile

off went 2 miles through the Prairie to an oald villag thence one mile to another village and cornfield then Returned to Camp was alarmed at the fire of a gun at 11 o'clock was ordered to lie with our guns in hand the wind blew hard it Began to Rain at 12 we had to git up and cover our Camp one of our men Deserted today while I was out.

Wednesday the 16th Could cloudy and windy was mustered as usual. I was sent with 2 men to spy saw no sign came in. I staid in Camp was put under guard By mistake took to the governor set at Liberty and the Right man got. Dragoons sent after three men that Deserted last night.

thursday 17—a hard frost but a fine day we musterd as usual. I then cut out a gun at 3 in the evening an ensign and three men went to hunt Capt heath's horses. I was one. We went 8 miles most of the way Prairie land a south course and campd on the Bed of a large Dry creek.

Friday 18th—a cloudy and windy day we left Camp early and went to hunt one of our [horses?] we killed a Deer we came to the army at 2 found the men that had been sent to let the horses graze had Lost 4 men sent to hunt them this morning. a number of the Wea indians came to Camp I cut a gun.

Saturday the 19—Musterd as usual. Come to Camp Drawd Beef, Salt, whisky and flour then was Paraded while the governor informed us that our ration was reduced to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of flour [?] of the contractor failing. He also told us that we should have to fight the indians. it Began to Rain. we ware Dismisst it Rained hard till sunset. our men that went out to hunt the lost horses came in had not found them. I turned out my mare this morning went to hunt her killed a turkey it stopt Raining and Began to Snow and Blow hard our Camps smoked it was the Disagreeablest night I ever saw the men that went to the corn field Lost Capt Spencer's mare.

Sunday 20th a very cold cloudy day the ground Covered with Snow we Did not muster as usual. Capt Spencer's mare came to camp an Ensign and thirteen men went to hunt the horses that were lost on the 18th we went through the Prairie. Came to an indian Camp then we parted into three Companies and our Company went up to the Creek 4 miles and camped at an

oald indian Camp this morning our Capt and Seargeant quarrelled but soon Dropt. this night verry cold.

monday 21st the morning clier and cold six of us went to hunt two of our men and an indian killed a deer I wounded a deer we supt last night on a bit of bread about as big as a man's two fingers and this morning on vennison without bread we then went to hunt the horses. Came to where 50 indians was campd. Lost one of our men. Came to Camp found our hunters had killed two Deer and our 2d Lieutenant Resigned and gone home.

tuesday the 22d a fine day I went to work on the garrison till 12 I then went to let my mare graze when an alarm came 20 men was ordered to march in 5 minutes. we found it a false Report we Returned held an Election for 2d Lieut and Ensign.

wednesday the 23d a cold windy and cloudy day. I went out with 7 men to hunt the horses Lost on the 18th we found three horses belonging to the military officers. I Rode one of them we parted into 4 companies the man with me killed a turkey. Came to the Camp at dark found the indians had brought in the horses and one of our men killed a deer.

thursday 24th a verry cold morning and mustered as usual. I staid in camp washed my cloths for the first time. went to shooting this morning a Seargeant and eight men was sent with the spies and men sent to the corn field to Pull corn. 10 indians seen to day and in the evening a man drumed out of camp with his head Shaved and Powdered while Looking at that Capt Spencer's tent burnt general orders read to march on the 27th Instant.

friday the 25 a Cold morning we mustered as usuel. I staid in camp cut out three guns a Seargeant and six men went out with the spies on the west side of the wabash the men that went out yesterday came in had killed two Deer and two Raccoons but seen no sine. 6 men run away and 6 men Came to Camp to Day.

Saturday the 26 mustered as usuel marched one mile up the River then Came to Camp and left our horses went out and had a sham fight. I cut a gun the men that went out yesterday Came in seed no sine had killed 2 deer. the men killed an owl and had much sport tonight.

Sunday the 27 a fine clear warm day mustered as usual marched up the Prairie then into the woods had a sham battle thence to Camp. I staid in Camp the men went to the Prairie to Run their horses the garrison Christened and Extra whisky issued.

Monday the 28 a fine day mustered as usual found the Prairie burnt over with fire. Came to Camp. Cut out a gun and went to the talk with the Indians then came to my tent was ordered to parade the Company for to see a man whipt. We was drawd in a hollo square, three guns got up the man brought in ordered to [be] stript then pardoned. We came to Camp Re d [received] money for back ration this day came up [on] Maj Rob with a Company of mounted Riflemen and three boats and two Perodues [pirogues] with Corn flour and arms and ammunition. the above talk was with the miami Chiefs. orders to march tomorrow. this day I got one gallon of whisky.

tuesday 29 we mustered as usual. Came to Camp was ordered to march in 30 minutes 20 men Commanded by Capt. Berry went to guard the Boats that Carried our Provision and a Seargeant with 8 men to guard the gov'r. we mooved to the Prairie stopt till the Baggage all Came up. I sent Back for whisky we then mooved off with the whole army Consisting of about 640 foot 270 mounted men 19 wagons and one Cart. Passt one Creek and Camped after 5 miles on the same Creek where we Camped on the 4th Inst. maid us moove Close to the army one horse killed and a wagon Broke by falling a tree a gueard set out of our Company.

wednesday the 30 it Began to Rain at 4 in the morning. Raind till Day Brake then quit it was a Cold Cloudy and windy Day. our Company in front of the Road broke in four Lines we marched 8 miles and campd at a Spring which I saw on the 5 instant which is my choice of the western Country it Being near a small prairie with good timber and First Rate land 2 miles Below the line [of the "purchase," and on the Wabash river, about 17 miles above where Terre Haute now stands] and 13 above fort harrison.

thursday the 31st we mooved earley too of the oxen missing three of our men sent to hunt them we Crosst Raccoon Creek saw our men that went to guard the Boats on the 29th they

Left us we Came to the River where we Campd on our Return from vermillian on the night of the 6 thence up to the ford. Saw our above mentioned boat guard crossing the River we halted till the army came up then Rode the river which was very Deep and then Campd our Boat guard and the men that went to hunt the oxen Came up when we left the guards we took a north Cours up the East side of the Wabash and Crosst to the west with orders to kill all the Indians we saw. fine news. The governor's wagon Beeing left this morning in consiquens of the oxen being lost Came up and all the army crosst in 3 hours We Drawd Corn.

Friday the first of November. I was sent with 18 men to Look for a way for the army to Cross the Littell vermillian marched at Day Brake came to Creek found and marked the road. waited till the army came up went on and campd on the River 2 miles Below the Big vermillian. Capt. Spencer myself and 3 others went up the Big vermillian. Returned to camp genl [general] Wells with 40 men had came up and Capt Berry with 9 men had came up. our company marchd in front today as usuel which now consisted of 87 men in Consequence of Capt Lindley Been attached to it.

Saturday the 2d a fine day Capt Spencer with ten men went out on a Scout. our Company not Parading as usuel the governor threatened to brake[?] the officers. I staid in Camp the army staid here to build a block house on the Bank of the wabash 3 miles Below vermillian in a small Prairie the house 25 feet square and a breast work from each corner next the River down to the water. Took horses and Drawd Brush over the Prairie to Break Down the weeds. this Evening a man Come from the garrison said last night his boat was fired on one man that was asleep killed Dead. three boats Came up and unloaded went back took a sick man with them. One of Capt Robs men died tonight Capt Spencer Came in Late tonight.

Sunday the 3d. a Cloudy day we moved Earley our Company marched on the Right wing today. Crosst the Big vermillian through a Prairie six miles 3 miles through timber then through a wet Prairie with groves of timber in it. after 18 miles camped in Rich grove of timber in the Prairie. Capt Spencer verry sick today at 10 oclock tonight the aid Came to

Camp ordered a subbaton [subaltern?] and ten men to Parad at the governors tent at 4 in the morning. I was ordered out my Company made up. a gun fired while I am riting at Eleven oclock.

monday the 4 I went out with my scouts. Joined by Capt Prince went 18 miles through a Prairie. Came to Pine Creek a fine Large Creek then turned Back the Day Beeing Cold Cloudy and windy. Began to rain at 11. we stopt to make fire But the armye Came and we had to Leave it. we crosst Pine Creek and Campd two guns fired at 8. Continued rain at intervilles. I had one quart of whisky yesterday and one to Day of the Contractors.

tuesday the 5 Cloudy day we mooved earley a Lieutenant and 5 men sent to Scout. Came to the armye no sine seed we went 6 miles through timber then Prairie with groves of timber and a number of small lakes in it—an alarm made. I was sent out with 17 men to scout seed nothing a deer and a wolf killed in the line. camped on a Small Branch after 18 miles. the guns fired last night wounded a horse.

wednesday the 6 a verry Cold day. we mooved earley a scout sent out they Came back had seed indian sines. we marched as usuel till 12 our spies caught four horses and seed some indians. found we were near the Celebrated Prophets town. Stopt in a prairie the foot throwd all their napsacks in the waggons. we formed in order for Battle—marched 2 miles then formed the line of Battle we marched in 5 lines on the extrem Right. went into a Cornfield then up to the above town and surrounded it they met us Pled for Peace they said they would give us satisfaction in the morning. All the time we ware there they [were] hallowing. This town is on the west side of wabash [blank] miles above Vincinnis on the Second Bank neat built about 2 hundred yards from the river. This is the main town, but it is scattering a mile long all the way a fine Cornfield. after the above moovement we mooved one mile further up. Campd in timber between a Creek and Prairie after Crossing a fine Creek and marching 11[?] miles.

Thursday the 7 agreeable to their promise[?] Last night we ware awakened by the firing of guns and the Shawnies Braking into our tents a blood[y] Combat Took Place at Precisely 15

minutes before 5 in the morning which lasted two hours and 20 minutes of a continewel firing while many times mixed among the Indians so that we Could not tell the indians and our men apart. they kept up a firing on three sides of us took our tent from the gueard fire. our men fought Brave and By the timely help of Capt Cook with a Company of infantry we maid a Charge and Drove them out of the timber across the prairie. our Losst in killed and wounded was 179 and theires graiter than ours. among the dead was our Capt Spier Spencer and first Lieutenant mcmahan and Capt Berry that had Been attached to our company and 5 more killed Dead and 15 wounded. after the indians gave ground we Burried our Dead. Among the Kentuckians was killed mayj Davis [Daviness] badly wounded and a number of others in all killed and wounded was 179 but no company suffered like ours. we then held an Election for officers. I was elected Capt. Saml Flanagan first Lieut and Jacob Zenor second Lieut and Philip Bell Ensign. we then built Breast-works our men in much Confusion, our flower [flour] been too small and our beeve last. Last night onley half Rations of whisky and no corn for our horses. my horse killed I got mcmahons to Ride 37 of them had Been killed wounded and lost last night. I had one quart of whisky.

friday the 8th a cloudy Day and Last night was also wet and Cold. we Lay all night at our Breastwork without fire in the morning Spies sent out found the indians had left their town. the horsemen was all sent to burn their town. We went and found grait Deal of Corn and Some Dead indians in the houses. loaded 6 waggons with Corn and Burnt what was Estimated at 2 thousand Bushels and 9 of our men Died last night.

Saturday the 9 a cold cloudy day we maid all things Ready to march got all our wounded in the waggons. mooved at one movd 8 m [miles] and Campd. Caught some indian horses. today one man Died. Some indians said to Bee Seen my men and some dragoons was sent out we Caught 4 horses more Belonging to the indians all my men that had Lost their horses Except myself was sent to march with the militia. yesterday we drewed one half Pound of Beef 4-3 [$\frac{3}{4}$?] of a Pound of flour to last us 5 Days.

Sunday the 10. a Cold Cloudy Day we mooved Earley trav-

ailing hard. one of my men had the ague and two more sick besides 14 that is wounded and yet living which gives me much trouble. we marchd 15 m. Stopt and maid Breast work marchd in front Boath Days.

Monday the 11 a Cold Cloudy Day we moved Earley 4 miles crosst Pine Creek where we had Camped on the 4 inst thence 22 miles and Camped in a grove of Timber in a Prairie where we had a camp on the 3 inst. lived today Chiefly on Parched Corn.

Tuesday the 12 a Clier cold night and this morning very cold we moved Early through wet Prairie all the water frozen over with ice which maid it very bad for our foot men. we stopt and maid a fire to warm thence mooved to the Block house Just as we arrived the boat came up with Provisions we Drawd beef, flour and whisky found two men here that had run off in time of the battle on the 7 instant. Boats cleard and Preparations maid for to Embark our sick in the morning. I drawd tents had my sick all laid in them went to the Doctor had all my wounds Dresst 2 men sick and fourteen wounded.

wednesday the 13 a fine warm day. we put as many of our sick on board as the boats would hold and then I sent two of my men to git the waggons the Drivers would not let them in. I went to the governor and he had them Put in and threatened to Put the Drivers under guard. we moved on. Crosst Littell vermillian. Came to the River at tow [two?] at the same place where we campd on the 31st of Last month. my Company Crosst first then the waggons Crosst we drawd them up the Bank the Boats Came Down Brought over our foot they then took in some of the worst wounded and mooved off at Dark.

thursday the 14 a very Cold Day I was sent on with my Company to search the ford of Raccoon Creek. we moved on Passt where we Campd on the 30th of Last month thence on Passt the Creek where we had Campd on the 29th of last month thence to the next Creek 3 miles and Camped 3 miles from the garrison. a man died yesterday and buried to Day.

friday the 15 a Cold Day. I had orders to go with my Company to the garrison. Could not find our horses till sunrise. the mounted men all left us we came to the garrison saluted it with a fire. got 8 Ears of Corn a piece for our horses. Drawd Provision. I had a gallon of whisky a seargeant and 4 men Left to gueard the governor. we moovd 8 miles and Campd at

honey Creek the gov. and my men Came up. I was Capt of the gueard tonight.

Saturday the 16th a very Cold Day my horse Lost my Company Did not march till after the army. my horse found. I went through the train [trail?] ten miles. Crosst a Creek thence through timbered Land 10 miles the horse and men went to the first house. got corn then went and campd on a fine Creek.

Sunday the 17 a very Cold Day. The governor Came to my Camp ordered me to take 10 men and go with him to Shaker-town to make out muster Rolls for to Dismiss my Company this day we arrived at 11. I got Ready mustered my Company at Sunset fired to [two] Rounds we then Campd. my Lieutenant and myself went to a house found the people kind Beyond expectation. Supt on Chicken, Butter and tea the first time I Dind in a house since the 18 of Septem. Returned to Camp Passt a fine night. I had one gallon of whisky.

Monday the 18th a verry Cold Day. we Drawd six Days Rations for all my men that went home from here. Staid till 11. the gov Returned thanks for our good conduct. I went 7 miles and put up at a house had with me my 2d Lieut and 3 men Supt on Pork, Butter and Honey. my horse lame.

tuesday the 19th: I had a good Breckfast before Day. a Cold Cloudy Day 2 of my men brought horses we moovd for vincinnis. I settled with the Quartermaster and maid out my muster Rolls. it Began to rain at 12. I had got to town found that 2 of my men that Came Down in the Boat had Died one on the 16th and the other on the 18th the Latter Beeing Geo Spencer my Peticuler friend. my other 2 men very Bad three men that Came Down to attend the sick informed me they had no Provisions. I immediately furnished them. the Evening Being Bad I staid in town had good Company. Partook of an indifferent Supper and Lay By the fire. my horse that I Rode gave up one of my wounded men gave me his to Rid[e] and I got a publick horse for him to Ride home.

Wednesday the 20 a very Cloudy Day I was busily Engaged setling with the Contractor till Late. he would not Pay me. I then went to the gov. I staid till after supper he wrote to the Contractor. I found him he told me to Call in the morning. I then went to my lodgn.

thursday 21st. a Cloudy day. I went to the Contractor, he paid me the money he was Due my Company. I then left town at Eleven one of my company sick we went 16 miles. Came to White River my sick man staid and one man with him. myself and four more went to the next house. Staid there got good Supper and our horses fed at a moderate Price.

friday the 22 a cold morning we staid till our two men Came up. Passt our Camp of the 15 at 7. we moved on and at 8 Passt where we Campd on the 16 of September. went on 18 miles at 1 Came to Drift river [west fork of White river] fed our horses and found one man who had gone on and walked. fed our horses and took Dinner at 2 went on at Sunset Crosst Lick Creek and at half Past 10 Came to the french lick. we had our horses fed at our sick mans brothers.

Saturday the 23d a Cloudy Day we moved early 10 miles and at 10 stopt took breckfast then went on. Crosst Patoka one of our men left behind yesterday. I found a militia man gave out walking and I walked and let him Ride my horse. Passed a bad falling [of timber?] Stopt to let our horses graze moved again Crosst Blue River at Sunset went one mile my Lt [Lieutenant] and sick man stopt myself and one man went one mile further and stopt our man that we had left Came up late at night.

Sunday the 24th a Cloudy and Rainy morning we mooved Earley Came to Corrydon at half past ten. I staid two hours and half took Breckfast mooved up to Coonrods found my Lt and sick man. Staid 2 hours had my horses fed got some whisky. met one of my neighbors. mooved again and at 2 oclock got safe Home after a Campaign of 74 days.

JOHN TIPTON.

NOTE—Appended to the journal is the following, written in Tipton's hand:

This Day Book Kept During the Campane in the year 1811 wherein his Excellency Governor Harrison was Commander in Chief and Col. J. B. Boyd of the 4th united States Riegement was Second in Command Everything herein Stated the Subscriber holds himself Ready to make appear to Bee fact from the best information could be Had as it was duly kept By himself.

A MILITARY CIRCULAR OF 1812.

[A copy of the following circular, issued by Governor Harrison a few months after the battle of Tippecanoe, was found a few years since among some papers of John B. Dillon. Mr. Dillon, in his history of Indiana, makes use of extracts from it, but does not publish it in full.—*Editor.*]

GENERAL ORDERS FOR THE MILITIA.

HEADQUARTERS, VINCENNES,

16th April, 1812.

As the late murders upon the frontiers of this and the neighboring Territories leave us little to hope of our being able to avoid a war with the neighboring tribes of Indians, the commander-in-chief directs that the colonels and other commandants of corps should take immediate measures to put their commands in the best possible state for active service. The field officers who command battalions will visit and critically inspect the several companies which compose them and make a report in detail of their situation, particularly noting the deficiencies in arms, ammunition and accoutrements, and such measures as the laws authorize must be immediately taken to remedy those deficiencies. The commander-in-chief informs the officers that the most prompt obedience and the most unremitting attention to their duty will be required of them—the situation of the country calls for exertion on the part of the militia, and the officers must set the example to their men. If there are amongst them any who have accepted appointments for the mere motive of gratifying their vanity by the possession of a commission to which a title is annexed, without having the ability or the inclination to encounter arduous service, in justice to their country and to their own fame they should now retire and not stand in the way of those who are more able or more willing to encounter the fatigue and dangers incident to actual service in the Indian war. From the specimen which the commander-in-chief has had of their conduct in the field he has every reason to be proud of them, nor does he believe that there are better militia officers to be found anywhere those of Indiana, but in a crisis like the present they should be *all good*.

The field officers are to see that proper places are appointed

for the rendezvous of the companies upon an alarm or the appearance of danger, and will give orders relatively to the mode of their proceeding in such exigencies as the situation of the companies respectively call for. When mischief is done by the Indians in any of the settlements, they must be pursued, and the officer nearest to the spot, if the number of men under his command is not inferior to the supposed number of the enemy, is to commence it as soon as he can collect his men. If his force should be too small he is to send for aid to the next officer to him, and in the meantime take a position capable of being defended, or watch the motions of the enemy, as circumstances require. The pursuit must be conducted with vigor, and the officer commanding will be held responsible for making every exertion in his power to overtake the enemy. Upon his return, whether successful or not, a particular account of his proceedings must be transmitted to the commander-in-chief and a copy of it to the colonel of the regiment.

The commander-in-chief recommends it to the citizens on the frontiers of Knox county, from the Wabash eastwardly across the two branches of the White river, those on the northwest of the Wabash and those in the Driftwood settlement in Harrison, to erect blockaded houses or picketed forts. It will depend upon the disposition of the Delawares whether measures of this kind will be necessary or not upon the frontiers of Clark, Jefferson, Dearborn, Franklin or Wayne. Means will be taken to ascertain this as soon as possible and the result communicated. The Indians who profess to be friendly have been warned to keep clear of the settlements, and the commander-in-chief is far from wishing that the citizens should run any risk by admitting any Indians to come amongst them whose designs are in the least equivocal. He recommends, however, to those settlements which the Delawares have frequented as much forbearance as possible towards that tribe, because they have ever performed with punctuality and good faith their engagements with the United States, and as yet there is not the least reason to doubt their fidelity. It is also certain that if they should be forced to join the other tribes in war, from their intimate knowledge of the settlements upon the frontiers they would be enabled to do more mischief than any other tribe.

By the commander-in-chief.

A. HURST, *Aid-de-camp.*

EARLY INDIANAPOLIS.

THE FLETCHER PAPERS—THIRD INSTALMENT.

The First Lawyer in Indianapolis—Brief Sketches of Some Forgotten Men; Obed Foote, Judge W. W. Wick, and Harvey Gregg—An Anecdote of Hiram Brown.

From the Indianapolis News of May 17, 1879.

Mr. Nowland, Mr. Ignatius Brown and Mr. Holloway credit Calvin Fletcher with being the first lawyer in town. I had thought that this was the fact until recently when I examined my father's journal and letters. In a letter written to a lady friend in Virginia he says: "You may wish to have me make some remarks respecting my professional prospects. We have two attorneys here besides myself—one was here when I came and one has come since." Who this first one was I have no means of knowing to a certainty. The first three who were admitted in the first circuit court, held on September 26, 1822, appear on the record as "Calvin Fletcher, Hiram M. Curry and Obed Foote." If any one preceded my father I am inclined to think it must have been Curry.

Obed Foote was one of the most remarkable characters that early settled in Indianapolis. Although a man of kindly heart, he let the gruff side of his nature appear uppermost. That he was a kindly man I know, because he was kindly to children; but for conceited men or men of shams he had no consideration whatever. He blurted out just what he thought of ignoramuses or asses, and he was not merely a man of words—he was ready to give satisfaction physically. Yet he proved himself a just man, with clear ideas of law, occupying as he did until the day of his death (in 1833) the place of the principal justice in Indianapolis.

News of May 24.

Judge W. W. Wick came to Indianapolis from Whitewater. He had a singular combination in his character. When a young man he had a fine presence. He was at times dignified, and then

again he seemed to care nothing for personal dignity and was, if anything, too familiar. He was eloquent as a lawyer, and yet he sometimes mingled the sublime and the ridiculous in the most preposterous manner. It was said of him that he had in an extraordinary degree the gifts of wisdom and unwisdom, but so curiously mixed them that one often neutralized the other. He was acceptable as a presiding officer, but finally returned to the bar. He entered politics and was representative in Congress from the fifth district, but it can not be said that he was successful as a politician.

Harvey Gregg came to Indianapolis in December, 1821. He would have been a marked character in any community. A Kentuckian by birth, he had the greatest admiration for English people—for their thoroughness, system and education. He had traveled extensively in Mexico and Central America, and I recall with the greatest pleasure a day spent at my father's house in which he narrated to us his adventures among the mountains and volcanoes of the tropics. He was full of fun and practical jokes, and many are the anecdotes which a few of our older citizens preserve of him. He was a studious man, and I remember how my child-eyes were filled with astonishment at his library of beautifully-bound books. He had, perhaps, more dry humor and prankishness than any other man of his time in Indianapolis. As he would saunter from his office down Washington street he generally wore a large white, old-fashioned castor hat, and his coat was a long frock reaching below his knees—a fashion introduced by Charles X of France, who was bow-legged. He always went humming or singing. If he saw movers passing westward he was sure to hail them, and if, as he judged from the skeleton horses and the ramshackle vehicle, with wheels tied up with hickory withes, they were from North Carolina, he would begin drawlingly: "Carliner?" "Ya-as," the person questioned would reply, astonished that anybody should know him. The astonishment would give way to a friendly smile as Gregg continued in the "Carliner" tone: "Come from Beard's Hatter Shop, or the three fish traps, or by Dobson's cross roads?" By this time Carliner reckoned that Gregg was from "them parts,"

and felt sure of it when Gregg asked if they had come "through the crab orchard." Gregg had never been in North Carolina.

I remember in 1831, when I was eight years of age, I printed with pen and ink Mr. Gregg's name and asked my father to give it to him to paste in his big white hat. About ten days after, to my great surprise, I received from Charles I. Hand, our chief hatter, a castor for me exactly in style as that worn by Mr. Gregg, and accompanying this hat were several foolscap sheets on which were written all the chapters and verses containing the paragraphs [?] of the Bible. These foolscap lessons were to train my memory. He could tell by heart where each paragraph was. With all his waggishness he had a very serious side to his nature. My father said that often when sleeping in the same room with him when on the circuit he would be aroused in the small hours of the night by Gregg speaking to him: "Wake up, Fletcher; wake up! How you sleep! I can not; I have been thinking of the awfulness of eternity." On one occasion, at Danville, he awoke my father at midnight, saying: "Fletcher, I can not sleep, my daughter is dying at Indianapolis." He aroused the landlord, mounted his horse and rode to Indianapolis to find his daughter, a most sweet and attractive child, just dead. On March 23, 1833, he was taken seriously ill at Franklin, but insisted upon going to Indianapolis. The disease affected the head, and after a few days of intense suffering he passed away, on the 3d of April, in a state of unconsciousness, and was two days afterwards buried by the side of his beloved daughter, in out-lot No. 4, on Walnut street, known to old citizens as the Frazer property. [Gregg was one of the founders of the "Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide," the second paper in Indianapolis.]

News of August 25.

I often heard my father narrate a circumstance which occurred in the early days of circuit riding. Judge Wick, William Quarles, Hiram Brown and my father, when riding to court to be held at Danville, had reached the last cabin on the road at a late hour in the afternoon. Heavy clouds threatened rain; the air was cold and raw; the road a mere path through the dense beech woods. Wick and Quarles proposed to stay at the house, but Mr.

Brown and my father, by way of trying Quarles, who had disgusted them with his boastings, dashed on, and the others followed, Quarles with muttered curses. Night rapidly overtook them, a cold rain saturated everything, and in the Egyptian blackness of the forest they became hopelessly lost. Quarles, after exhausting his supply of oaths, became silent through sheer inability to do anything like justice to the subject. All secured their horses and prepared to bivouack for the night. Brown, who had no blanket, found Quarles' upon the ground and seized upon it. Missing his blanket, Quarles charged first my father and then Wick with the abstraction, and then attacked Brown, who, aroused with some difficulty from a deep and sudden slumber, calmly admitted the possession of a blanket found by him in the wilderness without an owner, and until a claimant appeared with a better title than himself—which, in the absence of all light on the subject could not possibly happen before morning—he certainly should keep and enjoy the good the gods had provided. Judge Wick and my father gravely assented to Brown's right in the matter, to the intense wrath of Quarles, who bitterly denounced the whole company as a pack of blank thieves, and threatened the most grievous consequences to Brown if the blanket was not at once turned over. One of the party now professed to be convinced of Quarles' rights and urged him to immediate and vigorous measures. Throughout the oaths and threats of Quarles could be heard the bland sentences of Brown: "Colonel Quarles, self-preservation is the first law of nature. A wife and small children depend upon me for support while you are a bachelor and no one cares whether you live or die. My death would be a loss to the community while yours would be unnoticed or, perhaps, regarded as a benefit," etc. This was kept up until consciousness left all the party except Quarles, who sat all night, wet and wretched, at the foot of a tree.

[Here ends our reprint of this series. For the fuller text the reader is referred to the *Indianapolis News*. Dates complete are given in this magazine, Vol. II, No. 1, p. 29.]

THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF INDIANA.

FROM PAPERS OF D. D. BANTA—FOURTH INSTALMENT.

"Barring Out"; The Tables Turned on the Autocrat of the Rod—Instances of a Rude Custom Once General.

Among the school customs of early days which have entirely disappeared was that described as "turning out" or "barring out" the teacher—a sport that was never indulged in in Indiana at any other than Christmas time.

The ostensible object in barring out a teacher was to compel him to treat his school. It was a sort of legalized rebellion of the scholars against the master's authority, accompanied by a forced levy with which to purchase the particular article that was to compose the treat, or else to furnish the treat outright himself. Usually the deposed monarch furnished the money and the rebels bought the treat."

The "treat" here in Indiana, as far as I have seen, always consisted of something to eat or drink. In western Pennsylvania, according to Breckinridge's "Recollections of the West," the object was to compel a vacation. In all cases the barring out was made the occasion of more or less revelry and disorder. According to a statement made in the "Life of Thomas Jefferson Fisher," a Kentucky preacher, barring out was observed "on the first holiday that came, or at the end of the session." I find no evidence of its observance in this State at the end of the session, although some teachers were in the habit of making presents to their scholars at that time. Such presents were always voluntarily made, however, and as far as my observations went, always consisted of something else than articles of food or drink.

I find but two instances recorded of the use of whisky in this State with which to treat the school. One of these was in a school in Jefferson county, and the other in Morgan. The episode in the last-named county is reported to have occurred at Christ-

mas of the cold winter of 1825-'26. When the teacher reached the schoolhouse on that extraordinarily cold morning he found the door barred and all the big boys inside. Of course the pedagogue wanted in, but the boys declared that it would take a "treat" to open the door that morning. Accordingly, Mr. Conduitt, the teacher, went to the nearest "grocery" and purchased about a gallon of whisky, with which he returned and again applied for admittance. The door was at once unbarred and the man with the jug admitted, whereupon a season of "high jinks" followed. The master dealt out the liquor liberally, it would seem, for some of the boys, becoming "too full for utterance," had to be "sent home in disgrace." One of these boys, it is recorded, "went home swaggering, happy as a lark, loaded to the muzzle with a ceaseless fire of talk, but his father quietly took down the big gad and gave the boy a dressing that he remembers to the present."

The following account of a "turning out" will prove of interest in this connection. It occurred in Nashville, in this State. "The custom," says the historian, "was so universal that the scholars demanded their right to it, and were upheld by their parents. Christmas came, and Mr. Gould was informed that he must treat. The scholars refused to come to order when called and the teacher refused to treat. After a short time the larger boys forcibly captured the teacher, bound him hand and foot, and carried him down to Greasy creek to be severely ducked in cold water unless he surrendered and treated. Several men of the town accompanied this novel expedition. The stubborn teacher was carried out into the stream by the larger boys, who took off their shoes and rolled up their pants and waded out. A parley was held, but the teacher was obstinate and was on the point of being unceremoniously baptised, when W. S. Roberts interceded, and after some sharp words, pro and con, secured from the teacher the promise to treat on candy and apples. He was then released, and the cavalcade marched up to the store, where all were given a taste of the above-named delicacies.

Stubborn teachers did not always come out as well as did this Brown county man. The school boys of a certain district in Posey county, having determined to compel their teacher to treat, "upon his refusal he was promptly sat upon by the boys, who

soon overcame him and carried him down to the creek and broke the ice. The alternative was once more given him, but he was stubborn and held out. Without ceremony he was plunged beneath the icy water, and, yet holding out, his tormenters placed chunks of ice on his bare bosom, and but for the arrival of outsiders who rescued him, serious consequences would doubtless have been the result." It is more than probable in this case that the victim had been a hard master, and his pupils took advantage of their opportunity to get revenge. Jacob Powers, a Hancock county teacher, fared worse. He had recently had a tooth extracted, and, despite his warning as to the risk, was plunged in the cold waters of a creek. The result was lock-jaw, from which he died.

While the teachers, as a general rule, resisted the demand to their uttermost, there were others, however, who fell in with the humor of the occasion and found as much fun in it as the boys themselves. Indeed, if the teacher resisted in good earnest, even to the point of being ducked in the ice-cold water, he was, nevertheless, "expected to forgive his enemies," and I do not remember to have come across an instance of a teacher ever being accused of subsequently holding malice against any one who had wronged him in a Christmas frolic.

It must be said that those teachers who looked on the bright side of the custom, and gave in after a brief show of resistance, usually came out the best. On one occasion the big boys of one William Surface's school barred the school door against him. On reaching the schoolhouse he was, of course, refused entrance except on the usual condition. But the teacher declined answering their oral demands, because he said, "some dispute might arise as to what was said." If they had terms to propose they must present them in writing. This seemed reasonable, and so the boys put their demand on paper, which, together with pen and ink, was handed to the diplomat on the outside. Beneath the boys' scrawl he wrote, "I except to the above proposition—William Surface," and passed the writing back. The boys were satisfied, and at once opened the door. "You had better read with care what I have written," said the master to the scholars, when safe within. "It is one thing to accept a proposition and quite another to except to it." The boys, now crestfallen, ac-

knownedged their mistake, but the teacher, after "improving the occasion by warning them against the evil of carelessness in the business transactions of life," generously treated, and was thereafter loved better than ever before.

A teacher by the name of Groves, who taught in a district close up to the Marion county line, found himself barred out one Christmas morning. Living in "the schoolmaster's cabin" hard by, he called in his wife to assist him. The weather was extremely cold, and it occurred to him that if he could drown out the fire he could freeze out the rebellion, and so, ascending the roof to the top of the chimney, his wife handed up buckets of water, which he poured down on the school fire. But it was all in vain. The boys, raking the coals out upon the broad hearth, defied him. His next thought was to smoke them out, and to that end he laid boards over the chimney top. But the boys had thought of that and provided themselves with a long pole with which to remove the boards. Not to be outdone, Groves replaced the boards over the chimney and calling upon his wife, who seems to have entered with spirit into all his plans, she gallantly mounted to the comb of the roof and took her seat on the boards to hold them down while her husband stationed himself at the door below. But the boys tried the pole again, and with such vigor that they overthrew the master's dame, who, at the risk of her life and limb, came tumbling to the ground. Picking herself up, she retired to her own domicile, leaving her lord to fight the battle out as best he could. As the girls and smaller children arrived he sent them to his own cabin, where his wife agreed to keep watch and ward over them. One by one the garrison became captive to the vigilant master, who stood guard at the door, and was sent to the other house. By the time for dismissing in the afternoon every rebellious boy had been taken in and the school was in full blast in the master's cabin.

[End of series. For guide to full text see Vol. II, No. 1, p. 41.]

GENERAL LAFAYETTE IN INDIANA.

[From Paper by Capt. L. C. Baird, prepared for the Clark County Historical Society.]

[Lafayette's visit to America in 1824-'25 was a series of ovations in which the cities of the nation along the route of his tour vied with each other in doing honor to the patriot. His trip westward by the Ohio river brought the southern border of Indiana within his circuit. Some months before this western trip the Indiana legislature, in anticipation, passed elaborate resolutions expressive of cordiality and hospitality, and on his arrival at Louisville, in May, 1825, a committee waited upon him with official congratulations and an invitation to Indiana soil. The distinguished visitor accepted the proffered hospitality and the next day, May 11, he was a guest at Jeffersonville. Captain Baird's paper in its entirety is too long for our limited space, but so much of it as deals directly with the reception we here print.—*Editor.*]

AT 11 o'clock A. M. on Thursday the committee (Messrs. Farnham, Gwathmey, Merriwether, Beach and Burnett) waited upon General Lafayette on board the steamboat General Pike, to which he was escorted by the Committee of Arrangements and Marshals of Louisville and Jefferson county. The General was greeted on the Indiana shore by a salute of thrice twenty-four guns, discharged from three pieces of artillery, stationed on the river bank beside three flagstaffs, each seventy feet in height, bearing flags with appropriate mottos. He was received by General Marston G. Clark, of Jeffersonville, and General John Carr, of Charlestown, Marshal of the Day, and escorted by a detachment of three artillery companies, commanded by Captains Lemon, Melford and Booth, to the pleasant mansion house of the late Governor Posey on the west corner of Front and Fort streets overlooking the river and the city of Louisville beyond. His progress down Front street from the place of debarkation near the present Ferry landing was a spectacle the like of which the city had never seen before. Officials, both State and local, together with many other men of State and national renown from our sister commonwealths, vied with the vast concourse of the "common people" to add to the generous expression of gratitude and esteem for the guest of honor.

Besides the many visitors from throughout the State, the people from the surrounding country had made this a holiday that all might be given an opportunity to participate in the reception. In addition to the three artillery companies and Captain Parker's infantry company from Charlestown, there were other military organizations present, but the absence of any records concerning the Indiana militia at this period of our history, and in fact for many years afterward, makes it impossible to discover who they were or whence they came.

The guest was met at the Posey mansion by his excellency, Governor James B. Ray, who delivered an address of welcome, and to this he made a brief and fitting response. These speeches were exchanged out of doors, and while the General was still speaking the long-threatened rain began to fall, and his remarks had to be finished while standing under the shelter of an umbrella proudly held by Mr. Charles Applegate, one of the older citizens present.

The General was then conducted to chambers, provided with refreshments, and presented to a numerous company of ladies assembled to welcome him and to several hundreds of citizens, including a few venerable relics of the "times that tried men's souls."

Among the old residents of the city who were presented at the reception was Solomon Burritt. He lived and died in the small brick house on lower Market street about opposite the end of Clark street. During the war of the Revolution he served under Lafayette, and when it came Burritt's time to be presented to his old commanding officer, they fell into each other's arms and kissed and shed tears of joy and comradeship.

One incident occurred during the reception that served to relieve the proceedings of any stiffness which might have appeared. Captain John C. Parker, of Charlestown, had brought his militia company down to Jeffersonville to form part of the large military escort. During the presentation he took several of his men up to be introduced. One strapping young militiaman stepped forward to shake the General's hand and politely raised his hat, when out fell several large crackers which he had thoughtfully provided for a lunch. The General adroitly relieved him of his

embarrassment and mortification by congratulating him as a good soldier who carried his rations with him.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Lafayette was conducted to dinner under a military escort accompanied by a band of music. The table was handsomely prepared under an arbor, about 220 feet in length, well covered and ornamented throughout with the verdure and foliage of the forests, among which roses and other flowers were tastefully interwoven by the ladies of Jeffersonville. This table was set in the woods just above the Governor's house, about 100 feet above Fort street, and in constructing the arbor or covering, as was usual at that day on such occasions, the branches of the surrounding beech trees were used. Mr. Burdette C. Pile, later Mayor of Jeffersonville, then a young man and the owner of a fine yoke of oxen, used his ox rig in transporting the brush from the near woodlands to the scene of festivity, an incident which he was proud of relating to the day of his death.

At the head of the table was hung a transparent painting on which was inscribed, "Indiana welcomes Lafayette, the champion of liberty in both hemispheres," over which was a flag bearing the arms of the United States. At the foot of the table was a similar painting with the following inscription: "Indiana—in 1776 a wilderness; in 1825 a civilized community. Thanks to Lafayette and the soldiers of the Revolution." The company was honored by the presence of many distinguished gentlemen from Kentucky, Tennessee, and other States, among whom were, Governor Carroll and suite, Hon. C. A. Wickliffe, Judges Barry and Bledsoe, Attorney General Sharp, Colonel Anderson, the Honorable John Rowan, with the Committee of Arrangements of Louisville and Jefferson county, Major Wash, Mr. Neilson, etc.

The dinner was followed by a long list of toasts which continued until six o'clock, at which hour Lafayette left the table and was re-escorted to the General Pike. Here the committee of arrangements from Kentucky resumed the honor of their special attendance, in which they were joined by the Governor of Indiana and suite, the Marshals, and the Indiana committee of arrangements, who accompanied the guest to Louisville.

A FAMOUS CAMPAIGN SONG.

[For the now-forgotten music of this most famous of the old campaign songs of 1840 we are indebted to Messrs. Alva O. Reser and J. S. Bergen, of Lafayette. The former found a venerable inmate of the Soldiers' Home, near Lafayette, who remembered the air, and from his rendition of it the notes were secured and the song reproduced on a phonograph record. From this record the music was kindly re-written for this magazine by Professor Bergen. It is, perhaps, superfluous to explain that the "Tippecanoe" of the song was W. H. Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe battle, who in 1840 was the presidential candidate, and that "little Van" was the opposing candidate, Martin Van Buren. The "hard cider" campaign, unique in its character, was one of frolic and songs, and this song, with others, was roared by untold thousands of Whigs from one end of the country to the other.—*Editor.*]

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO.



What has caused this great com-mo-tion
 mo-tion, mo-tion, Our country through It
 is the ball a-roll-ing on, For Tip-pe-ca
 noe and Ty-ler too. Tip-pe-ca noe and
 Ty-ler too: And with them we'll beat
 lit-tle Van, Van, Van is a used up man;
 And with then we'll beat lit-tle Van.

Like the rushing of mighty waters, waters, waters,
 On it will go,
And in its course will clear the way
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van!
 Van is a used-up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van!

Don't you hear from every quarter, quarter, quarter,
 Good news and true—
That swift the ball is rolling on for
 Tippecanoe, etc.

Now you hear the Vanjacks whispering, whispering, whispering,
 Things look quite blue,
For all the world seems turning round for
 Tippecanoe, etc.

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
 Log cabins too;
'Twill only help to speed the ball for
 Tippecanoe, etc.

Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,
 Out he must go,
And in the chair we'll put the good old
 Tippecanoe, etc.

Who, then, shall we send to Congress, Congress, Congress?
 Who, tell me who?
Why, honest freemen, sound, true friends of
 Tippecanoe, etc.

And when they get there, I can tell you, tell you, tell you,
 What they will do—
They'll make good laws and have them sealed with
 Tippecanoe, etc.

INDIANA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

Published at Indianapolis, Indiana.

GEORGE S. COTTMAN, *Editor and Publisher.*

EDITORIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

An article on John D. Defrees in our last issue was there accredited to Mr. Berry Sulgrove as the author. This we inferred, and the inference was reasonable from the material in our possession, but it was an error. The article from which we drew, anonymously published at the time of Mr. Defrees' death, was written by Mr. Morris Ross, of the *Indianapolis News*. The date of Mr. Defrees' death, given as 1892, should have read 1882. This simply was a typographical error that escaped in the proof reading. Our attention is called, also, to a sentence in the article on "Early Newspapers" which seems to question the date of founding of the *Richmond Palladium*. We did not mean to discredit the claim that it was founded in 1831, but the claim that it was the oldest now existing in the State, barring the *Vincennes Sun*. Others claim dates earlier than 1831.

LAPORTE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. R. B. Oglesbee, of Laporte, Ind., writes:

"By the formation in January, 1906, of the *Laporte County Historical Society* there is one more to add to your list of local historical associations in this State. We are holding interesting monthly meetings and a good collection of local historical matter is being accumulated."

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

The above correspondent also supplies us with the names of several Revolutionary soldiers buried in Laporte county. These are: Hezekiah Smith, Door Village; Clark Burlingame, Door Village; Henry Van Dalsem, Kankakee township; Abijah Bigelow, Michigan City; Simon Wheeler, Law's cemetery, Cool Spring township.

We are in receipt of two anonymous communications, one, and probably both of which, come from the Lafayette Post of the D. A. R. These, covering the same ground, state that Nathaniel Richmond, father of Dr. John L. Richmond, one of the pioneer physicians of Indianapolis, is buried in a private family graveyard on his own farm at Pendleton, Ind. He was born in Taunton, Mass., in 1760; enlisted at the age of fifteen or sixteen, and served in the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers. He married Susannah Lambert. After the war he moved to Chesterfield, Mass., and later to Herkimer, N. Y., finally coming to the new State of Indiana, where he took up land at Pendleton. He died Sept. 1, 1829. His discharge from the army was signed by George Washington, 1783. Another son was Rev. Nathaniel Richmond, and a grandson was Dr. Corydon Richmond, surgeon from Indiana in the Civil war, who recently died at Kokomo, Ind., at the age of ninety-eight years.

LOCAL HISTORY CONTRIBUTIONS.

William Wells, Indian Captive.—In the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* for August 12, 1906, Frank Dildine tells the romantic story of William Wells who, taken captive by the Indians when a small boy, was reared among the Miamis. He and the famous Little Turtle grew up together as close friends; he married the sister of Little Turtle, and when the latter became chief he made his friend his trusted lieutenant in the warfare with the whites preceding Wayne's campaign. Before Wayne's incursion Wells went back to his people in Kentucky, parting amicably with his foster brethren, and he joined the expedition against them that resulted in their subjugation. After the treaty of Greenville he remained at Fort Wayne, resuming relations with his Indian family and their people. He was massacred by hostile Indians near Fort Dearborn, in 1812. A letter describing the affair, written by one of Wells' companions and but recently made public, is published in Mr. Dildine's article.

The Betrayal of Ensign Holmes.—The above writer in the same publication, date July 22, 1906, narrates another romance of Indian life—that of ensign Holmes, the young English officer in command of Fort Miami (where Fort Wayne stands) in 1763,

and who was decoyed to his death and his garrison captured through the agency of his Indian mistress. The story in its substance is not new, but Mr. Dildine dwells upon it more circumstantially than preceding historians, one of his sources of information being an aged resident of Fort Wayne, Mrs. Laura Suttenfield, who saw and talked to the Indian woman in the case, when the latter was very old. She disclaimed being a guilty party to the plot and implied that she had been avenged on the slayers of her lover.

HISTORICAL INTEREST IN WHITLEY COUNTY.

An intended notice of the historical interest manifested in Whitley county was crowded out of our last issue. This interest expresses itself in an annual "Old Settlers' Day" in which the county at large seems to participate. The occasion in 1905 drew together something like 6000 people, and while the meeting last summer (Aug. 16) was not so large, the county seat, Columbia City, was given over to it. One feature was the presence, as guests of honor, of the granddaughter and great-grandson of the famous Miami Indian, Little Turtle. The former, Mrs. Anthony Revarre, is now ninety-six years old, and she and her son Anthony Revarre, respectively named, in their own language, "Kil-so-quah" and "White Loon," belong to the few lingering representatives of an almost vanished race, and their neighbors of the succeeding race have done well to honor them. Kilsoquah, it is affirmed, is the last full-blood Miami Indian in the State, all others having a strain of Caucasian blood.

The interest in this direction among the Whitley county people was still more strikingly exemplified the past summer by a company of more than one hundred devoting a day and going in a body on an exploring expedition to establish, if possible, certain land marks, and verify certain traditions of Indian times in a region rich with Indian history. This, we understand, was in the interest of a history of Whitley county now in course of preparation. Space permitting, we would be glad to reprint the local account of this expedition, but we can only note and call attention to the very commendable spirit in Whitley county, which we trust will "grow by what it feeds upon."

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INDIANA JOURNAL—SECOND INSTALMENT.

1826—

- Bad roads and mails.—Jan. 3.
- Art: First portrait painter (R. Terrell).—March 27.
- Paper mill at Madison.—May 8.
- White river, navigability of.—May 15.
- Indians, treaty with "Thornton band."—June 5.
- Library movement.—June 12. (Also July 3).
- Roads and highways (series, beginning)—June 12.
- Abel C. Pepper, sketch of.—July 17.
- Canals (series, beginning)—Aug. 28.
- Emigration to Wabash county.—Oct. 2.
- Fire company, first.—Oct. 23.
- Bible society; annual report.—Nov. 20.
- Governor James B. Ray, inaugural speech.—Dec. 13.
- Temperance Society (ad.)—Dec. 17.
- Agent of State for Indianapolis, report of.—Dec. 20.

1829—

- State House, proposed location of (communication).—Jan. 21.
- Sunday mails.—Feb. 12.
- Nomenclature: Lafayette and Indian names of several streams.—March 5.
- Grape culture.—April 16.
- Indian lands, disposition of, etc.—April 16.
- Sabbath schools in Marion county.—May 14.
- "Message" to the "Indianapolis legislature."—May 21.
- Tract Society, report of.—May 21.
- Fourth of July, Sabbath school celebration and address by Jas. Morrison.—July 9.
- Sale of pews (ad.)—July 9.
- Astronomy: "Anti-Newtonian" system; lecture by John Richardson, endorsed by James B. Ray and W. W. Wick.—July 30.
- Female school; terms per quarter.—July 30.

Cumberland (National) Road; advertisement for proposals, with names of those who had not relinquished land.—Sept. 3. (Much discussion of this road about this time.)

Logansport, description of, and first newspaper.—Sept. 10.

Immigration to New Purchase (ed.)—Sept. 17.

Temperance Society.—Dec. 3. (Also Dec. 8.)

Tippecanoe Battleground, contemplated sale of.—Dec. 3.

1830—

Indian affairs; address by Milton Stapp.—Feb. 17.

Indian affairs; address by — Graham (Subject: Extending the laws of the State over the Indian tribes.)—Feb. 24.

"Indianapolis Legislature," oration by Samuel Merrill.—March 3.

"Indianapolis Legislature."—Feb. 17.

Bible Society, address before by Dr. Coe.—May 12.

Indians, removal of and cost to States.—July 7.

First menagerie, advertising the "kinkajou," etc.—July 21.

"Grand menagerie," with a "rompo."—Aug. 18.

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Immigration.—Sept. 8.

James B. Ray, communication from, with punctuation, etc., as it left the writer's hand; literary curiosity.—Sept. 22.

Tippecanoe Battleground, re-interring of dead.—Sept. 29. (Also Nov. 3.)

Indiana Historical Society.—Dec. 15. (Also Dec. 25.)

Sales of lots for a number of new towns advertised this year.

1831—

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Medical Society.—Jan. 26.

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Wild Man: good story.—Feb. 5.

"Indianapolis Legislature."—March 12.

James Noble, death of.—March 12. (Also March 19).

White River, navigation of.—March 26. (Arrival of steamboat, "General Hanna.")

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Noah Noble, circular announcing candidacy for Governor's office.—May 7.

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 Canal Bill, debate on.—Jan. 18.
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 Indian scare, call for Indiana company.—June 9.
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 Wabash, improvement of.—Sept. 8, Sept. 15, Sept. 22.
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1833—

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"Indianapolis Legislature."—Feb. 16.

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May 11.

Remarkable girl (medium.)—May 25.

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Wabash Canal.—July 13.

Thompson, R. W., 4th of July Oration.—July 20.

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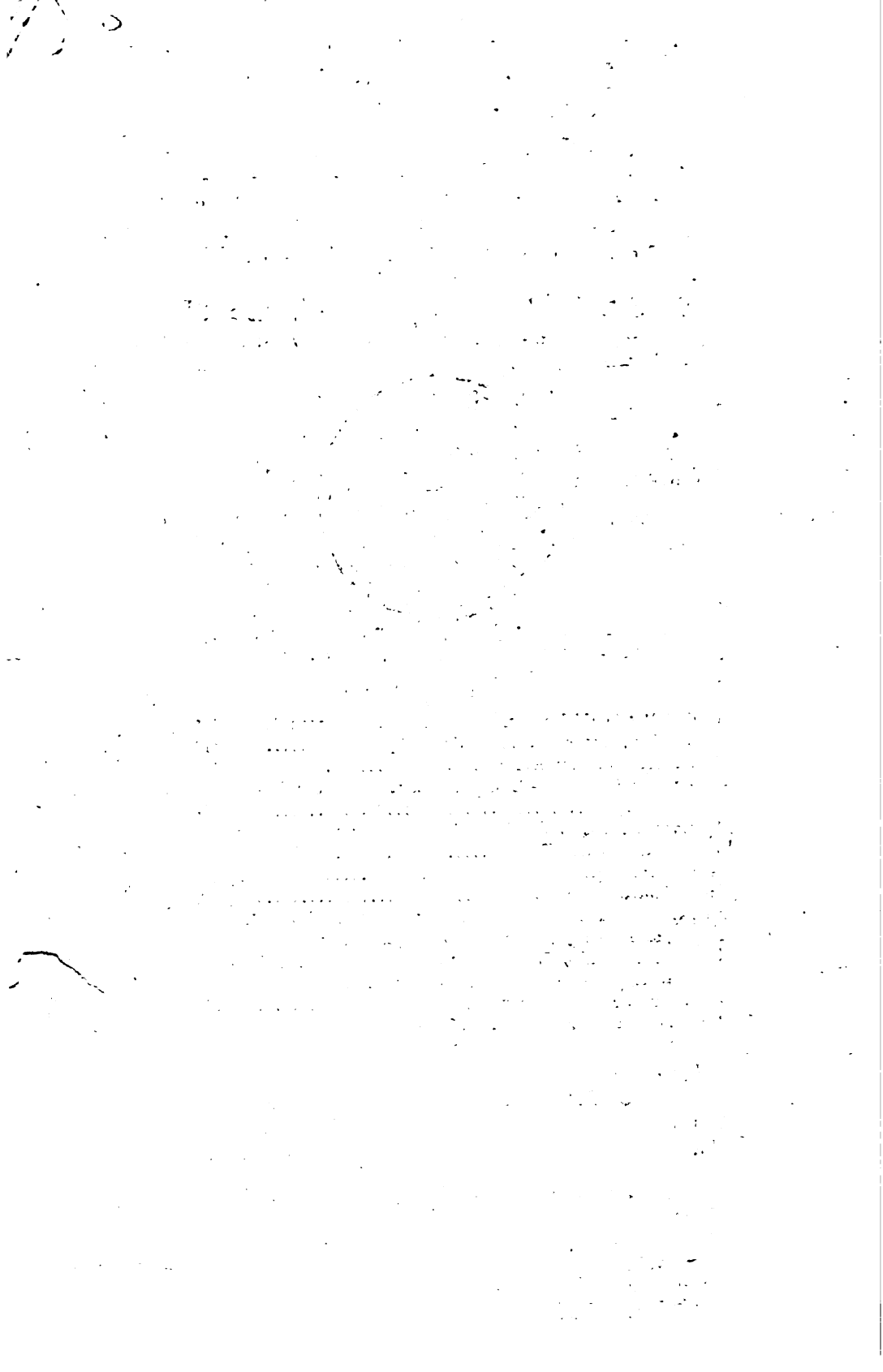
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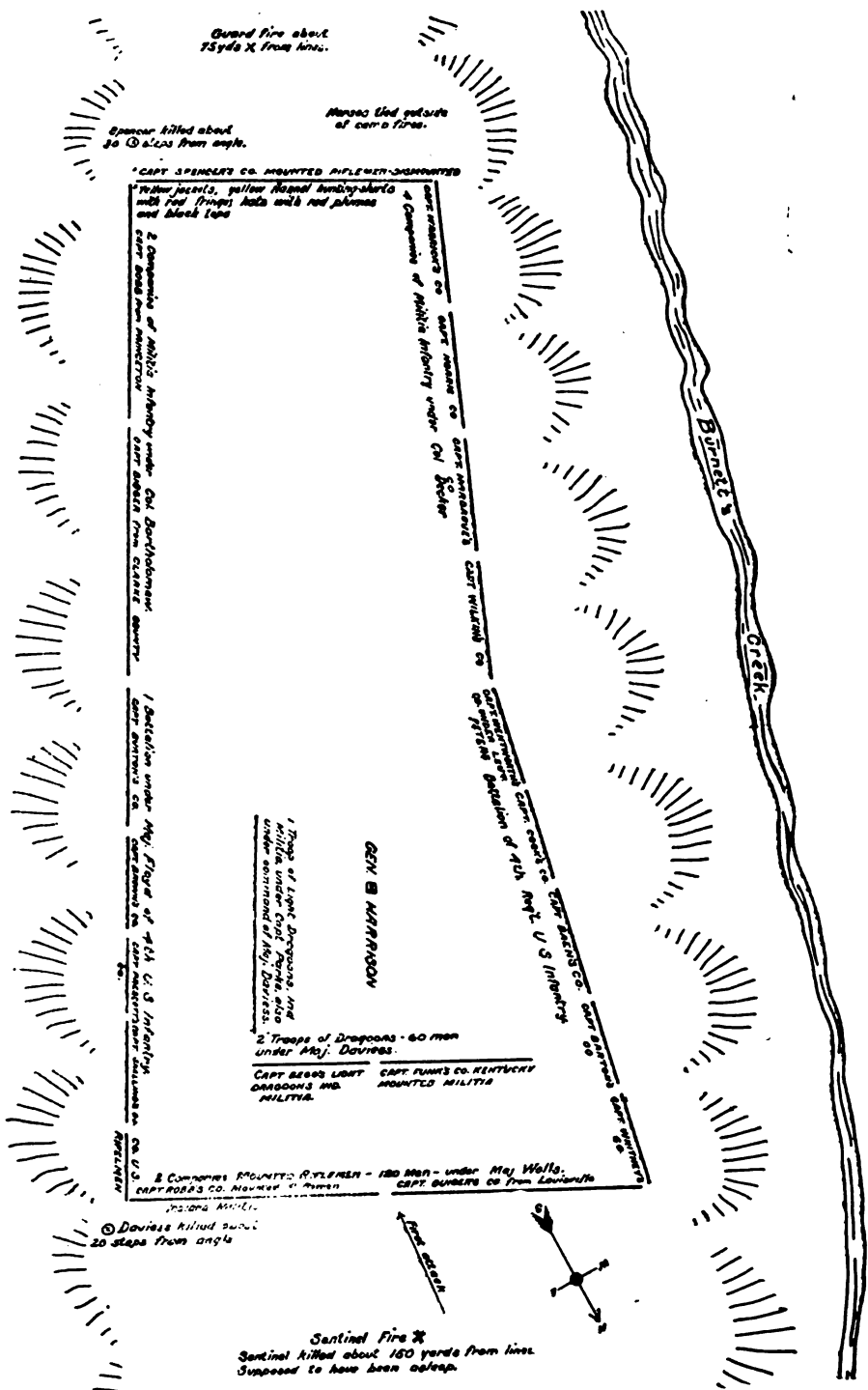
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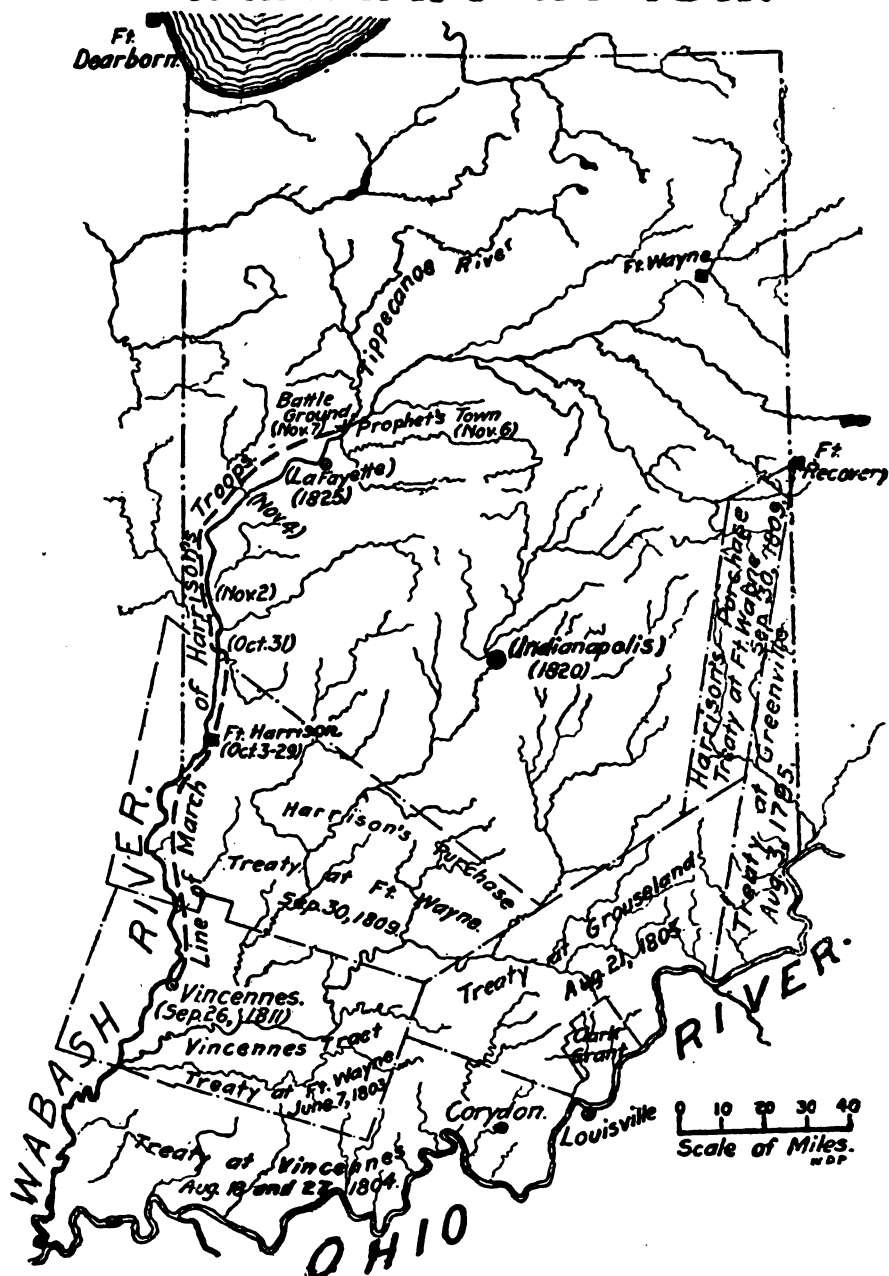
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BATTLEFIELD OF TIPPECANOE



INDIANA IN 1811.



GENERAL HARRISON'S LINE OF MARCH

From Vincennes to the Prophet's Town, in 1811. Chart prepared by Prof. W. D. Pence, of Purdue University.

